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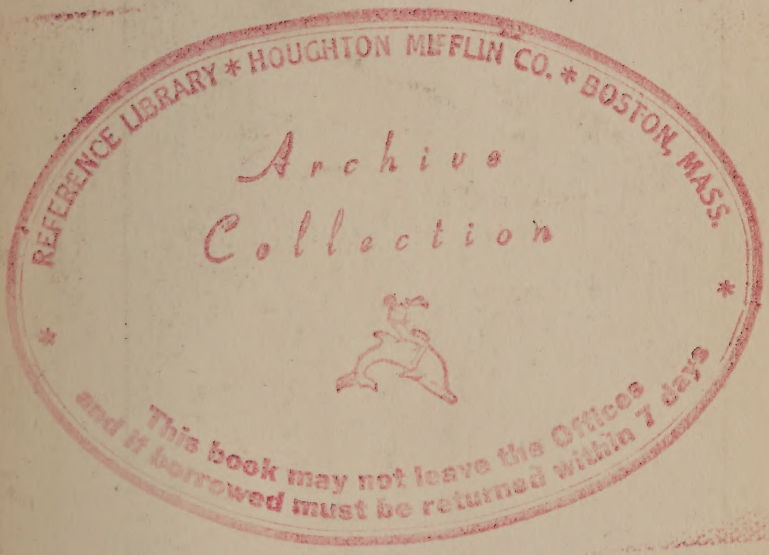
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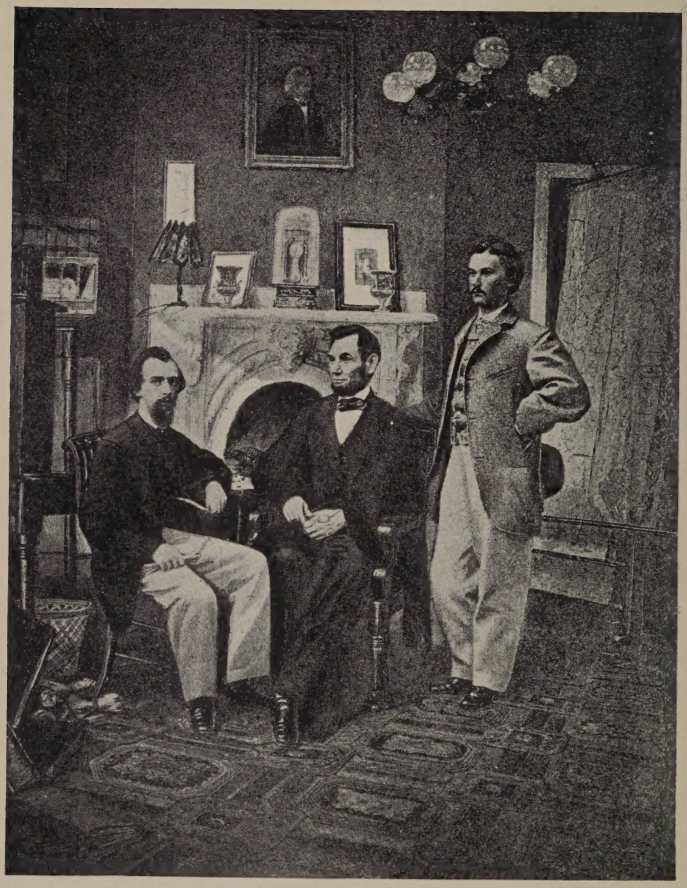

LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES, NICOLAY AND HAY

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF

JOHN HAY

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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TO

HELEN HAY WHITNEY

ALICE HAY WADSWORTH

AND

CLARENCE LEONARD HAY

CHILDREN OF

JOHN HAY

THE AUTHOR DEDICATES

THIS BIOGRAPHY

PREFACE

IN order that readers may not be disappointed in their expectations, let me say at the outset that this is a personal biography and not a political history. The time has not yet come when it would be proper to give the names of all witnesses and to cite by direct reference the official documents, as is required in a formal history. There is also much material in the State Archives of England, France, Germany, and Russia, which may not be available for publication for a long time to come, if ever. So I have endeavored to let John Hay tell his own story, wherever this was possible. Being in many respects an ideal letter-writer, he recorded his impressions so freshly and so vividly that he never leaves us in doubt as to what he thought of persons, political affairs, or life's experiences. My part has been to sketch in a sufficient background to render intelligible each episode or situation, so that Hay's relation to it would be clear almost at a glance.

Shortly after Mr. Hay's death, Mrs. Hay assembled a considerable mass of his letters to his more intimate correspondents, which she edited with selections from his Diaries. She had a few copies of these

memorials printed privately for distribution among friends. Her volumes form the basis of the present biography; but I have drawn from a still larger store of material, including Mr. Hay's letter-books, documents in the Department of State, and files, not only of his own letters, but also of those of his official colleagues and friends. In addition, many persons who knew him in his middle and later life have kindly given me their recollections of him.

Wherever the actual form of word or phrase seemed to require exact reproduction, I have printed it as he wrote it; but in many cases he used abbreviations, and in his Journals even short-hand symbols, which I have not hesitated to expand, always taking care, however, not to change his meaning. For the convenience of the reader should be kept in view, when it does not involve the sacrifice of essentials. In those volumes which Mrs. Hay edited she scrupulously substituted capital letters or dashes for all the proper names. I have been unable in several cases to recover the original letters which she used and so I have been obliged to rely upon the version which she printed. This will explain the appearance here of capital letters and dashes where I could not identify the original names; but occasionally I too have suppressed names where it seemed advisable to do so.

It is not possible for me to mention here, as I should like to do, all those persons who have assisted me in the preparation of this work, but I cannot close without making grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Hay's daughters, Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Wadsworth; to the Honorable and Mrs. Charles E. Hay; to Mr. Samuel Mather; to President Theodore Roosevelt; to President William H. Taft; to Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Elihu Root; to the Honorable Henry White, late Ambassador to Italy and to France; to the Honorable Joseph H. Choate, late Ambassador to Great Britain; to General John W. Foster, former Secretary of State; to the Honorable Charlemagne Tower, late Ambassador to Germany and to Russia; to the Honorable Alvey A. Adee, Francis B. Loomis, and William Phillips, Assistant Secretaries of State; to the Honorable Herbert W. Bowen, former Minister to Venezuela; to Professor Harry L. Koopman, Librarian of the John Hay Library at Brown University; to Professor Brander Matthews; to Admiral and Mrs. F. E. Chadwick; to the Honorable Wayne MacVeagh; to Mr. William D. Howells; to Mr. James Ford Rhodes; to Dr. W. W. Keen; and to Miss Helen Nicolay.

Needless to say, the responsibility for all statements and opinions rests with me, except in cases where my informants have authorized me to give their names.

As I have been prevented from revising the final proofs, I shall be grateful to readers who will notify to me any errors they may find.

The index has been made by Mr. George B. Ives, to whom I am also indebted for many suggestions.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
August 1, 1915.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY

CHAPTER I

BEGINNINGS

DURING the second half of the nineteenth century, the vicissitudes in the personal fortunes of Americans were so swift, and yet so common, that contemporaries took them almost as matters of course. In truth, however, not since the Elizabethan age, and then on a much smaller scale, had anything similar been seen. It was as if, in the animal kingdom, not merely individuals but whole varieties should change their nature so rapidly as to become scarcely recognizable after the lapse of a single generation. The children of privation grew up to be masters of untold wealth. An obscure rail-splitter became President of the United States, wielding a power surpassing that of Europe's absolute monarchs. And as if the natural expansion over a vast continent did not offer sufficient opportunities for individual development, there intervened a Civil War which served as a ladder for talents which lie dormant in peace.

Among the many who were a part of this process of transformation was John Hay. Born the son of a frontier doctor, in a small dwelling on the edge of the Western wilderness, he lived, as Secretary of State, in a palace at Washington, in the midst of a world crisis which his counsel helped to direct.

Hay himself, at a dinner of the Ohio Society of New York, on January 17, 1903, summed up in pleasant fashion the contrasts in his career. "When I look back on the shifting scenes of my life," he said, "if I am not that altogether deplorable creature, a man without a country, I am, when it comes to pull and prestige, almost equally bereft, as I am a man without a State. I was born in Indiana, I grew up in Illinois, I was educated in Rhode Island, and it is no blame to that scholarly community that I know so little. I learned my law in Springfield and my politics in Washington, my diplomacy in Europe, Asia, and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk-room in the District of Columbia. When I look to the springs from which my blood descends, the first ancestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman, who was half English, and a German woman, who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors, my mother was from New England and my father was from the South. In this bewilderment of origin and experience, I can only put on an aspect of deep hu-

mility in any gathering of favorite sons, and confess that I am nothing but an American." [1]

An American he was, on both sides of his house, but with an heirloom to which theorists in heredity might attribute his cosmopolitan affinities. For although the Hays had their roots in Scotland, one of them, in the early part of the eighteenth century, took service under the Elector Palatine. What rank he held in the Elector's army I do not know, nor whether he himself emigrated with the swarm of Germans who came over from the Palatinate to Pennsylvania about 1750. Certain it is, however, that of his four sons John, the eldest, settled at York, Pennsylvania, while Adam went on to Berkeley County, Virginia, and made his home at the bottom of the Shenandoah Valley. Adam probably did his share of Indian fighting; possibly he enlisted in the Revolution; at any rate, his son John remembered being patted on the head by General Washington. This John, born February 13, 1775, growing restive under his father's severe treatment, struck out for himself at the age of eighteen, joined a party of Virginians who tramped across the mountains into Kentucky, and found an abode at Lexington. There he married Jemima Coulter, who bore him fourteen children. For thirty-five years he helped to upbuild

[1] *Addresses*, 219–20.

that town, which boasted of its refinements and intellectual interests; and he had for a neighbor, Henry Clay, another Virginian, who also sought his fortune in Kentucky soon after John Hay's arrival. Hay became one of Clay's followers, hated Andrew Jackson and detested slavery.

The latter antipathy led him in 1830 to cross the Ohio River into the free State of Illinois, where he established himself at Springfield. That same year Abraham Lincoln moved into Sangamon County, and as time went on he and the elder Hay were friends. Old John Hay died May 20, 1865, having lived "to watch Lincoln's funeral pass his windows."

Among his many children, Charles, born February 7, 1801, in Fayette County, Kentucky, was educated at Lexington, where he received the diploma of doctor of medicine, and being, like his father, a hater of slavery, he crossed into Indiana in 1830, and began to practice his profession in the village of Salem, a few miles north of the Ohio River. The following year, on October 13, 1831, he married there Helen Leonard,[1] three years his junior, a young woman of pure New England stock, come into the west from Middleboro, Massachusetts, to live with her sister. The husband of this sister, John Hay

[1] Born at Assonet, near New Bedford, Massachusetts, February 7, 1804.

Farnham, was the leading lawyer of Salem and its neighborhood.

Thus, after four generations of wanderings out of Scotland to the Rhenish Palatinate, and thence to Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana, the Hay line met that of the Leonards, who had emigrated from England to Massachusetts in the days of the Stuarts.

At Salem, John Milton Hay, the third child [1] of Dr. Charles and Helen Hay, was born October 8, 1838, in a small one-storied brick house, symbolical of the straitness of pioneer existence. But out of those border cabins, like oaks out of acorns, sprang many a man whose life became a part of the nation's history.

In 1834, Dr. Hay, in partnership with Royal B. Child, issued the *Salem Monitor*, a newspaper of approved Whig views, to which he contributed articles. During the Harrison campaign of 1840 he wrote the

[1] The other children were: *Edward Leonard*, b. Nov. 9, 1832; d. Oct. 8, 1840. *Augustus Leonard*, b. Dec. 2, 1834; served in the Civil War, and became captain of the Ninth U.S. Infantry; d. Nov. 12, 1904. *Mary Pierce*, born Dec. 17, 1836, married Captain A. C. Woolfolk, U.S.A., in 1863; he was later a circuit judge, and died at Denver, Colorado, in 1880; she died March 21, 1914. *Charles Edward*, b. March 23, 1841; served during the Civil War in the Third U.S. Cavalry and on General Hunter's staff; was subsequently Mayor of Springfield, Illinois; married Mary Ridgely, May 10, 1865. *Helen Jemima*, b. at Warsaw, Illinois, Sept. 13, 1844; married Harwood O. Whitney in 1870; died June 19, 1873. Dr. Charles Hay died at Warsaw, Sept. 18, 1884; his wife died there Feb. 18, 1893.

political leaders, which show, according to a local writer, that he had a thorough knowledge of the issues of his time and "handled them in a masterly manner."

Either because Salem offered too narrow a field for an energetic young doctor, or because Charles Hay was impelled by the desire, common to the Western settlers of his time, to move on in search of better conditions, he took his family in 1841 to Warsaw, Illinois. This frontier settlement, perched on the banks of the Mississippi, at the head of the navigation of the great river, and opposite the mouth of the Des Moines, counted then only a few hundred inhabitants; but the surrounding country was fertile, its climate was healthful, and its outlook on Missouri and the boundless possibilities of the Far West seemed to promise that it would become an important distributing center.

Many years later Hay wrote to a friend: "Towns are sometimes absurdly named. I lived at Spunky Point on the Mississippi! This is a graphic, classic, characteristic designation of a geographical and ethnological significance. But some idiots, just before I was born, who had read Miss Porter,[1] thought Warsaw would be much more genteel, and so we are

[1] Jane Porter (1776–1850) published, in 1803, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, a romance which had a great vogue for half a century.

Nicodemussed into nothing for the rest of time. I hope every man who was engaged in the outrage is called Smith in Heaven." [1]

At Warsaw, the young Hays passed their childhood. Their father's practice, which he pursued on horseback, led him far up and down the river and inland through the neighboring counties. Life was undeniably hard. It provided the material necessaries, but few luxuries; it called for enterprise, courage, resourcefulness, versatility. The husband must be a jack-of-all-trades; the wife must not only perform the duties of cook and maid and housekeeper, but nurse and rear the children, and, outside of the small towns, she must spin and make the family clothing. During the forties of the last century, the cruelest hardships of the pioneer days had been outgrown in the Western Illinois settlements, but the railroads had not yet brought the conveniences of civilization, or opened the way to Eastern markets, or quite dispelled the brooding sense of isolation which, no matter how bravely self-reliance may face it, prevents a well-rounded life.

John Hay himself, in writing of Lincoln, traversed the notion, spread by a few survivors, that the pioneers enjoyed a glorious existence. "They see it," he says, "through a rosy mist of memory, transfigured

[1] Hay to Miss H. K. Loring, June 30, 1870.

by the eternal magic of youth. The sober fact is that the life was a hard one, with few rational pleasures, few wholesome appliances. The strong ones lived, and some even attained great length of years; but to the many age came early and was full of infirmity and pain. If we could go back to what our forefathers endured in clearing the Western wilderness, we could then better appreciate our obligations to them." [1] And he cites a letter from Lincoln who, at the age of thirty-nine, calls himself an old man.

We must not, however, confuse the pioneers who blazed their way into Indiana, Illinois, and the Northwest Territory with the successive waves of immigrants from Ireland, Southern Italy, Hungary, Poland, Greece, and Western Asia which latterly have at times threatened to submerge our institutions. The Irish bog-trotter was as illiterate and bigoted as the Calabrian peasant or the Russian serf; while the pitiable offscourings of the European capitals surely planted the slums in our own cities and rendered honest and efficient municipal government an almost insuperable task. The pioneers of Indiana and Illinois, on the other hand, whether they came from Virginia through Kentucky, or from Pennsylvania down the Ohio, or from New England direct, had been nourished on certain common principles.

[1] N. & H., 1, 68–69.

Whether they traced their descent from Covenanter, Roundhead, or Cavalier, they believed in political and religious liberty. They respected trial by jury and those other safeguards of the individual, which were the cornerstone of Anglo-Saxon justice. Their fathers, North and South, had fought in the Revolutionary War to uphold the proposition that there should be no taxation without representation, and they themselves placed passionate trust in popular government. The New Englanders brought with them the town meeting and the country school. Whoever would might read the Bible unforbidden by priest and unprevented by illiteracy. Even among the 'poor white trash' from the South there lingered, however dimly, traces of the Anglo-Saxon tradition. Young Abraham Lincoln, as bereft of opportunity for culture as any lad in the country, had access to the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress," Æsop's "Fables," and "Robinson Crusoe," and, a little later, to Shakespeare, Burns, and Blackstone's "Commentaries." With the English Bible and Shakespeare one may inherit not only the Anglo-Saxon tradition, but also the world's supreme achievements in prose literature, in poetry, and in religion.

No doubt the settlers, men of energy and initiative, were too busy developing the new country to

pay much heed to books; but they recognized the need of education in technical concerns, and they had not wholly lost the respect for learning as an ideal which had come down to them from their British forebears. To them the spoken word was the living word. Lawyers, politicians, preachers, lecturers flourished among them. Politics, which involved the interpretation of the Constitution and fundamental conceptions of morals and humanity, became their vital interest. Should Slavery be allowed in the new communities? If not, where draw the line of restriction? If the South persisted in slaveholding, how long could the nation survive, half bond, half free? Was not the preservation of the Union more important than the welfare of the negro?

However unequipped with the refinements of civilization, a people which, besides conquering for itself a home in the wilderness, was earnestly confronting such questions, could not be charged with stagnation.

These were the general conditions, material and intellectual, which formed the background of John Hay's boyhood; and as his father, grandfather, and uncle made their homes in towns which New Englanders had settled, he grew up in an anti-slavery atmosphere.

Among the Hay papers the earliest I find are two

letters from Charles Hay at Salem to his parents at Springfield. They are yellow, time-stained documents, folded and wafered as was the custom before the days of envelopes, without postmark, and with the postage, 18¾ cents each, written in ink on the cover. Letter-writing was a costly pleasure then.

The first letter reads as follows: —

Salem, Nov. 25th, 1832.

Dear Father and Mother —

I presume before this time that you have received my former letter and although I have not received an answer to it I deem it proper to write you another. I hope before this time that you are comfortably settled and perhaps nearly or quite ready for business. I shall be gratified to hear from you soon, and to hear as much as possible in regard to every particular. My chief motive in writing this letter is not to inform you that I have received a legacy or a fortune in any other way, but to receive that which poor people are much more certain of. On the 9th of the present month we had a son born which is of course your first grandson; he weighed 7½ pounds the day after he was born and is a very thrifty fellow. Now I suppose you would like to know what your first grandson looks like and I must endeavor to tell you. When Helen asked me first whom he looked like

I said he looked like John; when Cornelia was asked whom he looked like she answered like the Dr.'s brother John without knowing what had been my opinion; his eyes are quite black and his head is covered with more hair than I have usually seen [on] children at 3 or 6 months old, both he and his mother are doing well. His name is Edward Leonard after Helen's deceased brother. It would have been John had it not been for the circumstance [of] her brother's death who was a great favourite in the family. I hope you are all enjoying health and contentment; you may all expect to have the blues more or less for a while but courage will overcome all difficulties. I will close my letter and wait till I hear from you again.

Your affectionate son

CHARLES HAY.

JOHN HAY
JEMIMA HAY

How much a single letter like that brings with it!

The only other letter in this earliest packet is dated, "Salem Indiana Dec 4th 1834" and addressed to "Dear Father and Mother."

"I have of course something to write, you will think; true. Well, what is it; nothing dreadful of course or I would not write it; well what is it you will say. Why it is simply this that on the morning of the

2nd inst a stranger came to visit us; and who was it? Why he could not tell his name although he was neither deaf blind nor dumb; but he has tarried with us and for convenience we have agreed to call him John Augustus Hay. What, another boy you will say. Well, be it so. His weight with the little trappings about was nine pounds and three quarters full 2 pounds more than the first born. Well done, say you. And both mother and son are doing well in every way. . . .

"I am still in hopes that you can let one of the boys come to live with us. I am not sanguine in promises to myself or others but I think I could get one of them into tolerable good business here before long if he would come. Clerks in stores are often wanted and there are few native hoosiers who are fitted either by education manners or habits for the business. Of course merchants are often disappointed or compelled to take these entirely unfit for the business. Even a good overseer in a factory, should their feelings incline that way, is often wanted, and good wages given. But I will wait till your next letter before I say more on the subject. Mr. Farnham's children are still with us and will stay till spring; perhaps then they may go to Boston. Our town is healthy and business prosperous generally.

"Yours affectionately."

The firstborn son, Edward, lived only a few years: the second — who was named Augustus Leonard, and not John Augustus, as the parents first intended — was the hero, in youth, and through life, of John Hay, the statesman. When he died, on November 12, 1904, the younger John, then Secretary of State, and nearing the end himself, told his grief in a noble letter to President Roosevelt. It can best be placed here, because it gives what, after half a century, he remembered as the brightest aspects of his boyhood.

Nov. 16, 1904.

Dear Theodore —

I cannot talk about it — so I will write you a word. My brother was my first friend and my best. I owe him everything. He was only four years older than me, but he had a sense of right and of conduct which made him seem much older. He was always my standard. He was not so quick at his books as I was, but far more sure. He taught me my Latin and Greek so that I made better recitations than he did, and got higher marks — which was a gross injustice. But he took more interest in my success than in his own. He made many sacrifices for me, which, with the selfishness of a boy, I accepted as a matter of course. He fought my battles. It was ill for the big boy whom he caught bullying me. Once I dreamed

we were Christians thrown to the beasts in the Coliseum. He stepped between me and a lion and whipped the great cat with his fists, then seized me and dragged me through a subterranean passage till we came out on the Appian Way. Years afterwards when I went to Rome, I looked about to see where all that had taken place. It was as clear and vivid as any real action of my life.

He was my superior in every way but one — the gift of expression. His scholarship was more exact than mine. He had wonderful skill with his hands; could make better balls, bats, kites, fishing-rods, etc., than could be bought in the shops. Once he gathered up all the pamphlets in the house, and bound them neatly though he had never seen a book-bindery. He was — as I have been told by those who served with him — the best company officer and the best adjutant in the army. Yet he had no luck in promotion. His rigid sense of duty forbade him to seek advancement, and he sternly forbade me ever to mention his name at headquarters. I obeyed him because I knew he would have refused a promotion which came through the solicitation of his friends.

He was the chief of my tribe, in birth as well as in mind and in character. We were not a handsome family, the rest of us — but he was unusually good-looking, tall and straight and brave.

Now he has left us, and I never had a chance to get even with him for all he did for me when we were boys. My uncertain health, the weather, and other futilities have even kept me away from his funeral. I feel remorsefully unworthy of him.

Yours affectionately.

Happy the older brother who could inspire such memories! happier still the younger, with such a capacity for hero-worship!

Of Hay's childhood and youth at Warsaw there is little to record. He attended the public school, taught by a Mr. Holmes, and joined in the play of his companions. Great affection bound the family together. Dr. Hay prospered, according to the measure of prosperity of country doctors in the West. Above all, both he and his wife saw to it that their children should enjoy every procurable means of improvement, and the Doctor himself helped John in his Latin.

From our earliest glimpses of him, John Hay appears as an imaginative child. His oldest sister remembers that, when he was still a little boy, he had "the habit of stringing words together into rhymes." His brother Charles tells this incident, which dates back to John's sixth or seventh year. One morning John came and sat down beside him on a log in front of the new brick house their father was building, and

presently John said: "'I have seen the end of the world.' I asked him: 'What did you see there?' He replied: 'Nothing, only trees and flowers and some birds.' Later on he mentioned this himself, and we then understood that it was only the wild forest land beyond the reservation, on which had been built, in 1814, Fort Edwards on the bank of the Mississippi River."

Other anecdotes furnished by his brother Charles help us to a further acquaintance.

"When he was a small boy, a German of education called on my father to ask assistance in forming a class for the study of German. John listened with a great deal of interest and whispered to his father, 'I would like very much to study German.' This pleased both my father and the German professor, and John became a student with the others, who were all men grown. John was so small that he would occasionally fall asleep during the evening, but he surprised them all by showing he had learned his lesson and could recite equally well with the best of them when awakened."

The following recollection, like a flash of lightning in the night, reveals one of the tragic possibilities of life on the borderland of slavery.

"When we were both quite young," Mr. Charles Hay writes, "he [John] told me he was in the base-

ment of our house, and he heard a ghost, which spoke to him and said: 'Little Master, for the love of God bring me a drink of water.' John said he was so frightened he hurried upstairs and went to his room. The next day my father told at the table that three runaway slaves had been overtaken by a party of officers from Missouri and the slaves had resisted arrest, and one was captured and taken back, one of the other two was fired upon and killed, and the third had been badly wounded, but escaped, leaving blood tracks in the wood. I saw my brother John staring at me across the supper table, but saying nothing. After the meal, he told his father about the voice he heard in the basement. My father, John, and I went down to investigate, and on a pile of kindling wood was the appearance of some one having used this for a bed; but there was a stain of blood nearly eighteen inches in diameter. This was probably the blood shed by the runaway slave who had escaped capture. What became of the slave afterward, I never heard. Fully forty years afterward I asked John if he remembered this occurrence, and he replied: 'I will never forget it, and that incident has given me a greater horror than anything I ever heard or read about slavery.'"

From the primary school, John, with his older brother Leonard, was placed under an Episcopal

clergyman, the Reverend Stephen Childs, who conducted a private school at Warsaw. There he began Latin and Greek; and perhaps it was Mr. Childs who referred to him as "honest and efficient," — praise which greatly pleased the boy. "I feel my character has been established — 'honest and efficient,' —" he confided to Charles: "this is my pride for my after life." "I am glad to hear that John is progressing so well in his study of Latin," his brother Augustus writes from St. Louis, on July 17, 1851, to Mr. N. W. Bliss, at Warsaw; "but as regards Greek, I expect he *is* somewhat 'lazy'; however, I hope he will soon get over that and go ahead."[1] In 1851, John was sent to a private academy at Pittsfield, the county seat of Pike County, a town which emigrants from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, had settled and stamped with genuine Yankee ideals. In that seminary, kept by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Thomson, he met John George Nicolay, a Bavarian by birth, his elder by six years, who was destined to have a decisive influence on his career. "We all remember John Hay at that time," one of his boyhood companions wrote in 1898, "as a red-cheeked, black-eyed, sun-

[1] For this letter, I am indebted to Mr. Nelson Thomasson, of Chicago. He says that Mr. Bliss tutored John for Brown University, and subsequently became eminent at the Chicago bar. Augustus Hay seems in 1851 to have been employed in an apothecary's shop in St. Louis.

shiny boy, chock-full of fun and devilment that hurt nobody. . . . He spoke German like a native, having picked it up, just as he gathered an inexhaustible repertoire of 'river slang' from the Mississippi River steamboatmen, which served its turn later on in the 'Pike County Ballads.'" [1] In 1852, Hay went on to the college at Springfield — a promotion which might well seem to the lad as the introduction to a larger world. For Springfield was the capital of Illinois, and when the legislature sat, the town bustled with politicians, attorneys, lobbyists, and business men. The boom in railroad-building had begun. At all times visitors were coming and going on legal or judicial errands. In the streets you might meet men of more than local reputation: Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," who was trying, with apparent success, to serve the God of Freedom and the Mammon of Slavery; or gaunt, lanky Abraham Lincoln, with his backwoods manner, and strange, sad eyes, and the gifts of humor and direct speech which already made him a prominent figure throughout the State; or Lyman Trumbull and David Davis, leaders in Illinois, whose eyes were turned to the national stage in Washington.

For such a quick-witted youth as John Hay, a

[1] W. E. Norris, in the *Pike County Democrat;* quoted in the *Century Magazine*, N.S., vol. LVI, p. 449. Norris's recollection of the color of Hay's eyes is inaccurate.

small capital like the Springfield of those days was more educative than a great city could be. A young community, where individuals stand on their own merits, and society is not yet stratified into classes, comes very soon to form an accurate estimate of character; and Springfield also laid open before him the machinery of a republic in operation. Presumably, he listened occasionally to debates in the legislature, or went to the court-house when some sensational trial was up, or applauded the anti-slavery stump speakers during the political campaigns; for he had a healthy curiosity to see how the world was run, and to watch those who ran it. He must have known the celebrities, at least by sight, and he must have heard his uncle and grandfather utter candid opinions about natives and strangers alike.

In the college at Springfield, which was really no more than a preparatory school, Hay studied so well that, by the spring of 1855, he began to think of going to a university. His schoolmates envied his capacity for "getting his lessons without apparently any study." An unusual memory enhanced his innate brightness. He was "bookish," in that he devoured books for pleasure, but he was no grind. Full of life and spirits, he entered eagerly into the modest gayeties — the "sociables, picnics, and dances" — of Springfield.

So Hay went back to Warsaw, his schooling over, to discuss with his parents his future career. As the "scholar" of the family, all agreed that he must continue his education at a university. The New England tradition imposed that, even if Dr. and Mrs. Hay had had other intentions for him. They decided that he should go to Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island, where Mrs. Hay's father, David Augustus Leonard, had graduated as Class Orator in 1792. His uncle, Milton Hay, who had paid for his education during the past four years, promised to support him through college, and accordingly, towards the end of the summer, John journeyed eastward in order to matriculate at Brown when the first term of the academic year began, on Friday, September 7, 1855. He still lacked a month of being seventeen years old.

CHAPTER II

LIFE AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

THERE is a story that John Hay planned to enter Harvard, as being the oldest, most distinguished, and best equipped of American universities; but that when he stopped over at Providence to visit Brown, the attractions of that institution, and the recollection of his grandfather Leonard's career there, so impressed him that he went no farther. From a letter he wrote at the time, however, we can separate fact from legend.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, September 30, 1855.

DEAR FRIENDS: —

As I am now all completely settled and arranged for the term, I proceed to give you notice of this important fact and to let you know I still am an inhabitant of earth. I had a whirling, hustling time on the way here, but at last arrived without any accident on Tuesday evening, safe and sound in everything, except my eyes, mouth and ears were full of cinders and dust. Saw nothing on the way so remarkable as the miserable soil of Michigan and a part of Canada and Massachusetts. To one foot of soil there were

about three feet of cobblestones and in the clacks weakly, consumptive-looking corn was struggling for life. Such corn as a sucker farmer would cut down and hide for fear it would hurt the reputation of his farm. In Canada I noticed a great profusion of bull-headed Englishmen, free negroes, and Indian turnips.

I came into Boston about four o'clock in the afternoon Tuesday. Bought a mince pie for three cents and a cake for two, and feasted royally. Taking the cars for Providence, arrived there in a couple of hours. Went to a hotel, and after supper walked up to the college, found Billy Norris and moved my traps up forthwith. The next morning was examined, admitted and commenced my studies, which are Chemistry, Rhetoric, and Trigonometry. The first two are by lectures which we are required to take down as they are delivered and recite the next day. We also have exercises in speaking and writing essays.

My room is a comfortable and conveniently furnished one on the second floor of the college, costing about 50 dollars. My chum is a young man from the State of New York, steady, studious, and good scholar, so I stand a chance of doing a good deal of hard study this winter. It is not here as in Springfield. Here I am acquainted with no one in the city

and have no inducements to leave the college, while in Springfield my circle of acquaintance was far from limited, and entirely too agreeable for my own good.

I shall wish often this winter, that I could light in Springfield for a few hours and then evaporate, but so mote it *not* be, and I do not know whether I will come back to Illinois next summer or not. That is too far ahead to look at present.

My best love to all, Grandpa, aunts, uncles, cousins, and cats and all inquiring friends.

J. M. Hay.

Tell Aunt Deniza that while I was passing through Canada I looked for the handsome features of Josiah Condell at every station, but, to my great regret saw them not.

Somebody write soon — soon — do you hear? SOON.

To an imaginative youth, come from the mushroom communities of the West, Brown University, founded nearly a century before, seemed venerable; and Providence, with about fifty thousand inhabitants and a past stretching back to 1636, was both ancient and robust.

The city ranked second in size among those of New England. It possessed thriving industries, rail-

ways, and steamboats, and a general high level of material well-being. The defects of industrialism had not yet pushed menacingly to the front; nor had immigrant labor swarmed in, bringing its indigestible alien survivals. How uniformly American the population was, appears from the fact that out of the fifty-three churches in the city only six were Roman Catholic. Providence alternated with Newport as the seat of the capital of Rhode Island — an honor which added political importance to her commercial prestige.

But not on the material side only was Providence fortunate. The place itself, which Roger Williams had chosen to be the home of the first settlement in America dedicated to toleration, was by nature very beautiful. Narragansett Bay, freshened by the breezes of the Atlantic, ended there in a partly enclosed harbor which divided the city; and several small rivers flowed seaward through the hills which, ranged in an irregular semicircle, formed the background. The residences of the well-to-do and rich rose amid luxuriant foliage along the slopes or on the crests. There was evidently great prosperity, but little display. No amount of wealth could dim the luster of the old families, many of which were themselves rich; and the presence of the college teachers served as an intellectual leaven for society and possibly as a rebuke

to vulgar extravagance. The well-stocked Athenæum Library, supported by private subscription, was a favorite resort; while here and there some person had begun to collect rare books, or paintings, or prints, or to regard it as his duty to contribute to the expansion of the University.

In a word, Providence was at that happy stage when it still preserved its individuality, and had not become for travelers merely a railroad junction between New York and Boston. It displayed a lively civic consciousness, and it felt both the buoyancy which belonged to communities then in the heydav of industrial development, and the sense of satisfaction which comes when material prosperity has not yet dulled respect for spiritual and intellectual ideals. Providence was large enough to put forth and sustain the organs through which a community enjoys in some measure a varied civilization; but not so large as to lose its social solidarity, much less its identity. Like Portsmouth, Worcester, and two or three other provincial centers of old New England, it seemed a microcosm of many of the New England characteristics.

Although a Baptist institution by origin and direction, Brown University adhered to that provision of its charter which forbade religious tests and declared that all its members should "forever enjoy

full, free, absolute, and uninterrupted liberty of conscience." In 1855 the students numbered only two hundred and twenty-five, and the faculty only nine, but smallness did not mean lack of vitality. The students came from all parts of the country, and some of the professors ranked among the best of their generation. With classes of from thirty-five to sixty-five members, a student must have been a hopeless mollusk who did not know all his classmates, and, indeed, most of the men in the University. The conditions favored wide acquaintanceship, close common interests, and intimate friendships: and between the students and some of their teachers friendly relations sprang up outside the classroom.

The curriculum provided by Brown aimed at what used to be called a liberal education. It laid stress on Latin and Greek and mathematics, but it recognized the French and German classics and the modern sciences — chemistry, physiology, geology, and political economy — which were crowding their way to the front in spite of their treatment as parvenus by the classicists. The term for Master of Arts was five years, for Bachelor four years, and for Bachelor of Philosophy three years. The last course, designed for those students "who are intended for the pursuits of active life," hoped to "confer a high degree of intellectual culture, without the necessity

of studying the Ancient Languages." [1] Clearly, Brown University, like the other American colleges of that period, wished to make "scholars and gentlemen," not specialists in any narrow field of research, or engineers, doctors, or lawyers. It accepted as its task the furnishing of those essentials without which the specialist is doomed to remain an uncultivated man.

John Hay took up his quarters in Number 19, University Hall, with Wallace W. Corbett [2] as roommate. Being admitted to advanced standing, he escaped most of the usual trials of a Freshman. At his arrival, he attracted attention by being out of style in his clothes and appearance: the fellows dubbed it "Western." He wore his thick shock of brown hair long, cut horizontally like a Roundhead's, and coiled about his ears. His features had not taken on their mature definiteness: the slightly turned-up nose, the pouting lips, still suggested the lad; but his forehead was already large and deep, and his hazel eyes at once arrested attention. "They were eyes," one of his intimates of those years tells me, "which you could look into for a mile, and they looked through and through yours." They were the eyes of the young man who sees visions, of the bud-

[1] Brown University Catalogue, 1855–56.
[2] From Bridgewater, New York.

ding poet rapt by the beauty his imagination unfolds to him.

One other letter pertaining to Hay's first year in college deserves to be quoted entire.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, November 28th [1855]

MY DEAR FRIENDS: —

To-morrow is Thanksgiving. We have no lessons this week and many of the students have gone home. I thought that when this time came I would have plenty of time to catch up with my correspondence and make some excursions to the surrounding country. But here half the week is gone and I have done nothing at all. The fact is, I am so much occupied with my studies that when a few days of release come I cannot make a rational use of my liberty. You know I entered the Junior Class behind the rest, and consequently have several studies to make up before I can be even with them. And as the prescribed studies are about as much as I can attend to, I do not know whether I can finish the course, with justice, in two years. I think I can *graduate* in that time, but will not stand high, or know as much about the studies as if I had been more leisurely about it. Again, if I go through so hurriedly, I will have little or no time to avail myself of the literary treasures of the libraries. This is one of the greatest

advantages of an Eastern College over a Western one.

This matter, however, I leave for you and Pa to decide; but you may be assured that whatever time I remain here I am determined to show you that your generous kindness has not been misapplied or ungratefully received. I am at present getting along well in my class. The Register tells me that I stand in the first class of honor, my average standing being 18 in 20. The life here suits me exactly. The professors are all men of the greatest ability, and what is more, perfect gentlemen. They pursue a kind and friendly course toward the students as long as they act in a manner to deserve it, but any violations of the rules of the institution are strictly punished. There have been several expulsions and suspensions since I came here.

I have no acquaintances out of the college, consequently know very little of the city. There is not much excitement here on any occasion, except Thanksgiving and Training-Day, and then it is a quiet Yankee excitement as much as possible unlike the rough, hearty manner of the West.

I heard Oliver W. Holmes deliver a poem here last week, which [was] a splendid thing; also a lecture by Professor Huntingdon. Thackeray will be here before long and I expect to hear him lecture.

It is getting very late and I close this excuse for a letter with my best regards for all the family and all my friends in Springfield.

P.S. *Thursday morning.* — I have just received and read with pleasure Aunt D.'s and Cousin S.'s letter. Augustus has only written once to me since I have been here. I am anxious to hear from him.

P.P.S. Please remit at your earliest convenience some of "the root of all evil," alias, "tin," alias, pewter.

P.P.P.S. Some one write soon and I will answer likewise.

P.P.P.P.S. I will return good for evil and answer Cousin Sarah on a whole sheet, instead of a few lines at the end of this.

P.P.P.P.P.S. I received a letter from Dad lately.

P.P.P.P.P.P.S. That is all.

Yours truly,

J. M. Hay.

Hay's family saw the wisdom of not forcing him to rush through his college education in two years; and as the generous uncle pledged the necessary

support, he soon settled into the Class of 1858 as a Sophomore, with leisure to read and also to play, as fancy dictated.

If some of the "intellectual bullies" were inclined at first — as a contemporary reports — to heckle the awkward Westerner, they soon learned that they could neither intimidate him nor rouse his anger, and that he was quite their match in wit. Good-natured by temperament, he held himself somewhat reserved except with those whom he knew well. His intimates remembered his flashes of fun, his cozy friendliness, his brilliance as a talker, his moments of exhilaration followed by fits of depression, which recurred throughout his life. That he had little money to spend, did not shut him out from comradeship; nor did his studiousness, which was that of the dilettante and not that of the pedant. Without any ambition to head the rank list, he stood well in his classes. The person who knew him best in those days says that he was "very humble." Perhaps he was already contrasting his unfledged talents with the soaring achievements of the masters whom he worshiped. The college library, where he browsed at will, "meant more to him as an undergraduate than all the rest of the college." And no wonder, for the college instruction, even in the elective courses, was conducted wholly by recitation, and what that

was can be inferred from this reminiscence furnished me by Hay's classmate, the Reverend J. H. Gilmore: —

"The method of studying English literature which existed at Brown fifty-odd years ago was not one which tended to stimulate literary enthusiasm. We had six pages of advance, six pages of immediate review, and six pages of back review in Spalding's 'English Literature,' to be recited every Friday afternoon throughout the Junior year; and there you were. Why, one of my classmates, who graduated *summa cum laude*, told me that he had never read one of Shakespeare's plays, and that he had 'never consciously read a line of Tennyson's,' although 'In Memoriam' was published in 1850."

To a youth who was feeding his imagination on Shelley, those weekly exercises in Spalding's treadmill could not have been inspiring. At least one of his teachers, however, Professor James B. Angell, — subsequently, President of the University of Michigan, — both stirred Hay's enthusiasm and recognized his ability. They read together several of the great French and German masterpieces, and Hay proved the best translator Dr. Angell ever had in his classes. Marks give only an uncertain indication of capacity, especially when we do not know the interaction of teacher and pupil which determines

marks; but it is odd to discover that Hay stood highest in political economy (under Professor William Gammell), which he elected during his last half-year in college. As his standing improved year by year, we infer that his growing zeal in interests outside the classroom did not cause him to scamp his studies.[1]

But from first to last Hay was evidently one of those youths whose college career cannot be summed up by marks. His fellows quickly discovered his unusual qualities of wit and good-nature and thoughtfulness. At the first Freshman dinner, the toastmaster, after calling on everybody who wished to speak, summoned Hay to his feet. "We don't want anything dry," a youth shouted. "Hay that is green can never be dry," the unfashionable stranger from Illinois retorted; and then he poured out a sparkling speech, which delighted his enthusiastic hearers and made his reputation. How suddenly those college

[1] I am indebted to the Registrar of Brown University for the following record of Hay's standing. — 1855–56. *First semester.* Chemistry, 19.50; mathematics, 17.01; rhetoric, 18.65. *Second semester.* 3 Latin, 19.37; physics, 19.21; rhetoric, 18.79; 3 Greek, 18.90. — 1856–57. *First semester.* French, 19.00; German, 19.32; moral philosophy, 14.93; declamations, 19.00. *Second semester.* Moral philosophy, 17.25; French, 19.12; German, 19.83. — 1857–58. *First semester.* History, 19.83; intellectual philosophy, 19.45. *Second semester.* History, 19.64; moral philosophy, 19.35, political economy, 19.95. These are half-yearly averages, based on a possible total of 20 for each study. Hay's rank for the three years admitted him to the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity.

reputations shoot up under the influence of song and wine and comradeship!

That was the era when Greek letter fraternities ran riot in American colleges. Among undergraduates the rage for secret societies seems to be as incurable as is falling in love. Who does not remember the preliminary suspense, the weeks or months in which you wondered whether you would be chosen, and, if chosen, by which fraternity? You heard that Brown "was sure" of the A.B.C., that Green had been approached by the D.E.F., that Gray's grandfather had been president of the X.Y.Z., that White had a cousin in the Tiger's Claw or the Shark's Skull. Although you lacked any similar favoring connection, yet you could not help feeling that you were quite as desirable as Brown or Green or Gray. At last an emissary came to sound you for the X.Y.Z. Genuinely surprised, you accepted with fervor, while protesting that you knew you were not worthy of so great an honor.

Then followed the preparations for your initiation and your dread lest you might flinch during the terrible ordeal; until you comforted yourself by the reflection that if Timkins, notoriously puny of body and feeble of will, had gone through, you might hope to do likewise. Of the initiation itself, — the frightful tortures, the harrowing tests of endurance, the

oaths more awful than those uttered in the court-room or at the altar, and the sense of omniscience which permeated you when you heard the meaning of the mystic Greek letters, — these are matters never to be revealed to the profane. How joyfully you called each fellow member "Brother," and how suddenly you discovered all sorts of attractions in even the most commonplace of them! What a thrill passed through you when you tried the grip on an upper classman, and he responded, and you fell to exchanging confidences as if you had been babies together! However modest you were, you could not doubt that the whole college must see at a glance that a great change had been wrought in you over-night, and that, although you wore no visible halo, you were indubitably one of the elect.

Looking backward, after many years, you smile at the exaggerations of that experience; but your smile is wistful and tender, rather than satirical, for you recognize that the secret society was but one of the forms of glamour by which you were led from adolescence into manhood. The glamour passes; the sweetness of the memory of youth itself abides. And you reserve your sarcasm for those silly dotards who in after life hold their society pins more sacred than wife and children, or leave the room if any out-sider whispers the name of their society. The best of

fraternities have serious drawbacks, but they have also compensating positive benefits, the chief being opportunity for friendship.

Coming to Brown as a stranger, John Hay had not been pledged to any of the competing fraternities. But we learn that "his sterling worth" soon gave the "intellectual bullies" pause. "Nor had he been long matriculated," says his fraternal biographer, "before Brothers Burdge and Simons, looking deeper into character, saw in him the future development of a strong nature." Accordingly, those discerning brothers "made it their study to place before Hay the great advantages over all other societies which were to be found under the protecting ægis of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity."

Hay was persuaded, and was initiated at a ceremony of extraordinary solemnity, which Brothers French and Taylor attended from Tufts College, and Brother Alexander L. Holley ("who had already become famous"!) from New York. A right royal Theta Delta supper followed at the "What-Cheer," where Pond and French made their happiest speeches, — Depew "never equaled them," — and Brother Hay responded to everybody's satisfaction.

"The next morning," continues Brother Stone, the chronicler, "imagine the horror (yes, that word exactly expresses it) of the members of the rival

fraternities when they saw Hay come into chapel, escorted by Burdge and myself, wearing the *Shield* with the emblematical letters ΘΔX, emblazoned on its sable field! Notwithstanding the awful presence of President Wayland and the august professors, an universal and audible howl went up from the opposition, which evoked a corresponding cheer from our side. The triumph was complete; and Dr. Wayland, pushing his spectacles up from his nose onto his brow, was constrained to stand some moments till the commotion had subsided, before offering up his interrupted orisons." [1]

So vividly, after the lapse of half a century, did the recollection of John Hay's capture by Theta Delta Chi lie in the memory of Brother Stone — an indication of the importance attached by undergraduates to their societies and clubs! Hay proved himself a loyal Theta Delt. His wit enlivened the meetings and suppers; he wrote verses abundantly, — one of his poems being sung at every reunion; [2]

[1] W. L. Stone in *The Shield*, XXI, 319–20 (September, 1905); organ of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity.

[2] The final stanza of this is: —

"And if, perchance, one sadder line
May mingle with the strain,
For those, the lost, whose loving voice
We ne'er shall hear again;
Let this rejoice the heavy heart,
And light the dimming eye;
The Gates of Eden are not closed
To Theta Delta Chi!"

and he formed lifelong associations with many of the brothers. A few years later, while serving as Secretary to President Lincoln, he saved from undeserved execution two Theta Delts; and afterwards, when he had risen to a position of great influence, he never forgot the claims of members of his fraternity.

But Johnny Hay — as his intimates called him — was too healthy-minded to be puffed up or spoiled even by the honor of election to Theta Delta Chi. During his first winter vacation, he writes his mother: "I am enjoying myself very well here, reading the newspapers, etc., writing a batch of letters, and loafing around in the city reading-rooms, varying these amusements with a quiet game of dominoes with Ed Morris.[1] . . . Certainly one of the greatest advantages of an Eastern college is the society into which a student is thrown. We live in a perfectly independent way, choose our own associates and our own mode of life, and if we belong to a secret society we have never any need of friends. Our society embraces many whom I shall be proud to know in after life, and whose friendship I now consider a 'feather in my cap.'" [2]

[1] Edgar R. Morris, of Quincy, Illinois.

[2] Hay to his mother, February 6, 1856. This seems to be one of the few early letters of Hay to his family that have not been destroyed. Not long before his death he burned all his home letters that he could find.

The more we see of him at Brown, the more we find him normally sensible, — if, indeed, to be sensible be normal. Possessing a good mind, with a natural hunger for literature, and especially for poetry, he read with zest; having also the desire to write, he used his pen freely, joyously, and with such success that he earned the reputation of being the best undergraduate writer in college. Over his admiring intimates his conversation cast a spell. With uncritical but pardonable enthusiasm they hailed him as "a young Dr. Johnson without his boorishness, or a Dr. Goldsmith without his frivolity." But while he inclined to intellectual pursuits, and perhaps got his keenest pleasure from them, he took part gladly, as has been hinted here, in undergraduate fun.

"'In those days, all text was memorized,' Mr. Norris relates; 'and it was the general opinion that Hay put his book under his pillow and had the contents thereof absorbed and digested by morning, for he was never seen "digging," or doing any other act or thing that could be construed into hard study. His quick perception, ready grasp of an idea and wonderfully retentive memory, made a mere pastime of study. His enthusiasm was boundless, and his love for and appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art was acutely developed. If he was smitten with

the charms of a pretty girl, he raved and walked the room pouring out his sentiment in a flood of furious eloquence. He would apostrophize a beautiful sunset till the last glow had expired. I remember being called out of bed by him one night to witness a beautiful display of Northern Lights. The display was gorgeous, but the night was cold, and after stating my view of the situation, I retired to my room leaving him with chattering teeth and eloquent language addressing Aurora B.' " [1]

His college life meant more, however, than could be reckoned by marks in the classroom, or by his chats and frolics with his companions. Even his admission to the fraternity, which may have seemed, at the time, to be the turning-point in his career, was unimportant compared with some of the deeper stirrings within him — signs not merely of growth, but of capacities in himself which he had hardly suspected. Residence in an old community was quietly transforming him. If he could have analyzed the process he would have found that those traits of the Westerner, which his comrades supposed to be of his very essence, were, on the contrary, mere accidents. Like the noble's child who, stolen by gypsies and forced to lead their squalid life, on being restored

[1] A. S. Chapman, "The Boyhood of John Hay," *Century Magazine*, LVI, 450.

in manhood to his own people, quickly falls into their ways, so John Hay returned in Providence to the culture which he had vaguely craved all his days. Civilization in the making, as he saw it in Illinois, did not satisfy his instinctive longing for the finished product. Providence, though no Edinburgh or Florence or Athens, spoke to him of culture. Providence looked toward Europe and the East, the cradle and home of the ideals of the white man's race. Warsaw, Illinois, faced westward, upon the wilderness, which the imaginative little boy had mistaken for the end of the world.

In Providence there were some men and more women who not only understood what you meant by learning and literature and arts and the things of the spirit, but who actually had time to cherish them, and believed that neither making money nor any other material concern could equal them in importance. Outside of the academic circle, Providence boasted of a literary set, which encouraged lectures, welcomed passing authors, discussed the latest and read the standard books, and created that intangible thing which artists of all kinds hanker after — an atmosphere.

"In the summer of 1845, while passing through Providence, Poe had seen a lady among the roses of her garden in the moonlight. He had learned that

she was a poetess — Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman"; [1] and ten years later, when Hay went to Brown, this poetess held a place apart, both on account of her own productions and of her brief engagement to Poe. Although Mrs. Whitman, well on toward the middle fifties, might seem rather a dowager-like muse, she still kept alive the embers of passion, and she had the art of impressing those who knew her as an unusual person. It certainly was not genius, it might well be talent, that distinguished her. Handsome in youth, she kept her good looks into old age, and she let slip no means which might heighten the indefinable quality that attracted even strangers to her. She dressed always in white, and she appears to have sprinkled her garments with ether, instead of cologne or other perfume, which shed a fragrance suggestive of a neurotic condition in the wearer.

Toward the end of his college days, Hay was privileged to know Mrs. Whitman. She evidently appreciated his winning nature and lively wit, and looked very kindly upon his verses: but she was not an injudicious flatterer. She criticized frankly, and he accepted the criticism gratefully; for he was "very humble" in the presence of those whom he regarded as his superiors; and Mrs. Whitman's interest seemed to him an almost incredible favor. In his

[1] G. E. Woodberry, *Edgar Allan Poe* (Boston, 1909), II, 265.

letters to her after quitting Brown, he addressed her simply, "Mrs. Whitman," as if he dreaded to appear familiar or presuming. His reverence for her was unfeigned. "If I had had the honor of knowing you earlier," he writes, "I would have had less to regret in my collegiate course." [1]

The so-called romance of Mrs. Whitman's middle life — her bizarre relation with poor Poe, already ruined by drink and laudanum — added to her impressiveness; but Hay had probably read Poe's poems and tales before he met her. Among his undergraduate pieces several show Poe's influence. The following stanzas, unpublished so far as I know, might easily pass for one of Poe's pot-boilers: —

"In a glimmering Kingdom of woe
On a plain demon-haunted I lie,
And the specters that glide to and fro
With their wings blot the joy of the sky.

"Let thy spirit shed o'er me the light
That it gained from the Father above,
And my soul shall come out of the night
To the sunshine of Infinite Love." [2]

His acquaintance with Mrs. Whitman, the "priestess" at whose feet he sat, came at the end of Hay's Senior year. Almost at the same time he knew Nora

[1] From an unpublished letter in Brown University Library.
[2] MS. in Brown University Library.

Perry, a young poetess who had achieved local fame when the recently established *Atlantic Monthly* printed two or three of her poems. She, too, was drawn to the sympathetic youth, with his sparkling gifts. Although she was only five or six years his elder, he treated her with almost pathetic deference.

"The very fact of your writing to me," he says, in reply to a letter from her, "proved that you had an opinion of my powers which I might vainly strive to justify; and when I read the poems which you added, I was still more embarrassed in view of my situation. I despair of ever carrying on a correspondence on terms in any degree approaching equality with one whose mental plane is so far above my own." [1]

We hear of a Dr. Helme and other congenial members of the literary coterie, and of that erratic Celt, and future eulogist of Walt Whitman, William Douglas O'Connor, with whom Hay had cordial relations. Among his teachers, he found a hospitable welcome from Professor Angell, and when the students presented a cradle to the professor's first-born child, Hay wrote some lively verses, loaded with puns, which they sang to the tune of "Cocachelunk" and to the satisfaction of the Angells. Brown had two literary societies, of which the Philermenian elected

[1] *Poet in Exile*, p. 17; October 12, 1858.

Hay its vice-president. He was an editor of the *Brown Paper*, an undergraduate journal, and to its first number (November, 1857) he contributed "Sa! Sa!" a parody on Emerson's "Brahma," beginning: —

> "If the hazed Freshman thinks he's hazed,
> And that he's passed his hazing pain;
> He's sold — too high his hopes are raised,
> The Soph'more goes but comes again."

Hay's parody, like many another, tickled brains that had never quite understood the original.

His classmate, Gilmore, relates an incident which illustrates Hay's inquiring disposition: —

"On one occasion, at least, his enthusiasm for literature was carried to excess. 'The Hasheesh-Eater' had recently appeared (1857); and Johnny must needs experiment with hasheesh a little, and see if it was such a marvelous stimulant to the imagination as Fitzhugh Ludlow affirmed. 'The night when Johnny Hay took hasheesh' marked an epoch for the dwellers in Hope College. It's fifty-six years ago; but I remember it well."

During his Junior and Senior years, Hay roomed at 44 Hope College. His life with his cronies grew more delightful term by term. His class recognized his ability by electing him Class Poet. Every one thought of him as of a fellow who would neither do

a mean act nor tolerate it. As an indication of the happy memory his college contemporaries had of his chivalry, the story went the rounds, not long before he died, that at Brown he had rescued a Freshman named Gordon who was being smoked out by Sophomores. On being appealed to for the facts, Hay, then Secretary of State, replied that he did n't remember. "But," he added playfully, "my recollections of everything in those far-off days is dim, and heroism was my daily habit. I could n't sleep nights if I had n't saved somebody's life. Now I only save a nation now and then." [1]

So the last months of his college life glided happily by. Secure in his classmates' good-will and esteem, he enjoyed also the deeper satisfaction of being admitted to the group of literary men and women who lisped the language of his ideals. The only cloud that hung over him was the realization that he must soon renounce all this and go back to the West, which he had learned to loathe. There are also hints of a love-affair which made parting still harder.

On Class Day, June 10, 1858, he read his poem at Manning Hall to an audience which was enchanted by it. "His theme," says one reporter, "was 'The Power of Song,' [and] was marked by a fertility of conception, a depth of sensibility, and a power of

[1] *Brown Monthly*, February, 1906; pp. 141–42.

poetic expression, which we have rarely heard equaled, and never surpassed, at any of our literary anniversaries. It was agreeably enlivened by passages of keen wit and of pleasing humor, and was, in every respect, a most scholarly and brilliant performance." According to another hearer, "the effort caused tears and deafening applause to succeed each other during its delivery." The recollection of Hay's triumph lived on, and to-day it has become a tradition at Brown that no class poem ever matched his. Old men can still recite for you its concluding lines, which he cast in a stately and sonorous metre: —

"Where'er afar the beck of fate shall call us,
'Mid winter's boreal chill or summer's blaze,
Fond memory's chain of flowers shall still enthrall us,
Wreathed by the spirits of these vanished days:
Our hearts shall bear them safe through life's commotion;
Their fading gleam shall light us to our graves;
As in the shell the memories of ocean
Murmur forever of the sounding waves."

That evening there was a Class Supper at Humphrey's; then, packing and good-byes. Hay always kept a loyal and even affectionate regard for his classmates, but he came back only once to their reunions, and many years elapsed before he revisited Brown. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1897.[1] For the centennial of the University in

[1] His degree at graduation was Master of Arts.

1864 he wrote the ode, but his duties in Washington prevented him from reading it in person. He never ceased to be grateful to his *alma mater* for the windows on life she had opened to him; and his friendship for his classmates, although he saw them very seldom, did not die out. Toward the end of his life, he wrote to Mr. Henry Adams: "Why don't you go to your class anniversaries and get lionized and handshook and interviewed? I know why *I* don't — because I am an ass and a *dégénéré*, whose initiative is dead."

A few months later, looking back upon the three years he spent there, he wrote Miss Nora Perry: —

"If you loved Providence as I do, you would congratulate yourself hourly upon your lot. I turn my eyes Eastward, like an Islamite, when I feel prayerful. The city of Wayland and Williams, that smiles upon its beauty glassed in the still mirror of the Narragansett waves, is shrined in my memory as a far-off, mystical Eden, where the women were lovely and spirituelle, and the men were jolly and brave; where I used to haunt the rooms of the Athenæum, made holy by the presence of the royal dead; where I used to pay furtive visits to Forbes' forbidden mysteries (peace to its ashes!); where I used to eat Hasheesh and dream dreams. My life will not be utterly desolate while memory is left me, and while

I may recall the free pleasures of the student-time; pleasures in which there was no taint of selfishness commingled, and which lost half their sin in losing all their grossness. Day is not more different from night than they were from the wild excesses of the youth of this barbarous West." [1]

[1] *Poet in Exile*, pp. 22–23.

CHAPTER III

THE POET IN EXILE

JOHN HAY did not linger in Providence to receive his diploma at the Brown Commencement, which came in September, but he journeyed home by slow stages, stopping here and there to pay visits. That he had made an unusual impression on his college mates and teachers cannot be questioned, although a biographer must be on his guard against the natural tendency to magnification which the contemporaries of an illustrious man fall into when they look back. Hay's Class Poem and enough of his other verses remain to show that he fairly earned his distinction at Brown; and, although we cannot fail to regret that he destroyed his youthful letters home, we can surmise from other fragments and hints how his inner life was unfolding. He returned to Warsaw transformed from an expectant lad into a young man who believed that he had discovered his mission. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, that mission was as unadapted to his surroundings as a "rainbow to Wall Street."

Wanting to be a poet and a man of letters, Hay felt within himself the capacity therefor; and he

dreamed that laurels awaited him. Whether they did or not, he knew that any other achievement would be empty compared with the satisfaction of serving the Muse. But although Illinois was pouring millions into the lap of many a business man or "railroad magnate," it would not then have furnished a daily mess of porridge to either a Milton or a Byron.

Hay's family welcomed him with joyful pride; yet even their affection could not supply what his enkindled nature now craved. His thoughts were fixed continually on the "good-bye lande" he had left. The change was too sudden, the contrast too bitter. He felt that he had been transplanted from a congenial soil and climate, to a land where winds were bleak and the earth was poor. He saw no hope for the future. To the youth capable of lively emotions, it seems inevitable that to day must be always.

As a foil to these introspective shadows of the young poet himself, we have the following letter, written by his father to his uncle, Milton Hay, to whom the youth owed his college education.

WARSAW, ILL., Sept. 6th, '58.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

. . . John is now at home, and I am somewhat undecided as to what course I will advise him to pursue. Augustus and his mother both protested

against his becoming a schoolmaster in Warsaw — at least ere entering upon the study of a profession. So I did not put in his claims before our board of education at the reëlection of teachers which took place before John's return. I am not certain that a berth of that kind would be a pleasant one for him in Warsaw, and at all events the vacancies were so far filled before his return that I suppose his position now would have to be one so subordinate, perhaps, that it would neither suit his self-esteem nor his pecuniary wants. I have some reasons too for not wishing to place him in a law office in Warsaw, which it is unnecessary to name here now, and some further reasons for not wishing him to remain at all in Warsaw through the winter.

In the meantime some of his friends urge him to turn his attention immediately to the law, while others, especially some valued ones at the East, advise him to turn his attention at once and wholly to literature. I wish him, of course, to have some profession upon which he can fall back, or rather rise upon, while he is rising, *higher*. Upon what terms can he enter your office and spend twelve months as a student? His board bill I would endeavor to render account for with the girls and sisters. He is restless and wishes to know his destiny, although he expects me to decide for him entirely. Augustus,

with his native ambitious aspirations, would have him set out on a splendid career at once. That is, if his purse were long enough he would have [him] return as a resident graduate to Brown, read extensively, and write for Eastern periodicals until a time and opening offered for taking a high position *somewhere*. But the purse is not full and will not be shortly at all events. I feel that I would do wrong not to encourage him to acquire a profession at once, and then do the best afterwards in that profession until a surer and better opening was apparent in some other direction. He thinks now that he cannot make a speaker, but I believe in the maxim of old Horace, "*Poeta nascitur, orator fit.*" The Poet is born, but the orator is made by cultivation. I will wait your answer before I make up my final decision as to what course he will be advised to this winter.

Hay passed through a long period of melancholy. How fully his family were aware of it, I have not learned. Outwardly, he meant to keep up a smiling front, so that perhaps they attributed any gloom they detected to his constitutional fits of depression. He had scarcely reached Warsaw before he referred to his life at Providence as a "happier state of existence," and he looked forward to "the solitude of a Western winter" with foreboding. His letters, few

in number, to Miss Perry and to Mrs. Whitman, are truly representative. To those sympathetic ladies he revealed what he hid from others. Poets themselves, they would understand a poet.

On October 12, 1858, he writes to Miss Perry: —

"I shall never cease to congratulate myself upon the acquaintances I formed during the last few months of my stay in Providence. I found among them the objects for which my mind had always longed, true appreciation and sympathy. It is to their own goodness and generosity that I render all the kindness which I met with, and not to any qualities of my own; for it is the highest glory of genius to be quick in sympathy and prodigal of praise. But now when I am removed to a colder mental atmosphere, and the hopes and aspirations that gilded the gliding hours of my last year at college are fading away, I still can console myself with a dream of the possibilities that once were mine, and soothe my soul with the shadowy Might-have-been.

"In spite of the praise which you continually lavish upon the West, I must respectfully assert that I find only a dreary waste of heartless materialism, where great and heroic qualities may indeed bully their way up into the glare, but the flowers of existence inevitably droop and wither. So in time I shall change. I shall turn from 'the rose and the rainbow'

to corner-lots and tax-titles, and a few years will find my eye not rolling in a fine frenzy, but steadily fixed on the pole-star of humanity, $!

"But I am not yet so far degraded that I cannot love poetry and worship a poet. So let me implore you to ask a favor of me as often as you possibly can — whatever it is, it is granted as soon as asked, if you will only acknowledge it as you did the last. If you will so far favor me, your letters will be a thread of gold woven into the dusky texture of a Western life.

"With unalloyed pleasure I copy that delicious 'La Papillon,' but are you not ashamed of your unnatural neglect? I would take the bright wanderer and claim it for my own if I dared. But it would look in my household like the last hope of Persia in the hovel of a cobbler of Bagdad." [1]

The highly literary quality of this letter need not lead us to suspect the sincerity of Hay's feelings. Addressing a poetess, he naturally indulged in the Parnassian dialect.

To Mrs. Whitman he wrote less exuberantly, but in the same vein: —

"I very much fear that if I remain in the West, I will entirely lose all the aspirations I formerly cherished, and see them fading with effortless apathy.

[1] *Poet in Exile*, pp. 17–19.

Under the influence of the Bœotian atmosphere around me, my spirit will be 'subdued to what it works in,' and my residence in the East will remain in memory, an oasis in the desolate stretch of a material life. So before the evil days come on I cling more and more eagerly to the ties which connect me with Providence and civilization, and only hope that those whose genius I have long admired and whose characters I lately learned to love, may not utterly cast me off, but sometimes reach me a hand in the darkness to raise and console."

Whatever tragedies of dashed hopes, thwarted ambitions, and mordant regrets were being enacted in John's distempered heart, he seemed fairly normal to those around him. From the next letter, which he wrote to his Uncle Milton, we infer that the young man was not only willing but eager to have the decision made which should put an end to his perplexity and self-searchings.

Warsaw, Illinois, Jan. 28th, 1859.

My dear Uncle, —

Although I have very little to say, I write according to your request to let you know how I am getting along. I am not making the most rapid progress in the law. I have, as you advised, read all of Hume consecutively, and, to speak with moderation,

remember *some* of it. I would then immediately have made an attack upon Blackstone, had I not been prevented for a while by the general worthlessness induced by the distemper that has troubled me more or less all the season. During the last few weeks I have been occupied in making preparations for a lecture before the "Literary Institute" in this town. I delivered it last Saturday evening to the best house I have ever seen in Warsaw. I think it was well received. People did not expect much from a boy, and so were more than satisfied. I have been asked to write again but shall not. It is too great an expenditure of time for no pay but nine days' glory.

It has had one effect, at least. It has convinced my very pious friends in this place that there is no sphere of life, for me, but the pulpit. I have been repeatedly told by lawyers here that I will never make my living by pettifogging. This is, of course, very encouraging, but I think, if my manifest destiny is to starve, I prefer to do it in a position where I will have only myself to blame for it. I would not do for a Methodist preacher, for I am a poor horseman. I would not suit the Baptists, for I dislike water. I would fail as an Episcopalian, for I am no ladies' man. In spite of my remonstrance, however, I am button-holed in the street daily, and exhorted

to enter into orders. Our minister here has loaded me with books which he innocently expects me to read — as if my life was long enough. I find it the easiest way to agree with everything they say and to follow the example of the shrewd youth in the parable, who "said, 'I go,' and went not."

I have a quiet room here to myself in which I can do as much as I could anywhere, alone. I suppose that I miss the personal superintendence of a preceptor, but hope that I can make up for that loss hereafter. If you think, at any time, that I can engage in anything profitable, either to myself or others, by coming to Springfield, I am ready to come. You spoke of a possibility of my succeeding, in case of a vacancy, to a berth in the Auditor's office. That would be especially pleasant, as I suppose it would give me free access to the libraries in the State House. However, I am very easily contented, in whatever sphere I may be placed, and can always wait for the tide of circumstances without any inconvenience. Meanwhile, I will go on and read Blackstone at home. It is as pleasant as possible in Warsaw now. . . . I send you what our paper has to say about my lecture.

Please remember me to all the family, especially to Grandfather.

John M. Hay.

The newspaper clipping says that Mr. J. M. Hay's lecture, upon the "History of the Jesuits," was "a very able and eloquent effort, indeed, considering the age of the speaker — being not yet twenty years of age. . . . The church was crowded with listeners, many of whom were unable to get seats. . . . His voice was strong and clear, and his manner of delivery excellent — far surpassing that of any person we have before heard in our city. . . . Being raised in this city, of course many turned out to hear him, and not one have we heard who was not well pleased with his effort, and who does not accord to him all praise for historical research, and for the fine flights of eloquence of which he delivered himself at intervals throughout the lecture. The parents of this young man may justly feel proud of him, as do the citizens of our city, for his intelligence and manly bearing. He has the talents, and if he does not make his mark in the world as a bright and shining light, the fault is with himself."

John Hay lived to read many eulogies on his writings, but perhaps he rarely felt a more genuine thrill than when he saw this first certificate to local fame. His letter to his uncle reveals his inner nature not less certainly than do his dithyrambic effusions to Miss Perry and Mrs. Whitman. Especially noticeable is the trait, which clung to him through life,

of reluctance to push himself forward. This was due not to self-distrust, but to a shy fastidiousness.

On December 15, 1858, Hay writes again to Mrs. Whitman: ". . . It may seem little to you to give a few words of generous praise to a moody boy or to send an exile in the West stray glimpses of the pleasant world he has left forever." He then refers to her description of Niagara Falls, which reminded him "of thoughts that came dimly to me as I stood in the spray of that infinite torrent, and which seemed to me unutterable. And is not this the office of Genius? to set in clear and intelligible forms of beauty the vague and chaotic fancies that flit across the minds of the multitude? Is not the poet rather an Interpreter than a Creator? It is almost the same in effect. All the Greeks thought Olympus majestic till some shepherd-poet peopled it with gods. Those fancies which in the common mind are the wild and restless float of the waves, become embodied in the mind of the poet, in the perfect beauty of Aphrodite hanging forever in god-like loveliness above the tumultuous waste of the unresting seas." He excuses his silence of several months. "I have been very near the Valley of the Shadow. I felt the deprivation keenly in the fall, when the woods were blazing with the autumnal transfiguration, and the night slept tranced in the love of the harvest moon.

I am now as well as ever." But he despairs of going East to live. "A few months of exile has worn the luster from my dreams and well-nigh quenched all liberal aspirations. I do not see how I could gain either honor or profit by writing, so I suppose the sooner I turn my attention to those practical studies which are to minister to the material wants in the West, the better it will be. . . . It is dangerous for me to write the names of Eastern friends. It makes me discontented with my surroundings." [1]

On January 2, 1859, Hay writes to Miss Perry, whom he ventures to address as "Nora," and congratulates her on her ideal position. "The world must be very fair as seen through the rosy atmosphere of luxuriant youth and maidenhood." He, on the contrary, is called to the "barbarous West," yet he accepts "calmly, if not joyfully, the challenge of fate. From present indications my sojourn in this 'wale of tears,' as the elder Weller pathetically styles it, will not be very protracted. I can stand it for a few years, I suppose. My father, with more ambition and higher ideals than I, has dwelt and labored here a lifetime, and even this winter does not despair of creating an interest in things intellectual among the great unshorn of the prairies. I am not suited for a reformer. I do not like to meddle with

[1] From an unpublished letter in Brown University Library

moral ills. I love comfortable people. In the words of the poet Pigwiggen . . . 'I know I'm a genus, 'cause I hate work worse'n thunder, and would like to cut my throat — only it hurts. . . .' There is, as yet, no room in the West for a genius. . . . Impudence and rascality are the talismans that open the gates of preferment. I am a Westerner. The influences of civilization galvanized me for a time into a feverish life, but they will vanish before this death-in-life of solitude. I chose it, however, and my blood is on my own head." In conclusion, he encloses as an offering to Mrs. Whitman, two poems, "Parted" and "In the Mist." [1]

Throughout the autumn and winter, Hay experienced that disenchantment with the world which often overshadows alike the artistic and the devout in their first serious encounter with life. Common though the disillusion is, each of its victims supposes that he is the first to suffer under it. In Hay's case, it coincided with one of his periodic fits of melancholia. He desired to be a poet. His recent happy years in the East had not only developed his poetic talents, but they had also brought the confirmation of the persons whose judgment he trusted. If Nora Perry, if Mrs. Whitman encouraged him in his ambition, how could he doubt?

[1] *Poet in Exile*, pp. 22–25.

But "being a poet" is such a different matter from what the young aspirant imagines! Primarily, because the world, with its hard common sense, cares in the long run for only good poetry; and since it often requires a generation to sift the bad from the good, the poet may be dead before his work is accepted. By what seems a sardonic decree, poets — privileged beholders and describers of the ideal — are locked up in human bodies, which must be fed, clothed, and housed: and the unrecognized bard, if he have only his poems to pay for the necessaries, will go hungry and naked. Instead of charging Fate with cruelty, however, we ought to perceive that this provision automatically saves the world from being overrun by third-rate poetasters: and we may even argue that Fate is on the side of the good poets. The Muse is as jealous a mistress now as ever she was; and when any of her young devotees dreams that he could worship her best if he had a sufficient bank account, he reveals that he is either unworthy or callow.

Through those bitter months Hay ruminated on these things. Having set his heart on the brightest, he learned that the cosmic laws would not be changed for his benefit. When a youth discovers that special favors are not accorded to the virtuous, he feels as Job, the just man, felt, that he has been

betrayed by the moral scheme in which he confided, and he asks himself whether it is worth while to go on living in a world capable of such treachery. Hay drank his cup of wormwood to the bottom. How deeply he suffered appears in the following letter.

"I have wandered this winter in the valley of the shadow of death," Hay wrote Miss Perry in the spring. "All the universe, God, earth, and heaven have been to me but vague and gloomy phantasms. I have conversed with wild imaginings in the gloom of the forests. I have sat long hours by the sandy marge of my magnificent river, and felt the awful mystery of its unending flow, and heard an infinite lament breathed in the unquiet murmur of its whispering ripples. Never before have I been so much in society. Yet into every parlor my Dæmon has pursued me. When the air has been fainting with poisoned perfumes, when every spirit thrilled to the delicate touch of airy harmonies, when perfect forms moved in unison with perfect music, and mocked with their voluptuous grace the tortured aspirations of poetry, I have felt, coming over my soul, colder than a northern wind, a conviction of the hideous unreality of all that moved and swayed and throbbed before me. It was not with the eye of a bigot, or the diseased perceptions of a penitent, that

I looked upon such scenes; it was with what seemed to me —

"Thus far I wrote, and turned over the page and wrote no more for an hour. You have had enough of that kind of agonized confession, have n't you? An open human heart is not a pleasant thing. I only wanted to tell you why I had not written. It would have been easier to say it was simply impossible." [1]

Again we note the premeditated, literary quality of his personal confession, and we wonder whether the suffering could be genuine which he described in such nicely balanced, rhetorical sentences. But we must remember that he was consciously trying to write up to what he assumed to be Nora Perry's ethereal plane; that he had been feeding on the works of the Romanticists then in fashion; and that, as is the way with young authors absorbed in their own emotions, he dramatized himself.

Poet he wished to be, and if his wit had had the compulsion of genius, neither poverty, nor hardships, nor the world's neglect would have restrained him. He would have managed somehow to sing in Warsaw, Illinois, as validly as Robert Burns did in Mossgiel, Scotland. He gave up his career reluctantly, with poignant regret, but without any after effects of cynicism. First love may be sweetest, but it is not

[1] *Poet in Exile*, pp. 41–42: Springfield, Illinois, May 15, 1859.

the deepest; and although Hay could not forsake all else to follow the Muse, still he never lost his enthusiasm for her; and up to the end of his life, when any emotion stirred him greatly, he sought a vent for it in verse.

Hay's family recognized his literary achievement at Brown, and were proud of it, and they allowed him ample time to choose his life-work. When he had convinced himself that his poet dream could not be realized, and had canvassed and discarded various suggestions, — including the ministry, — he finally settled upon the law. "They would spoil a first-class preacher to make a third-class lawyer of me," he is reported to have said. His father would have been glad to have one son follow his own profession, but John and his brothers had seen too much of the laboriousness of the life of a country doctor to care to undertake it. The law, on the other hand, held out special inducements: for John was to enter the office at Springfield of his Uncle Milton, who stood among the leaders of the Illinois Bar. Might not the law be regarded almost as a literary profession? Had not the ranks of men of letters been recruited from the lawyers? At that very moment did not James Russell Lowell's case prove that, given the right endowment, one might mount from apprenticeship in the law to the sphere of poetry and belles-

lettres? A successful lawyer might earn a sufficient fortune to retire from practice and devote himself to literature while he was still young enough to win fame therein: just as middle-aged men sometimes marry the sweethearts of their youth — with the happiest results.

Disappointed, but not cast down, John Hay accordingly began his legal training with his Uncle Milton in the spring of 1859. Before we describe his new life, however, we will conclude his self-revelations to Miss Perry.

He wrote the glowing letter just quoted, after he had settled in Springfield. "I am now at work," he added. "In work I always find rest. A strange paradox — but true. If my health returns, I do not question but that I shall work out of these shadows. If not, there is a cool rest under the violets, and eternity is long enough to make right the errors and deficiencies of time."[1]

Here is the familiar note which youth utters when bereavement or self-abnegation or contrition sweeps over it. "I can bear — but I am sure to die soon," says the young self-pitier, unaware that vanity and not fortitude is speaking, and that grief has its luxury which must be checked. In Hay's case, there seems no doubt that he suffered from poor health

[1] *Poet in Exile*, pp. 42–43.

that winter; possibly he thought that he had a disease which would soon carry him off: but his yearning for rest under the violets is so common among youths who take Fate's rebuffs sentimentally that we need not be alarmed by it. Nevertheless, we must not belittle the burden of misery which a nature like his actually feels under such conditions.

Nearly a year later, although he was then outwardly wrapped up in his new career at Springfield, he replied regretfully to a letter from Miss Perry: —

"I hope you may never be placed in a situation where you will be able to sympathize with my present habitudes of mind, or appreciate the feelings of grateful delight occasioned by a kindness like your last.

"When, in the midst of my laborious and intensely practical studies, the current of my thoughts is changed by a reminder of a state of existence so much higher than mine, I feel for a moment as a pilgrim might have felt, in the days when angels walked with men, who, lying weary and exhausted with his toilsome journey, has heard in the desert silence faint hints of celestial melody, and seen the desolate sands empurpled and glorified with a fleeting flash of spiritual wings.

"The splendor fades, but the ripples of memory still stir the stagnant waters of the soul, and life is less dreary that the vision has come and gone.

"It is cowardly in me to cling so persistently to a life which is past. It is my duty, and in truth it is my ultimate intention to qualify myself for a Western lawyer, *et præterea nihil*, 'only that and nothing more.' Along the path of my future life, short though it be, my vision runs unchecked. No devious ways. No glimpses of sudden splendor striking athwart. No mysteries. No deep shadows, save those in my own soul, for I expect prosperity, speaking after the manner of men. No intense lights but at the end. So my life lies. A straight path — on both sides quiet labor, at the end, Death and Rest.

"Yet though I know all this, though I feel that Illinois and Rhode Island are entirely antipathetic, though I am aware that thy people are not my people, nor thy God my God, I cannot shut my friends out of my memory or annihilate the pleasant past. I cannot help being delighted to receive a letter from you, and to know that the Doctor [Helme] sometimes remembers me. When I read 'After the Ball,' and when, going into the State House, the Secretary of State said to me, 'Hay, have you read the last *Atlantic?* there is the prettiest poem there this month it has ever published!' I could not help feeling a personal pride that I had heard it read, alive with the poet's voice and warm from the poet's heart.

"What more can I say than to confess that my friends are necessary to me, to ask you to give my love to the Doctor, and to write to me as soon as you will. How glad I am that the world is learning to love Mrs. Whitman as much as those who have sat at the feet of the revered Priestess." [1]

In this letter, even more than in the earlier, we perceive that Hay treats himself as he might any one else, whose plight he tries to describe in the finest literary style. He is not insincere; he is simply the artist, using his own emotions as stuff for his story. When this tendency becomes a habit, spontaneity gives way to artificiality: as in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, who would spit blood in his handkerchief, and a few minutes later seize his pen and write — in a private letter intended for the world to admire — an account of the affair, so vivid, so correct, so "faultily faultless," that teachers of English might hold it up as a model to illiterate Freshmen.

Hay, however, was still far from this pitch of artistic self-intoxication, and, thanks to happy influences, which came to him in the disguise of disappointment, he never reached it. He believed that what he wrote to Miss Perry depicted, however faintly, the anguish of his soul. He wished also to free himself from the suspicion of having cravenly

[1] *Poet in Exile*, pp. 44–46: Springfield, Illinois, March 4, 1860.

deserted the ideal life. He still loved the Muse best, and only under the duress of necessity was he embarking on the worldly profession of the law. But though he might prosper, — and he expected "prosperity, speaking after the manner of men," — his heart would remain true to the ideal.

Just as a new life, of amazing inspiration, was opening for him, he thus pledged his devotion to the old: and he never wavered in it. Long afterward, when he appeared to strangers an accomplished man of the world, or when he staggered under the burdens of statesmanship, he heard again, and thrilled to hear, the poetic voices which captivated his youth. So, at certain seasons, dwellers on the Breton coast hear the pealing of the bells of the city which the waves submerged long, long ago.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW LIFE

IN March or April, 1859, John Hay went to Springfield, to read law with his uncle, who was head of one of the oldest and most successful firms in the West. Fifteen years before, when Stephen T. Logan directed it, Abraham Lincoln had been a partner, and, besides him, two of his associates became Congressmen. Under Milton Hay, the office continued to be a nursery "for cradling public men":[1] for law and politics interlocked so closely that they often seemed merely two aspects of the same profession. It required far less acumen than young John Hay possessed to discern that the road to fortune lay through that office. The material expansion of Illinois — its railroads, its industries, its rapidly growing cities and towns, with the consequent fixing of titles and contracts and the adjusting of claims — made the lawyer the one indispensable member of the community. Men might manage to shift without the doctor, because Nature herself sometimes

[1] N. & H., I, 214, n. 1. "John M. Palmer and Shelby M. Cullom left it to become Governors of the State, and the latter to be a Congressman and Senator."

worked a cure; and at a pinch they could do even without the minister, taking their chances as to the hereafter; but they needed the lawyer at every turn, and it was only a step from applying the laws to framing them. So Hay might hope, with reasonable diligence, either to prosper at the bar, or, if he preferred, to enter public life, which offered fame as well as fortune.

Far more important was it to the young apprentice, however, that both his position and his occupation threw him into relations, sometimes very friendly, with the leading men of Illinois. Such a privilege could come only in a community which, although small numerically, held the keys to vast enterprises. The material development of Illinois was at that period of incalculable significance. But it involved far more than the building up of the State itself; for the growth of the new Northwest and the exploitation of transcontinental projects were affected, directly or indirectly, by the attitude of Illinois, and this, in turn, depended upon the lawmakers at Springfield. And just at this time political concerns had begun to overshadow material. The crisis which had been preparing since the formation of the American Union could no longer be avoided, either by compromise, or threat, or ignoble subservience. In this crisis Fate summoned Illinois to play a

pivotal part; and it happened that the providential man, not only for Illinois, but for the American Union, and for the maintenance of Anglo-Saxon civilization in the United States, occupied a shabby law office alongside of Milton Hay's, and practiced his profession during those intervals when politics did not utterly engross him.

This was Abraham Lincoln, now in his fiftieth year, who only recently, by his joint debates with Judge Stephen A. Douglas, had sent his reputation beyond the borders of the State. Even his neighbors and acquaintances, of whom he counted hundreds in central and northern Illinois, did not fully understand the genius which inspired Lincoln in that campaign. His speeches, whether in attack or rebuttal, stand alone in modern oratory: we must go back to the Socratic dialogues to find their parallels. He spoke so simply, he met his enemy's points so honestly and demolished them so easily, that his hearers, though entirely convinced, discovered nothing unusual in his performance. Eloquence still meant to them the Olympian dignity and the deep, sonorous voice of Daniel Webster, and the tidal ebb and flow of his periods, and the polish of his diction; or it meant the forceful declamation of Calhoun, or Wendell Phillips's invectives gleaming like bayonets in the sun.

Lincoln differed from all these. He had neither Webster's imperial presence, nor the rich, supple voice, nor the polished diction and gestures of the model orator. He breathed no echo of Burke or Chatham, no reminder of Cicero or Demosthenes. He was plain Abraham Lincoln, addressing crowds in the prairie towns as naturally as he would have talked to them one by one on his front porch. He had a power rarer than intellectual keenness or the zealot's fervor, or than intoxicating eloquence — the power to penetrate to fundamental principles. He saw the simple bases on which slavery and abolition, union and secession, finally rested; and in every debate he quickly stripped away confusing details and laid bare the essentials, which he presented so simply that they had the settled quality of scientific formulas. But he clothed his arguments in some parable or picturesque figure which everybody understood, and could not forget; and he spoke so sincerely that it was evident that he set truth above a political victory. Where Douglas evaded or straddled, Lincoln stood on principle; he resorted to no devices and wasted no time on quibbles, but squarely dislodged Douglas from one perch after another. Lincoln's good-nature, his humor, his wit, and large-hearted charity were as conspicuous as his trenchant logic — indeed, they sometimes blinded his hearers to the

extraordinary skill with which he upheld his cause. We see now that while he was ostensibly working for the success of the Republican Party in the next election and his own choice as senator, he was really proclaiming the impossibility that the nation should continue half-bond, half-free, and he was restating the fundamental principles without which civilization sinks into barbarism.

In November, 1858, the Republicans outvoted the Douglas Democrats: when the legislature met, however, Douglas beat Lincoln for the senatorship by eight votes; and while he went in triumph to the United States Senate, Lincoln returned to his law office in Springfield. But the triumph was brief. The Little Giant's prestige withered under the effect of Lincoln's remorseless criticism, and although he lived barely three years, at his death he had already outworn his influence. History will not forget him, however much he might pray to be forgotten; because he is as indissolubly bound up with Lincoln's immortality as Brutus is with Cæsar's. He remains as a warning to men of good intentions, much vanity, and no solid morality, who, in a national crisis, when the differences between conflicting principles stand out as uncompromisingly as life and death, insist that it is only a matter of shading; that by calling "black" "white" and "white" "black" you

can make them so; that, after all, there are no immutable *things*, but only *adjectives*, which can be transposed or varied, like a girl's ribbons, to suit your fancy.

Abraham Lincoln believed that there are certain eternal distinctions between right and wrong, and he attered Douglas's makeshifts as the Matterhorn shatters the troops of clouds which drive against it from one direction to another. And even though they should hide the mighty peak for a day, they never can be more than clouds, unsubstantial and evanescent, whereas the Matterhorn is granite and endures.

"I am glad I made the late race," Lincoln wrote to a friend. "It gave me a hearing on the great and durable questions of the age, which I could have had in no other way; and though I sink out of view, and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."[1]

To another correspondent he replied: "The fight must go on. The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats. Douglas had the ingenuity to be supported in the late contest, both as the means to break down and to uphold the slave interest. No

[1] Lincoln to Henry, November 19, 1858.

ingenuity can keep these antagonistic elements in harmony long. Another explosion will soon come."[1]

When John Hay[2] began his career in his Uncle Milton's office, he found this strange figure next door, and it could not have been long before he, like every one else, was listening to Lincoln's stories and was feeling the indefinable fascination of his homely wit and moral fervor. Not that Hay at twenty-one suspected the heroic possibilities in the sad-eyed, ungainly pioneer, who uttered parables in language that might have been taken from the New Testament, or indulged in coarse jokes, or drew vivid word-portraits of the Western notables, or stated political issues with masterly clearness. Young Hay, still regretting his parting from the Muses, and still surreptitiously seeking their inspiration, could not be expected to recognize in Lincoln their substitute.

But even casual association with "Honest Abe," as his fellow citizens called him, could not fail to affect the impressionable youth. By nature sanguine and social, Hay was not of those who can nurse a life-long sorrow. His heart required time in order to be reconciled to the surrender of its poetic dreams, but his head acquiesced, and, acquiescing, took an eager

[1] Lincoln to Asbury, November 19, 1858. Both in N. & H., II, 169.

[2] On leaving Brown, Hay dropped his middle name, "Milton."

interest in the men with whom he was thrown; and his intellectual curiosity kindled by degrees into passionate zeal.

Indeed, only a creature as emotionless as pumice-stone could remain torpid in that crisis, when the conflict — foreseen, dreaded, dodged, smothered, for as far back as men could remember — was bursting into flame. To be neutral then was to be an outcast. Every one must choose his side, for or against slavery and secession. The question was complicated, however, because a man who detested slavery might honestly believe that the preservation of the Union, even with slavery allowed to continue in the Southern States, was the chief concern. To destroy the Union would not free the slaves, but would set up two hostile republics instead of one which, although then torn by sectional differences, seemed intended by destiny to remain one.

Brought up in a family which never swerved in its devotion to freedom, John Hay absorbed his political opinions, as a boy does, from listening to his elders. Owing to the loss of his early correspondence, we have no means of tracing his opinions on national affairs; but this can hardly matter, because he did not begin to think for himself until after he returned to Springfield. He makes only one reference to politics in the letters which I have seen.

Writing to his mother from Providence on February 6, 1856, he says: "Banks is Speaker. There is very little enthusiasm here. But they rejoice in a quiet Yankee sort of way. How 'all-overish' I felt one evening when Mrs. Hunt was flaying the Abolitionists alive. Southern Chivalry is in the ashes at present. '*Sic semper Tyrannis*' says the North." [1]

Three years later, when Hay was studying law, the recently formed Republican Party had become powerful as the successor of the old Whigs and, still more, as the party of the zealous young men in the North, who were resolved to prevent further encroachments by the Southern slaveocracy. It was at that happy stage in the development of an institution when its ideals, unsullied as yet by selfish desires, justified the enthusiasm of its supporters. Its principles had the compulsion of religion; and rightly so, because they aimed at carrying out in the sphere of public life the behests of private conscience.

Despite his avowal that he was not suited for a reformer, and that he did not like to meddle with moral ills, John Hay enrolled himself as a Republican, and we cannot doubt that he soon felt the moral

[1] Unedited letter. On February 2, 1856, N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, the Republican candidate, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives by 103 votes to 100 for Aiken, of South Carolina.

stimulus of working with a party dedicated to human liberty. His sense of humor, always alert, kept him from being blind to the crudities of political action; but his zeal was stronger still.

Little record has come to hand of his apprenticeship in law. His uncle's office, which transacted all sorts of legal business, offered every opportunity for a thorough and well-rounded training. Hay was spasmodically diligent, and having made up his mind to be a lawyer, he exerted himself, as was his fashion, to succeed. In due season — February 4, 1861 — he was admitted to the bar.

On the surface, however, Hay appeared to his associates at this time as a young man of varied rather than serious interests. Quick at repartee and puns, lovable in disposition, he was a favorite at every social gathering. The girls delighted in him, and he in them; but, as one of the survivors writes me, "he found safety in numbers." They took French lessons together; they went to sociables and church fairs; they attended sermons and lectures and political rallies. Hay shone not only as the wittiest of the younger set, but as the winner of unusual distinction in an Eastern college, and as a reader and poet. His opinions on books made the rounds. His verses, sparkling or sentimental, were treasured by their recipients, and quoted. Even his sedate friend John

Nicolay, who had settled in Springfield to edit a newspaper, was enlivened by Hay's example.

Two specimens of Hay's fun, though but trifles, may be cited. The first is a note, sent to three sisters "with a huge bunch of wild, blue phlox, 1860":—

"I am lamentably ignorant as to whether Goldsmith is one of your favorite poets, but if he is, you have doubtless admired his beautiful and merciful lines: —

> "'No Phlox that range the valley free
> To slaughter I condemn;
> Taught by the power that pities me,
> I learn to pity them.'"

Another is from an invitation from Hay to one of these sisters to go with him to hear Lincoln speak in Cook's Hall. Like several of his notes, it is written in a French which gives it a more comical touch: —

"Je suis bien heureux que je puis annoncer a vous que M. Lincoln, l'honnête vieux Abe, va faire un discours a la salle du Cuisinier demain au soir. Voulez vous rappeler votre promesse et m'accompagner? J'espère d'entendre beaucoup de les choses bonnes, qui reposent comme Lazare après son mort, en 'Abraham's Bosom.'" [1]

Whatever regrets Hay buried in his heart, he faced the world so buoyantly that we may assume

[1] Printed as written.

that the wounds of disappointment were healing sooner than he imagined.

In the retrospect, even Warsaw gleamed with charms for him. On November 29, 1861, he wrote to a dear young friend there: —

"Warsaw dull? It shines before my eyes like a social paradise compared with this miserable sprawling village [Washington] which imagines itself a city because it is wicked, as a boy thinks he is a man when he smokes and swears. I wish I could by wishing find myself in Warsaw.

"I am cross because I am away from Warsaw. I believe honestly (if it is possible for me to believe anything honestly) that I shall never enjoy myself more thoroughly than I did that short little winter I spent at home. It was so quiet and so still, so free from anything that could disturb or bore me, that it seems in the busy days I am wearing out now like a queer little dream of contentment and peace, when I so obstinately and persistently left the dear old town that rainy, tearful, doleful Monday afternoon. I never before was so anxious to see Warsaw, or so reluctant to leave it. It is a good thing to go home. I seem to take a new lease on life; to renew a fast-fleeting youth on the breezy hills of my home. I feel like doing a marvelous amount of work when I return, and the dull routine of every-

day labor is charmingly relieved by vanishing visions of green hills, grand rivers, and willowy islands that float between me and my paper." [1]

By the spring of 1860 he took a keen interest in the political campaign. The Republican State Convention, which met at Decatur on May 9 and 10, nominated Lincoln as Illinois' candidate for President. Then occurred that picturesque scene which illustrates how mankind is often more impressed by symbols than by what the symbols stand for. Before the vote was taken, word came from outside that an old Democrat had something he wished to give the convention. Presently, in came Lincoln's cousin, John Hanks, bearing two rails, and a banner with the inscription: "Abraham Lincoln, the rail candidate for President in 1860. Two rails from a lot of 3000 made in 1830 by Thomas Hanks and Abe Lincoln — whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County." Amid a rush of enthusiasm the convention voted for the "Rail-splitter," and this nomination the Republican National Convention confirmed at Chicago a week later, when, on the third ballot, Lincoln distanced Seward, New York's favorite son, and was declared the unanimous choice of the party (May 17, 1860).

From that moment, Springfield, Illinois, loomed

[1] *Century*, LXI, 453.

up in national importance. During the summer and autumn it seethed with politics. Every Republican politician, every friend of Lincoln, and even lukewarm partisans who, notwithstanding, desired to see him elected for the honor of the city and the State, joined in the campaign. The young men threw themselves into the cause with the ardor of Crusaders. Among them was Hay, who worked to enroll supporters and spoke at meetings as enthusiastically as if he had not deplored, in his letters to the poetesses at Providence, the hopeless materialism of the unshorn men of the prairies. He began to be electrified by the ideals which underlay the Republican movement. Nicolay served Lincoln as secretary in the campaign, and Hay helped Nicolay.

After his election as President, on November 6, Lincoln appointed Nicolay as his private secretary. His duties increased to such proportions that, although he was one of the most industrious of men, they soon exceeded his capacity, and he suggested that Hay be employed as assistant secretary. "We can't take all Illinois with us down to Washington," the President-elect said, good-humoredly; and then after a pause, as if relenting, he added: "Well, let Hay come."

Thus Fortune opened her door to the young man of twenty-two. Instead of condemning him to per-

petual banishment in the "West," she led him to the East, to Washington, to the White House, to be the confidential helper of "the most sympathetic among all Americans, living or dead," at the most exciting national crisis since the American Union was founded. Hay knew that this experience could not fail to be a stepping-stone to whatever he might do later. President Lincoln, we may believe, saw more in him than a clerical assistant — clerks could be had anywhere: he saw the fresh, easy-mannered, sunny companion, who might relieve the tedium of routine life; the youth who, apparently understanding by intuition the ways of the world, might on occasion smooth over social roughnesses which the President himself would hardly have noticed. Nicolay, too, prized the frank nature and quick intelligence of the friend of his boyhood. It meant much for him to have an assistant who was at once congenial and willing and versatile.

So John Hay said good-bye to his uncle's law office, and to the young women who cherished his verses, and to his parents and friends at Warsaw; and on February 11, 1861, he started with Lincoln and the presidential party on their roundabout journey to Washington. The President's last words to his neighbors, before the train steamed out of Springfield, were full of sadness and affection, as became

one who realized the weight of the burden he was going away to take up, and the quick alternations of life and death. What young Hay thought at that moment we are not told; but it would be strange if he were not thrilled at the prospect of plunging into a new world, of unknown and alluring possibilities. Like many another poet in embryo, he was soon to feel the exhilaration which comes from doing after dreaming.

CHAPTER V

FIRST MONTHS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN read his Inaugural Address at the Capitol on March 4, 1861. Since Washington's Farewell, no presidential utterance had moved the country so deeply as that, and of Lincoln's many stirring passages in it none equaled his concluding lines: "I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature." [1] When John Hay's friends and classmates read that paragraph, they believed that he wrote it — so high was their estimate of his poetic talents and so little as yet did they discern the literary genius of Lincoln.

From that day Nicolay and Hay lived in the White House, within a moment's call of the President. The

[1] The passage was written by Lincoln, who transmuted Seward's suggestion into pure gold. N. & H., III, 336, 341 *n.*

small chambers assigned to them were shabby and scantily furnished; but the secretaries were young and used to roughing it, and they were soon too busy to heed passing discomforts. Nicolay had charge of the more official correspondence. Hay, who often took his share of this burden, wrote letters, saw callers, went on errands to the Departments, kept in touch with personages political, military, and social, and, in case of need, escorted Mrs. Lincoln when she drove out, or amused the Lincoln boys on a rainy day. He made himself very quickly a member of the family; and Lincoln, the most unconventional of men, welcomed his young, versatile, and trustworthy assistant, whose willingness and common sense could always be depended upon.

During the first weeks of the Administration, suspense prevailed in the White House and throughout the Government. Men realized that the relations with the Southern States were growing worse, not better, but they still regarded with incredulity the likelihood of a civil war. Lincoln had pledged himself not to be the aggressor: many anxious Northerners still hoped that even fanatical Secessionists would stop short before striking the irrevocable blow. News of the firing on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, on April 12, and of its evacuation by the Union commander on April 14, dispelled

the last doubt. On April 15 President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers.

Three days later Hay records in his Diary: "The White House is turned into barracks. Jim Lane [1] marshaled his Kansas warriors to-day at Willard's and placed them at the disposal of Major Hunter, who turned them to-night into the East Room. It is a splendid company — worthy such an armory. Besides the Western Jayhawkers it comprises some of the best *material* in the East. Senator Pomeroy and old Anthony Bleecker stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks. Jim Lane walked proudly up and down the ranks with a new sword that the Major had given him. The Major has made me his aid, and I labored under some uncertainty, as to whether I should speak to privates or not.

"The President to-day received this dispatch, 'We entreat you to take immediate measures to protect *American* Commerce in the Southern waters and we respectfully suggest the charter or purchase of steamers of which a number can be fitted from here without delay.' Signed by Grinnell Minturn and many others of the leading business men of the place. The President immediately sent for the Cabinet. They came together and Seward [2] answered the

[1] James H. Lane, of Kansas, border-fighter, United States Senator, and brigadier-general of volunteers.

[2] William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

dispatch in these words: 'Dispatch to the President received and letter under consideration. W. H. Seward.'

"All day the notes of preparation have been heard at the public buildings and the armories. Everybody seems to be expecting a son or a brother or 'young man' in the coming regiments.

"To-night, Edward brought me a card from Mrs. Ann Stephens expressing a wish to see the President on matters concerning his personal safety. As the Ancient [1] was in bed I volunteered to receive the harrowing communication. Edward took me to a little room adjoining the Hall and I waited. Mrs. Stephens who is neither young nor yet fair to any miraculous extent, came in leading a lady — who was a little of both — whom she introduced to me as Mrs. Colonel Lander.[2] I was delighted at this chance interview with the Medea, the Julia, the Mona Lisa of my stage-struck days. After many hesitating and bashful trials, Mrs. Lander told the impulse that brought her. Some young Virginian — long-haired, swaggering, chivalrous, of course, and indiscreet friend — had come into town in great anxiety for a new saddle, and meeting her, had said that he and half a dozen others, including a daredevil guerrilla from Rich-

[1] One of the pet names which Hay and Nicolay gave the President.
[2] A popular actress of that generation.

mond, named F., would do a thing within forty-eight hours that would ring through the world. Connecting this central fact with a multiplicity of attendant details, she concluded that the President was either to be assassinated or captured. She ended by renewing her protestations of earnest solicitude mingled with fears of the impropriety of the step. Lander has made her very womanly since he married her. Imagine Jean M. Davenport a blushing, hesitating wife.

"They went away, and I went to the bedside of the Chief *couché*. I told him the yarn. He quietly grinned.

"Going to my room, I met the Captain. He was a little boozy and very eloquent. He dilated on the troubles of the time and bewailed the existence of a garrison in the White House 'to give *éclat* to Jim Lane.'

"Hill Lamon came in about midnight saying that Cash. Clay was drilling a splendid company at Willard's Hall and that the town was in a general tempest of enthusiastic excitement; which not being very new, I went to sleep."

If John Hay had been able to continue during the succeeding four years to write day by day the White House Chronicle as amply as this first day of actual war preparations, he would have left not only the

most complete, but the most varied and picturesque of records.

April 19 also was filled with business and alarms.

"Early this morning" (Hay writes), "I consulted with Major Hunter as to measures proper to be taken in the matter of guarding the House. He told me that he would fulfill any demand I should make. The forenoon brought us news of the destruction of government property at Harper's Ferry. It delighted the Major, regarding it as a deadly blow at the prosperity of the recusant Virginia.

"I called to see Joe Jefferson and found him more of a gentleman than I had expected. A very intellectual face, thin and eager, with large, intense blue eyes, the lines firm, and the hair darker than I had thought. I then went to see Mrs. Lander and made her tell the story all over again 'just by way of a slant.' Miss Lander the sculptor was there.

"Coming up, I found the streets full of the bruit of the Baltimore mob and at the White House was a nervous gentleman who insisted on seeing the President to say that a mortar battery had been planted on the Virginia heights commanding the town. He separated himself from the information and instantly retired. I had to do some very dexterous lying to calm the awakened fears of Mrs. Lincoln in regard to the assassination suspicion.

"After tea came Partridge and Petterbridge from Baltimore. They came to announce that they had taken possession of the Pikesville Arsenal in the name of the Government — to represent the feeling of the Baltimore conservatives in regard to the present imbroglio there — and to assure the President of the entire fidelity of the Governor and the State authorities. The President showed them Hicks [1] and Brown's [2] dispatch, which [read]: 'Send no troops here. The authorities here are loyal to the Constitution. Our police force and local militia will be sufficient.' Meaning, as they all seemed to think, that they wanted no Washington troops to preserve order, but, as Seward insists, that no more troops must be sent through the city. Scott [3] seemed to agree with Seward, and his answer to a dispatch of inquiry was: 'Governor Hicks has no authority to prevent troops from passing through Baltimore.' Seward interpolated: 'No right.' Partridge and Petterbridge seemed both loyal and hopeful. They spoke of the danger of the North being roused to fury by the bloodshed of to-day, and pouring in an avalanche over the border. The President most solemnly assured them that there was no danger. 'Our people are easily influenced by reason' (said he). 'They have

[1] Thomas H. Hicks, Governor of Maryland.
[2] George W. Brown, Mayor of Baltimore.
[3] General Winfield Scott, commanding the United States Army.

determined to prosecute this matter with energy, but with the most temperate spirit. You are entirely safe from invasion.'

"Wood came up to say that young Henry saw a steamer landing troops off Fort Washington. I told the President. Seward immediately drove to Scott's.

"Miss Dix called to-day, to offer services in the Hospital branch. She makes the most munificent and generous offers."

Events followed one another so rapidly that the White House had no repose, night or day. Alarmists, cranks, wiseacres beset the hall and corridors and strove to reach the President's office. The Potomac, according to rumors, was infested by suspicious-looking craft. Every one asked whether Washington could be held, in case the Secessionists should make a sudden dash upon it. Anxiety lest the mob should capture the White House itself and carry off the President, kept cropping up. Hay had under his special care the protection of both Mr. Lincoln and the Executive Mansion. "About midnight," he says, "we made a tour of the house. Hunter and the Italian exile, Vivaldi, were quietly sleeping on the floor of the East Room, and a young and careless guard loafed around the furnace fires in the basement. Good-looking and energetic young fellows, too good to be food for gunpowder, — if anything is."

The next day he "went up to see the Massachusetts troops quartered in the Capitol. The scene was very novel. The contrast was very painful between the gray-haired dignity that filled the Senate Chamber when I saw it last, and the present throng of bright-looking Yankee boys, the most of them bearing the signs of New England rusticity in voice and manner, scattered over the desks, chairs, and galleries, some loafing, many writing letters slowly and with plough-hardened hands, or with rapid-glancing clerkly fingers, while Grow [1] stood patiently by the desk and franked for everybody."

The mobbing of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment on its passage through Baltimore, on April 19, and the break in that city of communications between Washington and the loyal North, caused feverish agitation for several days. Unless the Union troops could come through, the State of Maryland might not only fall into the control of the Secessionists, but might send an invading force against the Capital. If this were joined there by an attacking column from Virginia, how could the town be saved? Only when the Northern volunteers began to arrive by roundabout routes did the alarm subside.

Through it all Lincoln seemed unruffled, though

[1] Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

inwardly he was in great distress. A deputation of leading citizens of Baltimore waited on the President and begged him not to persist in sending troops by way of their city, because the mob was unmanageable; but these "whining traitors," as Hay calls them, promised that the loyal regiments should cross the State unmolested if they would avoid Baltimore. In the interest of conciliation, the President consented; but he declared that he would not again interfere with the war measures of the army.

Secretary Seward, more excited and less conciliatory, felt sure that the New York Seventh Regiment could cut their way through three thousand rioters; and he protested "that Baltimore *delenda est*, and other things," Hay adds with characteristic humor. But before Baltimore could be deleted, the Government must have at its disposal the very regiments to which Baltimore barred the way.

Old General Spinner, too, "was fierce and jubilant" at the news which seemed to him to hold out the pleasure of destroying traitors everywhere. "No frenzied poet," writes Hay, "ever predicted the ruin of a hostile house with more energy and fervor than he issued the rescript against Baltimore. . . . He was peculiarly disgusted with the impertinence of Delaware. 'The contemptible little neighborhood, without population enough for a decent country village,

gets up on her hind legs and talks about armed neutrality. The only good use for traitors is to hang them. They are worth more dead than alive.' Thus the old liberty-loving Teuton raged."

At length, on April 25, the blockade was raised. The Seventh New York came through to the Capital without damage, and on the next day Massachusetts and Rhode Island troops arrived in large numbers. "Those who were in Washington on that Thursday, April 25," writes Hay, "will never during their lives, forget the event." [1] From that time on the transportation of Northern regiments across Baltimore ceased to be opposed.

On the 25th, Hay records that the President, who "seemed to be in a pleasant, hopeful mood," said: "I intend, at present, always leaving an opportunity for change of mind, to fill Fortress Monroe with men and stores; blockade the ports effectually; provide for the entire safety of the Capital; keep them quietly employed in this way, and then go down to Charleston and pay her the little debt we are owing her."

The President would not, however, countenance severity until conciliation had failed. Witness this memorandum, also dated April 25: —

"General Butler has sent an imploring request to the President to be allowed to bag the whole nest of

[1] N. & H., IV, 156.

traitorous Maryland legislators and bring them in triumph here. This the Tycoon, wishing to observe every comity even with a recusant State, forbade."

Hay's hurried pen-portraits of the actors in this strange drama, as the examples I have cited show, possess the life-likeness of latter-day snap-shots. He has not only the knack of drawing vividly with a few strokes, but also a store of humor, which he sprays over them like a fixative. Thus, after calling on Governor William Sprague, of Rhode Island, he records: "A small, insignificant youth, who bought his place; but who is certainly all right now. He is very proud of his company, of its wealth and social standing."

Carl Schurz, the German Liberal, who sought refuge as an exile to the United States, and in a few years was transformed into one of the most genuine American patriots of his time, is often referred to by Hay, who writes on April 26: "Carl Schurz was here to-day. He spoke with wild enthusiasm of his desire to mingle in the war. He has great confidence in his capability of arousing the enthusiasm of the young. He contemplates the career of a great guerrilla chief with ardent longing. He objects to the taking of Charleston and advises foraging on the interior States. . . . The Seventh Regiment band played gloriously on the shaven lawn at the south front of the

Executive Mansion. The scene was very beautiful. Through the luxuriant grounds, the gayly dressed crowd idly strolled, soldiers loafed on the promenades, the martial music filled the sweet air with vague suggestion of heroism, and C. Schurz and the President talked war."

On April 29 we have this entry: "Going into Nicolay's room this morning, C. Schurz and J. Lane were sitting. Jim was at the window, filling his soul with gall by steady telescopic contemplation of a Secession flag impudently flaunting over a roof in Alexandria. 'Let me tell you,' said he to the elegant Teuton, 'we have got to whip these scoundrels like hell, C. Schurz. They did a good thing stoning our men at Baltimore and shooting away the flag at Sumter. It has set the great North a-howling for blood, and they'll have it.'

"'I heard,' said Schurz, 'you preached a sermon to your men yesterday.'

"'No, sir! this is not time for preaching. When I went to Mexico there were four preachers in my regiment. In less than a week I issued orders for them all to stop preaching and go to playing cards. In a month or so, they were the biggest devils and best fighters I had.'

"An hour afterwards, C. Schurz told me he was going home to arm his clansmen for the wars. He has

obtained three months' leave of absence from his diplomatic duties, and permission to raise a cavalry regiment. I doubt the propriety of the movement. He will make a wonderful land pirate; bold, quick, brilliant, and reckless. He will be hard to control and difficult to direct. Still, we shall see. He is a wonderful man."

A fortnight later, while the Marine Band played on the south lawn, Schurz sat with Lincoln on the balcony. "After the President had kissed some thousand children, Carl went into the library and developed a new accomplishment. He played with great skill and feeling, sitting in the dusk twilight at the piano until the President came by and took him down to tea. Schurz is a wonderful man. An orator, a soldier, a philosopher, an exiled patriot, a skilled musician! He has every quality of romance and of romantic picturesqueness."

The evident spell which Carl Schurz cast over John Hay was not accidental. Schurz, though less than ten years older than Hay, had seen and done many things. Uprooted from his native soil, he was flourishing in the land of his adoption. He embodied versatility, carried beyond the stage of the dilettante to that of the master; he was a cosmopolite. To be versatile and cosmopolitan were instincts which Nature had planted in John Hay at his birth —

ideals toward which he had been unconsciously groping since his earliest boyhood.

So Schurz fascinated him: but the person who dominated him from his first day in the White House was Lincoln. At the outset, the President's homeliness, which was, in fact, primal simplicity, must have amused him: for Hay had a keen eye for social distinctions and was already well versed in the lore of manners which opens doors that neither birth, wealth, nor genius can unlock. That the former rail-splitter should occupy a position in which, among his other functions, he was head of the official society of the Capital of the Nation, must have tickled Hay's sense of the comic. But soon Lincoln's great qualities — his patience and love of justice, his readiness to listen, his fortitude — impressed the young secretary. Lincoln's supreme naturalness, too, could not be resisted by any one who looked below the surface. Hay loved humor, and here was Nature's master humorist of that age; Hay loved wit, and here was a mind of singular penetration and clearness, which saw right to the heart of principles and could state them in language that a child understood. One by one, the best minds in Washington came into contact with Lincoln; he met them squarely and seldom failed to expose their fallacy, if there were one, or to uphold his own decision, if he approved it, by a phrase

or story not to be forgotten. The speeches of the famous orators at the Capitol have faded; Lincoln's remain. Thanks to his corrections, the State papers of the elegant Seward are still read; and Sumner also, the chief academic orator in Congress, might have profited if he had condescended to take the untutored Westerner for a schoolmaster.

Hay and Nicolay, drawn to Lincoln by his unusual geniality, little suspected at first that he was destined to be, through his unique combination of character and ability, the savior of the Republic. To each other they referred to him familiarly as "the Ancient," or "the Tycoon": and Hay, at least, though full of veneration, sometimes made merry over the Chief's oddities. The Diary abounds in glimpses of Lincoln during the critical month of April.

If ever a ruler had an excuse for showing anxiety, Lincoln had at that moment. Fort Sumter fell on April 15; on the 17th, Virginia seceded; on the 18th, the Union troops retired from Harper's Ferry and its arsenal; on the 19th, the Sixth Massachusetts was mobbed in Baltimore, and then followed the destruction of the railroad bridges and the cutting of the telegraphs; on the 20th, Robert E. Lee, whose appointment as commander of the Northern Army was pending, went over to Virginia, and drew a large number of army and navy officers with him to the

South; on the 20th, also, the Gosport Arsenal had to be abandoned. Yet in public Lincoln kept up his usual manner, and so successfully that strangers thought him either indifferent or shallow. Only once, in his private office, after peering long down the Potomac for the ships which were to bring the troops, believing himself to be alone, he exclaimed, "with irrepressible anguish, 'Why don't they come! Why don't they come!'"

The next day, when some battered soldiers of the Sixth Massachusetts called on him, he "fell into a tone of irony to which only intense feeling ever drove him: 'I begin to believe,' he said, 'that there is no North. The Seventh Regiment is a myth. Rhode Island is another. You are the only real thing.'" [1]

The young secretary, who overheard Lincoln's cry of anguish and was present at this interview, began to divine the depths of the President's nature.

In a few days, the tension being relieved, Hay writes: "Three Indians of the Pottawatomies called to-day upon their Great Father. The President amused them greatly by airing the two or three Indian words he knew. I was amused by his awkward efforts to make himself understood by speaking bad English; e.g., 'Where live now? When go back Iowa?'"

[1] N. & H., IV, 152–53.

Northern newspapers began to scold at the incompetence of the Administration, and the New York *Times* advised the immediate resignation of the Cabinet and warned Lincoln that he would be superseded: but that sort of hostility never worried him, and he joked about the *Times's* proposal to depose him.

On May 7 Hay writes: "I went in to give the President some little items of Illinois news, saying among other things that S. was behaving very badly. He replied with emphasis that S. was a miracle of meanness; calmly looking out of the window at the smoke of two strange steamers puffing up the way, resting the end of the telescope on his toes sublime."

Hay referred to Browning's suggestion that the North should subjugate the South, exterminate the whites, set up a black republic, and protect the negroes "while they raised our cotton."

"'Some of our Northerners seem bewildered and dazzled by the excitement of the hour,'" Lincoln replied. "'Doolittle[1] seems inclined to think that this war is to result in the entire abolition of slavery. Old Colonel Hamilton, a venerable and most respectable gentleman, impresses upon me most earnestly the propriety of enlisting the slaves in our army.' (I told him his daily correspondence was thickly inter-

[1] Senator James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.

spersed by such suggestions.) 'For my own part,' he said, 'I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now, whether, in a free government, the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail, it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. There may be one consideration used in stay of such final judgment, but that is not for us to use in advance: That is, that there exists in our case an instance of a vast and far-reaching disturbing element, which the history of no other free nation will probably ever present. That, however, is not for us to say at present. Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it.'"

This statement, spoken offhand to his secretary, reveals the foundation of Lincoln's judgment on the War of the Rebellion: there was at stake something more precious than the preservation of the Union, something more urgent than the abolition of slavery, — and that was Democracy. Two years and a half later, in his address at Gettysburg, he put into one imperishable sentence the thought of which this is the germ.

Occasionally Hay jots down Lincoln's literary

preferences. One evening, he reports, there was much talk between him and Seward on Daniel Webster, "in which the financial *sanssoucism* of the great man was strikingly prominent. Seward thought he would not live, nor Clay, a tithe as long as John Quincy Adams. The President disagreed with him, and thought Webster will be read forever."

The President's unfashionable habits come in for playful mention. On hearing that the Honorable Robert Bourke, son of the Irish Earl of Mayo, was about to visit Washington, Hay writes to a friend: "I hope W. will find it out and, by way of showing him a delicate attention, take him to the observational settee whence, on clear afternoons, is to be seen, windows favoring, the Presidential ensarking and bifurcate dischrysalisizing." (August 21, 1861.)

It was well that Hay gave vent to his humor; because the burden of his work soon became oppressive, and before the summer was far advanced Washington, which, despite its unpaved streets and shanties and unhidden squalor, had been a holiday city, took on a gloomy air. Regiments poured in from all parts of the North and camped in the open spaces. Troops marched to and fro. Munitions and provisions were collected and despatched. On the Potomac naval preparations went forward. Civilians in government employ were actually busy, and their

superiors, cabinet officers, and heads of bureaus, began to look careworn. With the heat, the fashionable residents, and the families of officials, fled as usual to Northern watering-places. At last the American Capital gave itself up in earnest to the grim business of war.

And yet, many persons still doubted whether the conflict would be either general or long drawn out. Optimists predicted that at the first reverse the Southern Confederacy would collapse; and, accordingly, influential newspapers clamored for action, while self-constituted advisers belabored the President with suggestions and berated him for not following them. The Administration had a foretaste of what a free press is capable of in time of war. The editor of a metropolitan daily would probably shrink from telling a dentist how to fill a tooth, and even the omniscient reporter of a country weekly might hesitate to instruct a surgeon in an operation for cancer; but both these gentlemen, and most of their neighbors and fellow citizens, feel wholly competent to direct lifelong experts in the highly specialized and intricate art of war. Yet it must be said that, as experts were few in 1861, advice had to come largely from novices; and why should the average man, who beheld the editor or politician of yesterday given command of a regiment to-day, consider his own

opinions on the conduct of the campaign as worthless?

Side by side with the importunities of amateur strategists went the nagging of political wiseacres. Happy Alexander and Cæsar and Hannibal, happy Marlborough and Napoleon! Conducting their campaigns before the days of railroads or telegraphs, they were not required to change their plans from hour to hour in order to keep pace with the hysterical fluctuations of the public at home. In the American Civil War this malign influence marred the military plans to an extent till then unprecedented. That such meddling was inevitable, however, seems to be John Hay's opinion; for he approved, if he did not actually write, the following lines: —

"Historical judgment of war is subject to an inflexible law, either very imperfectly understood or very constantly lost sight of. Military writers love to fight over the campaigns of history exclusively by the rules of the professional chess-board, always subordinating, often totally ignoring, the element of politics. This is a radical error. Every war is begun, dominated, and ended by political considerations; without a nation, without a government, without money or credit, without popular enthusiasm which furnishes volunteers, or public support which endures conscription, there could be no army and no

war — neither beginning nor end of methodical hostilities. War and politics, campaign and statecraft are Siamese twins, inseparable and interdependent; to talk of military operations without the direction and interference of an Administration is as absurd as to plan a campaign without recruits, pay, or rations." [1]

In this forcible statement Hay filed his caveat against the censure, which has been widespread and weighty, of the direction of the Union campaigns from Washington and of the sensitiveness of the Administration to political exigencies.

Both these conditions sprang up as soon as the volunteer regiments were ready for service. General Scott, the veteran head of the regular army, proposed his "anaconda plan," of blockading the coast and establishing a cordon of garrisons down the Mississippi, a device by which he thought the Confederacy might soon be strangled. He also counseled delay till the autumn. The North, however, clamored for action. It felt the sting of the humiliation of Sumter and Baltimore and of more recent rebuffs: it believed that the Government was now strong enough to crush the Rebellion; it remembered that the term of the ninety-day men would soon run out.

Lincoln recognized the need of keeping public

[1] N. & H., IV, 359–60. This passage seems to me to bear Hay's impress.

opinion enthusiastic, and, having made every military provision for a successful movement, he ordered an advance. Union General McDowell was to engage Rebel General Beauregard at Manassas, while Union General Patterson crushed Rebel General Johnston at Winchester. On July 21 the battle was fought at Bull Run; but the incompetent Patterson had allowed Johnston to slip by him, and McDowell, being confronted by both Beauregard and Johnston, was utterly beaten. His undisciplined troops, seized by panic, scampered as best they could through the darkness and the rain for Washington, nearly thirty miles off.

Hay describes how the President passed that eventful Sunday; he was anxious from the first, but reassured when frequent telegrams reported continued success. After dinner the President went to General Scott's office, only to find that burly old gentleman taking his afternoon nap. Scott roused himself long enough to declare that all must go well, and then, on the President's departure, he returned to sleep. But at six o'clock, while the President was out driving, Secretary Seward hurried over to the White House with a telegram announcing that the battle was lost and McDowell routed, and to urge that steps be taken to save the Capital from the pursuing enemy. All night long Lincoln stayed in his

office giving directions, reading despatches, or listening to the reports of eye-witnesses, who began to reach the city about midnight.

Monday, the 22d of July, was one of the dismalest days Washington had ever seen. Before afternoon the news spread that the Rebels, having given up the pursuit, were not about to attack the outposts; but every one realized that the war, alternately dreaded and doubted for forty years, had come in earnest.

CHAPTER VI

WAR IN EARNEST

TO sketch, even in outline, the history of the Civil War, is not my purpose: for this is a life of John Hay, and the war interests us here only in so far as it concerns him, or as he sheds light on men and events, and especially on Abraham Lincoln. We have seen in the last chapter how quickly he adapted himself to his new situation. There is no more talk of his being doomed to waste his days in the materialistic, unshorn West; no suggestion of the poet in exile; no further reference to filling an early grave. He had neither deserted the Muse nor renounced his ideals: he had simply responded, as a healthy young man should, to the stimulation which comes with action in a supreme cause.

He was discovering that life transcended the fragments and echoes of it which passed for life in his books. He lay now under the spell of the Deed. Having among his many talents the gift of keen and enlightened curiosity, he watched men with the interest with which one follows the fortunes of the characters in a novel or a play. He was a sharp observer; sophisticated, chiefly through his reading,

but not cynical: and he found unceasing amusement in human eccentricities.

Except at Paris during the French Revolution, there was never such a strange multitude, jumbled and incongruous, gathered in a modern city as that which swarmed in Washington from 1861 to 1865. It comprised men of every social class: toilers from farm and shop and clerks from counting-rooms; Eastern bankers and teachers; Western backwoodsmen, miners, and adventurers. It was swelled by office-seekers — a sordid gang, having one common instinct, the prehensile, among them; and by unnumbered contractors, sutlers, and speculators. Most conspicuous of all was the endless stream of volunteers, who flowed in at first by companies and battalions, next by thousands and tens of thousands, and so on up to hundreds of thousands — infantry, cavalry, artillery. You can still hear the incessant tramp of the foot-soldiers and the clatter of the horse, with the roll of drum and rumble of cannon, and the shrill, saucy call of the fifes: on they go over the bridges into Virginia, and many never come back.

Amid the brutal surge of life swept the ever-broadening torrent of Death: ambulances and wagons loaded and dripping with the wounded; hospitals bursting with bodies, mutilated but still alive, haunts of agony or delirium; surgeons, doctors, nurses, at

work till they dropped exhausted; hearses, carts, caissons bearing coffins, attended by few or no mourners, on the hurried transfer to the cemetery, and then the lowering into the shallow grave, the clipped sentences of blessing from the minister or the volley of farewell; while day and night grief-stricken fathers and frantic mothers were searching for their sons, or at least for the maimed corpses of their sons. Through it all, the plot of the world-drama worked itself out.

And as if he were the privileged of Destiny, John Hay watches the unfolding of the spectacle from the White House, as from a proscenium box. Nor is he a mere looker-on. He is always at the President's right hand to do the President's bidding. What he sees and what he hears has due weight in shaping the President's decisions. For John Hay was a witness to be trusted: discreet, clear-sighted, businesslike, and, above all, sympathetic to Lincoln, who enjoyed equally his frankness and his humor.

After Bull Run, work at the White House redoubled, the conduct of the war taking up the lion's share of energy. The capital question of choosing officers for the rapidly swelling army arose at every turn. Civilian troops had to be commanded by civilian colonels, willing but necessarily ignorant. The higher grades were often filled for any other

reason except the military. Politicians, quick to scent profit for themselves, secured commissions by the same methods which brought them political honors and lucre. If governors of States could not resist the pressure of aspiring statesmen, how could it be expected that the President and his Secretary of War should always select wisely among candidates of whom they had no personal knowledge? And if battles were fought to appease public clamor, why was it not logical to assign brigadierships to gentlemen who controlled the political majority of a large district, or even, it might be, of a doubtful State? The problem of 1861, be it remembered, was to secure, by hook or by crook, the loyalty of every Northerner.

To the historian a conversation may be as important as a battle. Here, for instance, is Hay's minute of a talk in which Mr. Lincoln disclosed quite candidly his conciliatory policy toward the South before he became President.

"*October 22, 1861.* At Seward's to-night the President talked about Secession, Compromise, and other such. He spoke of a committee of Pseudo-Unionists coming to him before Inauguration for guarantees, etc. He promised to evacuate Sumter if they would break up their Convention, without any row or nonsense. They demurred. Subsequently, he renewed

proposition to Summers [?], but without any result. The President was most anxious to prevent bloodshed."

On November 8, 1861, John Hay records that a "cheeky letter" has just been received from Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, who, with characteristic modesty, writes the President: —

My dear Sir, — Gen'l Wool has resigned. Gen'l Fremont must. Gen'l Scott has retired.

I have an ambition, and I trust a laudable one, to be Major-General of the United States Army.

Has anybody done more to deserve it? No one will do more. May I rely upon you, as you may have confidence in me, to take this matter into consideration?

I will not disgrace the position. I may fail in its duties.

Truly yrs.,

Benj. F. Butler.

The President.

P.S. I have made the same suggestion to others of my friends.

This was a specimen letter, illustrative of many.

How to deal with the rapaciously immodest is the special task of democracy. In earlier times they

throve by the monarch's favor, and dutiful subjects sought no other explanation of their prosperity; now, their promotion accuses the public itself.

Hay's early references to McClellan prepare us for that commander's subsequent abysmal failure. Called to Washington on July 26, McClellan took charge of organizing into a fighting army the troops, which were reaching the city at the rate of a regiment a day. For that work he possessed uncommon ability, and to this was added the knowledge gained from his West Point training, from service in the regular army, and from inspection of the European armies. He not only knew what was to be done, but he had the art of persuading everybody that he was the only man who could do it. His self-esteem, by nature abnormally developed, swelled at last into an elephantiasis of the ego. But among the hesitations, perplexities, and gropings of the summer of 1861, the value of McClellan's self-assurance was quite as obvious as that of his technical competence. The Army of the Potomac, moulded under his direction, felt for him an enthusiasm bordering on infatuation and proof against the disillusion of subsequent defeats. Though he was beaten in many fights, outgeneraled in his plans of campaign, and outmarched and baffled by inferior forces, and though, through a palsy of the will, he failed to convert Antietam

into a sweeping victory, — perhaps into a death-blow of the Rebellion, — his infatuated supporters, persisting in claiming that his primacy as a commander was still unrivaled, always threw the blame on others.

Truth to tell, from the day he came to Washington, McClellan was in danger of being smothered by adulation. The North, frantic for a general to avenge its defeats and to put down Secession, believed that in McClellan it had the man. It imputed to him qualities he never possessed; it glorified his undoubted points of excellence; it sought for happy parallels and propitious signs to confirm its confidence. Napoleon was short of stature — so was "Little Mac"; Napoleon was young and self-reliant — so was "Little Mac": what could be more logical than to continue the parallel until it led to a Marengo and an Austerlitz for "Little Mac"? McClellan was a Democrat; and this enhanced his importance, because it advertised to the world that the Northern Democrats would stand by the Union.

President Lincoln welcomed McClellan's coming, and besides giving him every aid in forming the army, deferred to his plans and methods. Hay, who had a young man's impatience at too obtrusive conceit, was present at many of their interviews, and seems very early to have doubted "Little Mac's"

omniscience. On October 22, 1861, he writes that the President and the General talked over the death of Colonel Baker at Leesburg.

"McClellan said: 'There is many a good fellow that wears the shoulder-straps going under the sod before the thing is over. There is no loss too great to be repaired. If I should get knocked on the head, Mr. President, you will put another man immediately in my shoes.' 'I want you to take care of yourself,' said the President. McClellan seemed very hopeful and confident — thought he had the enemy, if in force or not. During this evening's conversation, it became painfully evident that he had no plan nor the slightest idea of what Stone [1] was about."

In those early days the President used to call informally at McClellan's office to inquire how the work was going or to make suggestions. At one of these casual calls, on October 10, McClellan said: "I think we shall have our arrangements made for a strong reconnoissance about Monday, to feel the strength of the enemy. I intend to be careful and to do as well as possible. Don't let them hurry me is all I ask." "You shall have your own way in the matter, I assure you," said the President, and went home.

[1] Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone. The battle of Ball's Bluff was fought on the preceding day, October 21, 1861.

That refrain, "Don't let them hurry me!" was to be the burden of McClellan's talk and despatches throughout his service.

A few days later, McClellan traversed Senator B. F. Wade's opinion that an unsuccessful battle was preferable to delay, because a defeat could easily be repaired by the swarming recruits. [I] "would rather have a few recruits after a victory than a good many after a defeat." Lincoln regretted the popular impatience, but held that it ought to be reckoned with. "'At the same time, General,'" he said, "'you must not fight till you are ready.' 'I have everything at stake,' said the General; 'if I fail, I will not see you again or anybody.' 'I have a notion to go out with you, and stand or fall with the battle,'" Lincoln replied.

On November 1, McClellan succeeded Scott in command of the Army. The President in thanking him, said:—

"'I should be perfectly satisfied if I thought that this vast increase of responsibility would not embarrass you.' 'It is a great relief, sir! I feel as if several tons were taken from my shoulders to-day. I am now in contact with you and the Secretary. I am not embarrassed by intervention.' 'Well,' says the President, 'draw on me for all the sense I have, and all the information. In addition to your present

command, the supreme command of the Army will entail a vast labor upon you.' 'I can do it all,' McClellan said quietly."

Hay evidently felt that this sublime assertion spoke for itself, but perhaps McClellan sounded more conceited than he intended. On November 11, Hay notes that McClellan promises to "feel" the Rebels on the next day — the first of many such promises. His entry for November 13 reads: —

"I wish here to record what I consider a portent of evil to come. The President, Governor Seward, and I went over to McClellan's home to-night. The servant at the door said the General was at the wedding of Colonel Wheaton at General Buell's and would soon return. We went in, and after we had waited about an hour, McClellan came in, and without paying particular attention to the porter who told him the President was waiting to see him, went up-stairs, passing the door of the room where the President and Secretary of State were seated. They waited about half an hour, and sent once more a servant to tell the General they were there; and the answer came that the General had gone to bed.

"I merely record this unparalleled insolence of epaulettes without comment. It is the first indication I have yet seen of the threatened supremacy

of the military authorities. Coming home, I spoke to the President about the matter, but he seemed not to have noticed it specially, saying it were better at this time not to be making points of etiquette and personal dignity."

It was this invincible patience, called by some men vacillation and by others attributed to obtuseness, which proved in the end one source of Lincoln's mastery. Patience, the least showy of the virtues, works cumulatively; but what she does endures. There could be no finer example of the contrast between shadow and substance than appeared that winter in McClellan and Lincoln: Little Mac self-confident, idolized, showered with laurels *before* his battles, and barely condescending to listen to the advice of his chief; and the magnanimous President, bent on hearing all sides, suspending judgment until he had considered every fact, and loyally supplying the General with everything he demanded.

Winter passed, spring came, the nation longed to have the Army of the Potomac put to the test, but still McClellan delayed. The following extracts from Hay's brief notes to Nicolay, absent from Washington, to whom he wrote as confidentially as in his Diary, shows how the young secretary felt: —

"*March 31, 1862.* Little Mac sails to-day for down-river. He was in last night to see Tycoon.

He was much more pleasant and social in manner than formerly. He seems to be anxious for the good opinion of everyone."

"*Thursday morning* [April 3d]. McClellan is in danger, not in front, but in rear. The President is making up his mind to give him a peremptory order to march. It is disgraceful to think how the little squad at Yorktown keeps him at bay."

"*Friday, April 4, 1862.* McClellan is at last in motion. He is now moving on Richmond. The secret is very well kept. Nobody out of the Cabinet knows it in town."

"*April 9, 1862.* Glorious news comes borne on every wind but the South Wind. While Pope is crossing the turbid and broad torrent of the Mississippi in the blaze of the enemy's fire, and Grant is fighting the overwhelming legions of Buckner at Pittsburg, the Little Napoleon sits trembling before the handful of men at Yorktown, afraid either to fight or run. Stanton feels devilish about it. He would like to remove him, if he thought it would do."

At last the time came when even Lincoln's patience was exhausted. After McClellan's long series of blunders on the Peninsula, he was superseded by Pope, who, at the end of August, 1862, prepared to strike the Confederate Army. On August 30, the very day when Jackson and Longstreet were thrash-

ing Pope at Bull Run, Hay rode into Washington from the Soldiers' Home with Lincoln.

"We talked," he says, "about the state of things by Bull Run and Pope's prospect. The President was very outspoken in regard to McClellan's present conduct. He said that really it seemed to him that McClellan wanted Pope defeated. He mentioned to me a dispatch of McClellan's in which he proposed, as one plan of action, to 'leave Pope to get out of his own scrape and devote ourselves to securing Washington.' He also spoke of McClellan's dreadful panic in the matter of Chain Bridge, which he had ordered blown up the night before, but which order had been countermanded; and also of his incomprehensible interference with Franklin's corps, which he recalled once, and then, when they had been sent ahead by Halleck's order, begged permission to recall them again; and only desisted after Halleck's sharp injunction to push them ahead until they whipped something, or got whipped themselves. The President seemed to think him a little crazy. Envy, jealousy, and spite are probably a better explanation of his present conduct. He is constantly sending dispatches to the President and Halleck asking what is his real position and command. He acts as chief alarmist and grand marplot of the army."

Halleck, on the contrary, the President said, had

no prejudices. "[He] is wholly for the service. He does not care who succeeds or who fails, so the service is benefited.

"Later in the day we were in Halleck's room. Halleck was at dinner, and Stanton came in while we were waiting for him, and carried us off to dinner. A pleasant little dinner and a pretty wife as white and cold and motionless as marble, whose rare smiles seemed to pain her. Stanton was loud about the McClellan business. He was unqualifiedly severe upon McClellan. He said that after these battles there should be one court-martial, if never any more. He said that nothing but foul play could lose us this battle, and that it rested with McClellan and his friends. Stanton seemed to believe very strongly in Pope. So did the President, for that matter."

Nevertheless, after Pope's defeat at Second Bull Run the President concluded that McClellan must be restored to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

"'He has acted badly in this matter [the President admitted to Hay], but we must use what tools we have. There is no man in the army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half as well as he.' I spoke of the general feeling against McClellan as evinced by the President's mail. He rejoined: 'Unquestionably he has acted

badly toward Pope. He wanted him to fail. That is unpardonable. But he is too useful just now to sacrifice.' At another time he said: 'If he can't fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight.'"

So "Little Mac" once more led the Army of the Potomac; not for long, however, because after his virtual failure at Antietam (September 17, 1862) and his allowing Stuart to ride round the Army of the Potomac and raid Chambersburg, popular clamor demanded his dismissal. And Lincoln, the long-suffering, convinced that the time had come, relieved him.

Two years later McClellan was the Democratic nominee for President. On September 25, Hay records that a letter had just come from Nicolay, who was in New York, stating that Thurlow Weed, the dominant Republican leader in New York State, with whom Nicolay was to confer, had gone to Canada. When Hay showed the President the letter he said: "I think I know where Mr. Weed has gone. I think he has gone to Vermont, not Canada. I will tell you what he is trying to do. I have not as yet told anybody."

And then Lincoln proceeded to unfold the following story of a remarkable intrigue: —

"'Some time ago the Governor of Vermont came to me "on business of importance," he said. I fixed

an hour and he came. His name is Smith. He is, though you would not think it, a cousin of Baldy Smith.[1] Baldy is large, blond, florid. The Governor is a little, dark sort of man. This is the story he told me, giving General Baldy Smith as his authority: —

"'When General McClellan was here at Washington [in 1862] B. Smith was very intimate with him. They had been together at West Point, and friends. McClellan had asked for promotion for Baldy from the President, and got it. They were close and confidential friends. When they went down to the Peninsula their same intimate relations continued, the General talking freely with Smith about all his plans and prospects, until one day Fernando Wood and one other [Democratic] politician from New York appeared in camp and passed some days with McClellan.

"'From the day this took place Smith saw, or thought he saw, that McClellan was treating him with unusual coolness and reserve. After a little while he mentioned this to McClellan, who, after some talk, told Baldy he had something to show him. He told him that these people who had recently visited him had been urging him to stand as an opposition candidate for President; that he had thought the thing over and had concluded to accept their

[1] General William F. Smith, the eminent Union commander.

propositions, and had written them a letter (which he had not yet sent) giving his idea of the proper way of conducting the war, so as to conciliate and impress the people of the South with the idea that our armies were intended merely to execute the laws and protect their property, etc., and pledging himself to conduct the war in that inefficient, conciliatory style.

"'This letter he read to Baldy, who, after the reading was finished, said earnestly: "General, do you not see that looks like treason, and that it will ruin you and all of us?" After some further talk the General destroyed the letter in Baldy's presence, and thanked him heartily for his frank and friendly counsel. After this he was again taken into the intimate confidence of McClellan.

"'Immediately after the battle of Antietam, Wood and his familiar came again and saw the General, and again Baldy saw an immediate estrangement on the part of McClellan. He seemed to be anxious to get his intimate friends out of the way and to avoid opportunities of private conversation with them. Baldy he particularly kept employed on reconnoissances and such work. One night Smith was returning from some duty he had been performing, and, seeing a light in McClellan's tent, he went in to report. He reported and was about to withdraw, when the General requested him to remain. After every

one was gone he told him those men had been there again and had renewed their proposition about the Presidency: that this time he had agreed to their proposition, and had written them a letter acceding to their terms and pledging himself to carry on the war in the sense already indicated. This letter he read then and there to Baldy Smith.

"'Immediately thereafter B. Smith applied to be transferred from that army. At very nearly the same time other prominent men asked the same — Franklin, Burnside, and others.

"'Now that letter must be in the possession of F. Wood, and it will not be impossible to get it. Mr. Weed has, I think, gone to Vermont to see the Smiths about it.'"

Hay continues: —

"I was very much surprised at the story and expressed my surprise. I said I had always thought that McClellan's fault was a constitutional weakness and timidity, which prevented him from active and timely exertion, instead of any such deep-laid scheme of treachery and ambition.

"The President replied: 'After the battle of Antietam I went up to the field to try to get him to move, and came back thinking he would move at once. But when I got home he began to argue why he ought not to move. I peremptorily ordered him

to advance. It was nineteen days before he put a man over the river. It was nine days longer before he got his army across, and then he stopped again, delaying on little pretexts of wanting this and that. I began to fear he was playing false — that he did not want to hurt the enemy. I saw how he could intercept the enemy on the way to Richmond. I determined to make that the test. If he let them get away, I would remove him. He did so, and I relieved him. I dismissed Major K. for his silly, treasonable talk because I feared it was staff-talk, and I wanted an example. The letter of Buell furnishes another evidence in support of that theory. And the story you have heard Neill tell about [Governor Horatio] Seymour's first visit to McClellan, all tallies with this story.' "

The last reference to McClellan in this Diary occurs on November 11, 1864, at the first meeting of the Cabinet after Lincoln's overwhelming reelection. The President brought out a sealed paper, which he had asked his Cabinet to indorse on August 23, and when Hay opened it they found it contained a brief memorandum in which Lincoln stated that, as it was extremely probable that he could not be reëlected, he intended "so to coöperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration."

"'I resolved,' he now told his Cabinet, 'in case of the election of General McClellan, . . . that I would see him and talk matters over with him. I would say, "General, the election has demonstrated that you are stronger, have more influence with the American people than I. Now let us together — you with your influence, and I with all the executive power of the Government — try to save the country. You raise as many troops as you possibly can for this final trial, and I will devote all my energy to assisting and finishing the war."'

"Seward said: 'And the General would answer you, "*Yes, yes*"; and the next day, when you saw him again and pressed those views upon him, he would say, "*Yes, yes*"; and so on for ever, and would have done nothing at all.'

"'At least,' added Lincoln, 'I should have done my duty, and have stood clear before my own conscience.'"

With that characteristic expression the record closes — a record which reveals Lincoln as invincibly patient, fair, and considerate toward even the general who caused him and the upholders of the Union so many poignant disappointments.

I have outrun the chronological order of events in order to give unity to Hay's memoranda on McClellan.

Some optimist has described man as a reasoning animal: "a creature with a passion for self-deception," would be more accurate; for animals do reason after their own fashion, whereas, so far as appears, they do not indulge in self-deception. On his being dismissed, McClellan's friends hinted that he was just about to win the decisive battle of the war, and his apologists, forgetful of his fifteen months of dawdling and disaster, perpetuate in history the legend that, if he had been given one more chance, he would have silenced his critics forever.

Hay's memoranda on McClellan, jotted down at the time, have the additional value of revealing Lincoln's attitude; and when Hay, twenty years later, wrote Lincoln's life, instead of softening or reversing his opinion of McClellan's conduct and incompetence, he repeated it with emphasis.

It is precisely such testimony as his that enables the historian to discover the state of mind, whether personal or collective, out of which came the motives which caused the events in any historical episode. We need to know the words actually spoken, the speech actually delivered, — not the expurgated or embellished revision, purveyed by Hansard or by the *Congressional Record*, — because those words were integral strands in the web of history. We need to know each actor's estimate of his fellows:

for however unjust, mistaken, or over-favorable that estimate may be, it determined action. Lee planned differently when he had to deal with Grant and not with McClellan. Nine persons out of ten in the North, including his Cabinet and Congress, underrated Lincoln during most of his presidential career. "Lincoln is a 'Simple Susan,'" wrote Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, only six days before the inauguration.[1] Had Mr. Bowles lived to edit his own letters by the light of subsequent events, he would doubtless have substituted his later opinions, and so would have figured as a successful prophet. Unless the historian comes to this knowledge, he can never show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure"; the Past will be dead to him, an affair of mummies, a deciphering of mummy-cases, which no display of erudition concerning economics, commercial statistics or documents can bring to life.

John Hay's notes and letters serve as peep-holes through which, after these many years, we can look directly at the persons with whom he was thrown during the Rebellion at the moment of action, or we can hear their very voices. Fragmentary these records are: but they are usually so characteristic, so

[1] G. S. Merriam, *Life and Times of Samuel Bowles* (New York, 1885), I, 318.

vital, so symptomatic, that they reveal much. We often regret that this quick-eyed observer lacked the time to chronicle regularly each night, as the methodical Gideon Welles was doing, the happenings of the days. Still, the spontaneity of his minutes, enhanced by their frankness and vivacious language, counterbalances their fragmentariness.

Acute though Hay was in seeing and keen in judging, he did not turn cynic. In spite of the daily examples of unbridled selfishness that passed before him, his healthy trust in human nature was fortified by living close to Lincoln: and then — he was only twenty-three.

On September 5, 1862, he reports this bit of conversation with Seward: —

"'Mr. Hay,'" said the Secretary of State,"'what is the use of growing old? You learn something of men and things, but never until too late to use it. I have only just now found out what military jealousy is. . . . The other day I went down to Alexandria, and found General McClellan's army landing. I considered our armies united virtually and thought them invincible. I went home, and the first news I received was that each had been attacked, and each, in effect, beaten. It never had occurred to me that any jealousy could prevent these generals from acting for their common fame and the welfare of the country.'

"I said it never would have seemed possible to me that one American general should write of another to the President, suggesting that 'Pope should be allowed to get out of his own scrape his own way.'

"He answered: 'I don't see why you should have expected it. You are not old. I should have known it.' He said this gloomily and sadly."

There were, however, moments of elation, when good news came from the armies in the field, or the political prospect brightened. Thus, on the evening after Lincoln read his Emancipation Proclamation to the Cabinet, a party of ministers and their friends met at Secretary Chase's. "They all seemed to feel a sort of new and exhilarated life; they breathed freer; the President's Proclamation had freed them as well as the slaves. They gleefully and merrily called each other and themselves Abolitionists, and seemed to enjoy the novel accusation of appropriating that horrible name." (September 23, 1862.)

General Joseph Hooker — "Fighting Joe" — was another commander toward whom his contemporaries and posterity have had their reserves. Since the military history of the War has come to be studied dispassionately, Chancellorsville has risen into front rank among the critical battles, and, as Hooker commanded at Chancellorsville and was beaten, his

reputation has, logically, suffered in proportion to the growing significance attached to that defeat.

Hay, however, evidently liked Hooker, of whose talks he made several notes. I cite the most important.

On September 9, 1863, he dined with Wise, where he met Hooker, Butterfield, and Fox.

"Hooker was in fine flow. . . . He says he was forced to ask to be relieved by repeated acts which proved that he was not to be allowed to manage his army as he thought best, but that it was to be manœuvred from Washington. He instanced Maryland Heights, whose garrison he was forbidden to touch, yet which was ordered to be evacuated by the very mail which brought his (Hooker's) relief. And other such many.

"At dinner he spoke of our army. He says: It was the finest on the planet. He would like to see it fighting with foreigners. . . . It was far superior to the Southern army in everything but one. It had more valor, more strength, more endurance, more spirit; the Rebels are only superior in vigor of attack. The reason of this is that, in the first place, our army came down here capable of everything but ignorant of everything. It fell into evil hands — the hands of a baby, who knew something of drill, little of organization, and nothing of the morale of the army. It

was fashioned by the congenial spirit of this man into a mass of languid inertness, destitute of either dash or cohesion. The Prince de Joinville, by far the finest mind I ever met with in the army, was struck by this singular and, as he said, inexplicable contrast between the character of American soldiers as integers and in mass. The one active, independent, alert, enterprising; the other indolent, easy, wasteful, and slothful. It is not in the least singular. You find a ready explanation in the character of its original General. . . .

"Hooker drank very little, not more than the rest, who were all abstemious, yet what little he drank made his cheek hot and red and his eye brighter. I can easily understand how the stories of his drunkenness have grown, if so little affects him as I have seen. He was looking very well to-night. A tall and statuesque form — grand fighting head and grizzled russet hair, — red, florid cheeks and bright blue eyes, forming a strong contrast with Butterfield, who sat opposite — a small, stout, compact man, with a closely chiseled Greek face and heavy black mustaches, like Eugène Beauharnais. Both very handsome and very different."

"*September 10.* — I dined to-night at Willard's. . . . Speaking of Lee [Hooker] expressed himself slightingly of Lee's abilities. He says he was never much

respected in the army. In Mexico he was surpassed by all his lieutenants. In the cavalry he was held in no esteem. He was regarded very highly by General Scott. He was a courtier, and readily recommended himself by his insinuating manner to the General [Scott], whose petulant and arrogant temper had driven of late years all officers of spirit and self-respect away from him.

"The strength of the Rebel army rests on the broad shoulders of Longstreet. He is the brain of Lee, as Stonewall Jackson was his right arm. Before every battle he had been advised with. After every battle Lee may be found in his tent. He is a weak man and little of a soldier. He naturally rests on Longstreet, who is a soldier born."

When we recall that only four months earlier Hooker, having been beaten at Chancellorsville, boasted of successfully withdrawing his army across the river from Lee's army, which was not pursuing, we shall find more humor in his depreciation of Lee than he intended. From the frankness with which Hooker and the others talked to Hay we may be justified in suspecting that they thought they might through him reach the President. Lincoln, who never failed to give a man credit for his good qualities, remarked to Hay, "Whenever trouble arises I can always rely on Hooker's magnanimity."

Hay has some characteristic references to another notoriety of that period — Benjamin F. Butler — whom he met at Point Lookout in January, 1864.

"In the dusk of the evening," he writes, "Gen'l Butler came clattering into the room where Marston and I were sitting, followed by a couple of aides. We had some hasty talk about business: he told me how he was administering the oath at Norfolk; how popular it was growing; children cried for it; how he hated Jews; how heavily he laid his hand on them; 'a nation that the Lord had been trying to make something of for three thousand years, and had so far utterly failed.' 'King John knew how to deal with them — fried them in swine's fat.'

"After drinking cider we went down to the *Hudson City*, the General's flagship. His wife, niece, and excessively pretty daughter . . . were there at tea. . . . At night, after the ladies had gone off to bed, — they all said *retired*, but I suppose it meant the same thing in the end, — we began to talk about some queer matters. Butler had some odd stories about physical sympathies . . . and showed a singular acquaintance with biblical studies. . . .

"At Baltimore we took a special car and came home. I sat with the General all the way and talked with him about many matters: Richmond and its long immunity. He says he can take an army within

thirty miles of Richmond without any trouble; from that point the enemy can either be forced to fight in the open field south of the city, or submit to be starved into surrender. . . .

"He gave me some very dramatic incidents of his recent action in Fortress Monroe, smoking out adventurers and confidence men, testing his detectives, and matters of that sort. He makes more business in that sleepy little Department than any one would have dreamed was in it."

At that sort of work Butler undeniably excelled; at fighting, his achievements were restricted to the feats he boasted he could perform when the enemy was at an entirely safe distance. The proper comment on his airy capture of Richmond — by tongue — in this conversation with Hay, is to be found in Grant's statement of Butler's fiasco in commanding the Army of the James. "It was as if Butler were in a bottle. . . . He was perfectly safe against an attack; but the enemy had corked the bottle and with a small force could hold the cork in its place." [1]

Grant repeated this indelible epitaph on Butler's military career twenty years after the event. How Hay and Lincoln commented on him at the time appears in this entry in Hay's Diary of May 21, 1864: —

[1] U. S. Grant, *Personal Memoirs* (New York, 1910), II, 75. Grant borrowed the simile from General Barnard.

"Butler is turning out much as I thought he would — perfectly useless and incapable for campaigning. . . . I said to the President to-day that I thought Butler was the only man in the army in whom power would be dangerous. McClellan was too timid and vacillating to usurp; Grant was too sound and cool-headed and unselfish; Banks also; Frémont would be dangerous if he had more ability and energy. 'Yes,' says the President; 'he is like Jim Jett's brother. Jim used to say that his brother was the d——dest scoundrel that ever lived, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the d——dest fool.'"

The paragraph which immediately follows Lincoln's remark concerns another cause of anxiety: —

"The Germans seem inclined to cut up rough about the removal of Sigel from command in the Shenandoah," Hay writes. "They are heaping up wrath against themselves by their clannish impertinence in politics." [1] (May 21, 1864.)

Hay's close friend, during his four years in the White House, was Nicolay, who, although of a matter-of-fact nature himself, appreciated and enjoyed Hay's gleaming wit. Ill-health frequently

[1] General Franz Sigel, who had been defeated several times in May and June, 1864, was removed from his command, as a result of Early's raid against Washington in July.

caused Nicolay to go away for rest, and then his junior sent him racy letters.

"My dear George," he writes on August 21, 1861: "nothing new. An immense crowd that boreth ever. Painters who make God's air foul to the nostrils. Rain, which makes a man moist and adhesive. Dust, which unwholesomely penetrates one's lungs. Washington, which makes one swear."

On April 9, 1862: "I am getting along pretty well. I only work about twenty hours a day. I do all your work and half of my own now you are away. Don't hurry yourself. . . . I talk a little French too now. I have taken a great notion to the Gerolts.[1] . . . Madame la Baronne talked long and earnestly of the state of your hygiene, and said 'it was good intentions for you to go to the West for small time.'"

In August Nicolay took another vacation. "The abomination of desolation has fallen upon this town," Hay tells him. "I find I can put in twenty-four hours out of every day very easily, in the present state of affairs at the Executive Mansion. The crowd continually increases instead of diminishing." (August 1, 1862.)

There are many references to chills and fever, which attacked Hay during his first summer, and kept

[1] Baron Gerolt was the Prussian Minister in Washington.

coming back to plague him. For exercise, he rides "on horseback mornings" the off horse, which "has grown so rampagious by being never driven (I have no time to drive) that no one else whom I can find can ride him." (August 27, 1862.)

A year later Hay reports that X. "and his mother have gone to the white mountains. (I don't take any special stock in the matter, and write the locality in small letters.) X. was so shattered by the idol of all of us, the bright particular Teutonne, that he rushed madly off to sympathize with Nature in her sternest aspects. . . . This town is as dismal now as a defaced tombstone. Everybody has gone. I am getting apathetic and write blackguardly articles for the *Chronicle*, from which W. extracts the dirt and fun, and publishes the dreary remains." (August 7, 1863.)

At the end of that month Hay felt so fatigued that he ran off for a few days to Long Branch, and to the Brown Commencement, where he "made a small chunk of talk." On his return, he found Washington as dull "as an obsolete almanac. . . . We have some comfortable dinners and some quiet little orgies on whiskey and cheese in my room. . . . Next winter will be the most exciting and laborious of all our lives. It will be worth any other ten." (September 11, 1863.)

And here is an item of a different kind. "My dear Nico: Don't, in a sudden spasm of good-nature, send any more people with letters to me requesting favors from Stanton. I would rather make the tour of a smallpox hospital." (November 25, 1863.)

That there were occasional rifts in the clouds of routine, the following playful note to Nicolay attests: —

"Society is *nil* here. The Lorings go to-morrow — last lingerers. We mingle our tears and exchange locks of hair to-night in Corcoran's Row — some half hundred of us. I went last night to a Sacred Concert of profane music at Ford's. Young Kretchmar and old Kretchpar were running it. Hs. and H. both sang: and they kin if anybody kin. The Tycoon and I occupied a private box, and both of us carried on a hefty flirtation with the M. girls in the flies. . . . I am alone in the White pest-house. The ghosts of twenty thousand drowned cats come in nights through the south windows. I shall shake my buttons off with ague before you get back." (June 20, 1864.)

"The world is almost too many for me," he confesses on September 24, 1864. "I take a dreary pleasure in seeing P. eat steamed oysters by the half-bushel. . . . S. must be our resource this winter in clo'. If you don't want to be surprised into idiocy,

don't ask C. and L. the price of goods. A faint rumor has reached me and paralyzed me. I am founding a 'Shabby Club' to make rags the style this winter."

CHAPTER VII

ERRANDS NORTH AND SOUTH

SEVERAL times during his service at the White House, Hay went on political or military errands. The routine of a secretary's life, even under those varied conditions, sometimes wore upon him, and he longed for the excitement, and the sense of immediate accomplishment, which life in the field offered. The President, always considerate, granted leave of absence.

Hay's first trip was to South Carolina. He reached Stone River on April 8, 1863, the day after the Union fleet made a concerted attack on the forts which defended Charleston Harbor. At first he heard enthusiastic reports from some of the officers, especially from the army staff: but Admiral Du Pont judged more wisely that, although the commands of the ironclad had behaved gallantly "under the most severe fire of heavy ordnance that had ever been delivered," [1] the monitors themselves, if the attack had been persisted in, would have been sunk or captured by the enemy.

General Hunter created Hay a volunteer aide

[1] N. & H., VII, 72.

without rank. "I want my Abolition record clearly defined," Hay wrote Nicolay, "and that will do it better than anything else in my mind and the minds of the few dozen people who know me." Ever since the presidential campaign of 1860, Hay had been an unquestioning Republican: that meant a Unionist without compromise. When the Southern States forced the war, he regarded the Secessionists as plain rebels; in theory either criminals, scoundrels, or madmen, deserving neither charity nor quarter. As the war progressed, he accepted the abolition of slavery and Lincoln's plan of emancipation as essential to the restoration of peace.

Hay's mission did not bring him into actual fighting, but it gave him a view of an army and a fleet in operation, and it opened his eyes to the difficulty of taking Charleston by sea. An interview with Admiral Du Pont quickly revised the impression the army officer had made upon him, and he wrote the President that the Admiral, by refusing to persist in an impossible task, had saved the fleet. Lincoln, be it said, had not believed that the attack on Charleston could succeed.

He stopped first at Hilton Head, South Carolina, the headquarters of General Hunter. There he found his brother Charles dangerously ill.

"The doctor said he had a slight bilious attack,

and treated him on that supposition." John wrote their mother on April 23.

"I was not satisfied and mentioned my ideas to the General, who took the responsibility of dismissing the physician and calling in another, a Dr. Craven, who seems a very accomplished man. He at once confirmed my suspicions and said it was a decided case of pneumonia. . . . As soon as Craven took hold of him, he commenced getting better and is now entirely convalescent. . . . We will start for Florida this afternoon and remain there a few days. The climate is cool and pleasant like the Northern June.

"I never felt better in my life than I do now. I ride a good deal, eat in proportion and sleep enormously. I hope to weigh about a ton when I return.

"As to our future military operations I know nothing. I do not believe the General does. We have not force enough to take Charleston and we hear no talk of reinforcements. The Admiral thinks it madness to attack again with the Ironclads. The Government at Washington think differently. They think he is to blame for giving up so soon. I do not know how it is to end.

"I am not despondent, however. If we rest on our arms without firing another gun the rebellion will fall to pieces before long. They are in a state of star-

vation from Virginia to Texas. All we have to do is to stand firm and have faith in the Republic, and no temporary repulse, no blunders even, can prevent our having the victory. The elections in Connecticut have frightened the Rebels and disheartened them more than the Charleston failure has discouraged us.

"We received Mary's letter last night, for which thanks.

"JOHN HAY.
"*Colonel and A.D.C.*"

No doubt, Hay added his titles to his signature in order to give satisfaction to his family at home, which had every right to be proud of the patriotic devotion of the "Hay Boys." Their father, writing to one of his sisters early in the war, thus referred to them:—

"Our family ranks are, as you remark, somewhat scattered, but all I trust under the protection of a kind Providence, as well as the prayers of anxious parents. I have every reason to feel satisfied with the careers so far of our young family. John has obtained a position, in a social and political point of view, never before reached by a young man of his age in this generation, as the son of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton lately said to him. The guest

of Cabinet Ministers [and] foreign Ambassadors, and occupying a position in the public mind, which causes a day's illness to be flashed across the Continent as a matter in which the nation felt an interest. His arrival in a city noticed in the dailies as much as General Jackson's would have been thirty years ago. But enough of self-gratulation. All the family I have no doubt share in the pleasant reflection that the honor of each one is the property of the whole.

"Augustus, if less conspicuous, is not less able to act his part respectably anywhere he may be placed. Charles E. is just now entering upon a career which if the balls of rebels do not cut [it] short, may be as splendid as that of his elder brother. He is now commissioned as aide-de-camp to Maj.-Gen. Hunter, who is now commander in Missouri, an honor never conferred on so young a man, as far as I know, since Alexander Hamilton was made aide to Gen. Washington. He was packed ready to leave Fort Leavenworth for Santa Fé when [they determined] to change his destination. His officer in command expressed surprise that such an honor should be conferred on a youth of his age, but told him he was deserving of it. He will be in St. Louis in a few days to get a new rig of regimentals suited to his new honor."

We cannot fail to sympathize with the honest pride of Dr. Hay, who saw his three sons serving their country as a matter of course in the crisis of the nation's life or death. The comparison of John's celebrity with that of General Jackson is not only delightfully naïf, but also indicates what an impression "Old Hickory" made on the imagination of his contemporaries.

As soon as his brother Charles was strong enough for the voyage, John took him to Florida.

"We visited all the posts of this department in that State," John wrote his grandfather on May 2, 1863, "and were gone more than a week. . . . I never saw a more beautiful country than Florida. The soil is almost as rich as our prairie land. All sorts of fruit and grain grow with very little cultivation, and fish and game of every kind abound. I found there a good many sound Union people, though the majority are of course bitter rebels."

To Nicolay, Hay wrote from Stone River: —

"I wish you could be down here. You would enjoy it beyond measure. The air is like June at noon and like May at morning and evening. The scenery is tropical. The sunsets unlike anything I ever saw before. They are not gorgeous like ours, but singularly quiet and solemn. The sun goes down over the pines through a sky like ashes of roses, and hangs

for an instant on the horizon like a bubble of blood. Then there is twilight such as you dream about."

Hay returned to Washington during the critical interval between Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, when the Confederacy, flushed by the success which the incompetence of Hooker presented it, was preparing its astonishing invasion of Pennsylvania.

Months elapsed before Hay saw any direct result from his first trip south. Then, on December 28, 1863, he received letters from Unionists in Florida, asking him to go down there and run as their Representative for Congress. President Lincoln, in his annual message on December 8, had announced his intentions in regard to reconstruction of the Confederate States. He offered to guarantee a full pardon to all who had been connected with the Rebellion, provided they took an oath "to support, protect, and defend" the United States Constitution and the Union, and to abide by the recent legislation freeing the slaves. Only persons who had betrayed their trust by quitting offices under the United States Government in order to serve the Confederacy, or had maltreated the colored troops, were excluded from this amnesty. The President further promised that when citizens numbering a tenth of the voters in 1860 took this oath and established a republican government in any of the rebellious States, the

United States Government would protect them from foreign invasion and domestic violence.

When Hay consulted Mr. Lincoln in regard to the invitation from Florida, the President thought that this would be a good opportunity for testing his scheme. Accordingly, he commissioned Hay to start at once to Point Lookout, deliver the oath-books to General Marston, and then to go farther South.

"I went on board a little tug at the Seventh Street Wharf," he writes, "and rattled and rustled through the ice to Alexandria, where I got on board the *Clyde*, most palatial of steam tugs, fitted up with a very pretty cabin and berths, heated by steam, and altogether sybaritic in its appointments."

The next morning (January 3, 1864), on landing at Point Lookout, he was received by a pompous aide who led him through the bitter cold to General Marston's headquarters. "There stood in the attitude, in which, if Comfort were ever deified, the statues should be posed, — parted coat-tails, — a broad plenilunar base exposed to the grateful warmth of the pine-wood fire, — a hearty Yankee gentleman, clean-shaven, — sunny and rosy, — to whom I was presented, and who said laconically, 'Sit there!' pointing to a warm seat by a well-spread breakfast-table." Whilst they were eating, "the General told

a good yarn on a contraband soldier who complained of a white man abusing him: 'I does n't object to de pussonal cuffin', but he must speck de unicorn.'"

Hay's description of the Southerners held as prisoners there throws light on the extent to which they were reduced.

"The General's flock are a queer lot," he writes. "Dirty, ragged, yet jolly. Most of them are still rebellious, but many are tired and ready to quit, while some are actuated by a fierce desire to get out of the prison, and, by going into our army, avenge the wrongs of their forced service in the Rebel ranks. They are great traders. A stray onion — a lucky treasure-trove of a piece of coal — is a capital for extensive operations in Confederate trash. They sell and gamble away their names with utter recklessness. . . . They sell their names when drawn for a detail of work, a great prize in the monotonous life of every day. A smallpox patient sells his place on the sick-list to a friend who thinks the path to Dixie easier from the hospital than the camp. The traffic in names on the morning of Gen'l Butler's detail of five hundred for exchange was as lively as Wall Street on days when Taurus climbs the zenith, or the 'Coal Hole' when gold is tumbling ten per cent an hour."

That evening General Butler came in, as described in the preceding chapter, and took Hay back to Washington.

On January 13, Hay received his commission as Assistant Adjutant-General, and announced to the President that he was ready to start. Mr. Lincoln sent him off with a hearty, "Great good luck and God's blessing go with you, John!"

At New York, he embarked on the *Fulton* with the Fifty-fourth Colored Regiment. "Variety of complexions," he notes; "red-heads — filing into their places on deck — singing, whistling, smoking, and dancing — eating candy and chewing tobacco. Jolly little cuss, round, rosy, and half-white, singing: —

> "'Oh, John Brown, dey hung him!
> We 're gwine to jine de Union Army.
> We 're gwine to trabbel to de Souf
> To smack de Rebels in de mouf.'"

On the 19th, a cold raw day, they passed Charleston early in the morning, and saw Fort Sumter "lit up by a passing waft of sunshine." Arrived at Hilton Head, he reported to General Gillmore, who was somewhat disconcerted, because he supposed that Hay's mission would necessitate a military operation. Hay reassured him, and during the fortnight of his stay there he visited the Union works round Charleston.

On January 23, in company with Generals Gillmore and Terry, he "saw the scene of the crossing by Shaw; [1] crossed and went in ambulances to Wagner; spent some time there. From Gregg had a good view of Fort Sumter — silent as the grave — flag flying over it — a great flag flying over the battery on Sullivan's Island. The city, too, was spread out before us like a map; everything very silent; a ship lying silent at the wharf. No sign of life in Ripley, Johnson or Pinckney." [2]

Ten days later the silence was broken. Hay was again making a tour of inspection with General Terry.

"Just as we got in sight of Wagner a white smoke appeared in the clear air (the fog had lifted suddenly) and a sharp crack was heard. It seemed as if a celestial pop-corn had been born in the ether. 'There's a shell from Simkins,' said Turner. We went on and there were more of them. As we got to Wagner we got out and sent the ambulance to a place of safety under the walls. They were just making ready to discharge a great gun from Wagner. The Generals clapped hands to their ears. The gun was fired, and the black globe went screaming close to the ground

[1] Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, killed while leading the assault of his colored regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

[2] Forts near Charleston.

over the island, over the harbor, landing and bursting near the helpless blockade-runner stranded halfway from Fort Beauregard to Fort Moultrie. We walked up the beach."

Hay observed acutely, not only sights but sounds.

"The shells have singular voices," he records of the cannonade; "some had a regular musical note like *Chu-chu-weechu-weechu-b r r r;* and each of the fragments a wicked little whistle of its own. Many struck in the black, marshy mud behind us, burying themselves, and casting a malodorous shower into the air. Others burrowed in the sand. One struck the face of Chatfield, while I was standing on the parapet, with a heavy thud, and in a moment afterwards threw a cloud of sand into the air. I often saw in the air a shell bursting, — fierce, jagged white lines darting out first, like javelins, — then the flowering of the awful bud into full bloom, — all in the dead silence of the upper air, — the crack and whistle of the fragments.

"Colonel Drayton took us to see the great 300-pounder Parrot. At a very little distance, an ugly-looking hole where a shell had just burst; beside the gun, traces in the sand of hasty trampling and wagon-wheels; dark stains soaking into the sand; a poor fellow had just had his leg taken off by a piece of a shell. I saw them putting a crushed and mangled

mass into an ambulance. He was still and pale. The driver started off at a merry trot. A captain said: 'D—— you, drive that thing slower!'

"We walked back on the beach to Wagner. A shell exploded close behind us. I made a bad dodge. Walked all over Wagner and got a sympathetic view of the whole affair."

On February 9, Hay reached Jacksonville, from which point General Gillmore planned an expedition inland. Hay addressed the Confederate prisoners, explaining to them the nature of the amnesty and assuring them that, if they accepted it, the United States Government would protect them. Then he opened an office in the quartermaster's block, took out his oath-books, and waited.

"They soon came," he says, "a dirty swarm of gray coats, and filed into the room, escorted by a negro guard. Fate had done its worst for the poor devils. Even a nigger guard did n't seem to excite a feeling of resentment. They stood for a moment in awkward attitudes along the wall. . . . I soon found they had come up in good earnest to sign their names. They opened again a chorus of questions which I answered as I could. At last a big good-natured fellow said, 'This question's enough. Let's take the oath!' They all stood up in line and held up their hands while I read the oath. As I concluded, the

negro sergeant came up, saluted, and said: 'Dere's one dat did n't hole up his hand.' They began to sign, — some still stuck and asked questions, some wrote good hands, but most bad. Nearly half made their mark."

Having secured sixty names, Hay was reasonably well satisfied with his first day's work. That more than half the prisoners of war were eager to desert showed how the spirit of the common people was broken. Everybody seemed tired of the war, and longed for peace on any terms. The political questions involved did not trouble them. "Some of the more intelligent cursed their politicians and especially South Carolina; but most looked hopefully to the prospect of having a government to protect them after the anarchy of the few years past. There was little left of what might be called Loyalty. But what I build my hopes on," he adds, "is the evident weariness of the war and anxiety for peace."

Though Hay abhorred the military and political leaders of the Rebellion, he pitied the many victims of their policy. Here is a vignette of a household to which he was introduced at Jacksonville: "I saw in a few moments' glance the wretched story of two years. A lady, well-bred and refined, dressed worse than a bound girl, with a dirty and ragged gown that did not hide her trim ankles and fine legs. A white-

haired, heavy-eyed, slow-speaking old young man. A type of thousands of homes where punishment of giant crimes has lit on humble innocents."

War means kaleidoscopic contrasts. At Beaufort on Washington's Birthday, Hay attended a ball managed by the young officers. When the dancing began, he went to the hospital ship and "saw many desperately wounded; Colonel Reed mortally, clutching at his bedclothes and passing garments; picked up, bed and all, and carried away, picking out his clothes from a pile by shoulder-straps — 'Major?' 'No! Lieutenant-Colonel!'" General Saxton was so shocked by Reed's appearance that he returned to the ball and ordered lights out in half an hour. The dancers grumbled, but all had the heart to eat supper. The General "came back glowing with the triumph of a generous action performed, and asked us up to his room, where we drank champagne and whiskey, and ate cake."

Hay pursued his way to Fernandina, which added a few names to his roll; but some of the natives "refused to sign on the ground that they were not 'repentant Rebels.'" He already realized that his mission was premature. The necessary ten per cent of loyalists could not be secured, and "to alter the suffrage law for a bare tithe would not give us the moral force we want. The people of the interior

would be indignant against such a snap-judgment taken by incomers, and would be jealous and sullen."

In order to complete his inspection, Hay went on to Key West, filling his Journal with pen-pictures of the sea and reefs and of the human derelicts. As you read the following passages, you might suppose that they were written, not by a young major on a politico-military errand, but by a Hearn or a Loti, twenty years later, recording leisurely his impressions of travel.

"*March 5*. . . . To-night the phosphorescent show is the finest I have yet seen. A broad track of glory follows the ship. By the sides abaft the wheels, the rushing waves are splendid silver, flecked here and there with jets of flame; while outside the silvery trouble, the startled fish darting from our track mark the blue waters with curves and splashes of white radiance. Occasionally across our path drifts a broad blotch of luminous brilliancy, a school of fishes brightening the populous waters.

"*March 6*. A beautiful Sunday; the purest Southern day; the air cool but cherishing and kindly; the distant shore fringed with palms and cocoanuts; the sea a miracle of color; on the one hand a bright vivid green; on the other a deep dark blue; flaked by the floating shadows cast by the vagrant clouds that loaf in the liquid sky.

"Leaning over the starboard rail, gazing with a lazy enjoyment at this scene of enchantment, at the fairy islands scattered like a chain of gems on the bosom of this transcendent sea, bathed in the emerald ripples and basking in the rosy effulgence of the cherishing sky; the white sails flitting through the quiet inlets; the soft breeze causing the sunny water to sparkle and the trees to wave, I thought that here were the Isles of the Blessed; within the magic ring of these happy islands the sirens were singing and the maids were twining their flowing hair with sprays of the coral. Anchored in everlasting calm, far from the malice of the sky, or the troubling eyes of men, they sported through the tranquil years of the everlasting summer, in the sacred idleness of the immortals."

And having laid on his colors in this luscious fashion, almost to the point of cloying, Hay, with characteristic humor, adds: —

"My friend, Canis Marinus, begged to differ. He said: 'There's the Ragged Keys; full o' mud-torkles and rattle-snakes; them little boats is full of Conks — come up for to sponge.'"

Hay found Key West "bathed in the quiet ripples of the pale green water, whitened by the coral. So bright green that I cannot describe the gem-like shine of the distant waters. The sea-gulls that soar

above the sea have their white breasts and inside wings splendidly stained with green by the reflection of the gleaming water." As his business at the Key consumed little time, he devoted himself, as was his custom, to sight-seeing, which included, in this case, some of the queer inhabitants of the town. Except for "a very decent darky with a very decent buggy belonging to a v. d. Dr. S., the only blot of decency on the Key West escutcheon," he pronounced them "a race of thieves and a degeneration of vipers."

On the voyage North, the steamer ran into a fresh gale. "We all stood wide-legged and anxious on the forecastle as men will about little things on ships, — Joe heaving the lead, — the Captain leaning to the breeze, his alpaca coat bagging like a seedy balloon, — Old Reed confident and oracular, — till Stringer, who had been hanging like a pointer dog over the rail, sang out — 'Light ho! 4.' This was old Bethel, and we at once knew where we were. We anchored and lay there quietly. I finished my poem, 'Northward,' begun to-day on leaving Key West." [1]

On steaming into New York, after stopping at Fernandina and Hilton Head, three inches of snow covered the deck, where "effeminate Southerners

[1] At Camp Shaw, a little while before, he wrote "Lèse-Amour," one of his best love-lyrics.

of six months' standing" shivered "like Italian greyhounds." The next morning Hay reached the White House, and reported to the President, who thoroughly understood the state of affairs in Florida. (March 24, 1864.) [1]

Mr. Lincoln evidently approved Hay's discretion, tact, and alertness, because he soon sent him on another mission of a different kind.

Since the outbreak of the war, there had existed in the North a minority of sympathizers with the Rebellion who organized a secret society, with lodges, ritual, and ramifications after the pattern of the revolutionists in Continental Europe. They called themselves the Knights of the Golden Circle, and they had several aliases, — the Order of American Knights, the Order of the Star, and the Sons of Liberty, — to use, like criminals, in case of discovery. They intended to undermine the Union sentiment in the Northern States, by enrolling as many members as possible, who pledged themselves, not merely not to support the Union cause by enlisting in it, but actively to aid the Rebels by giving them information and other help. Where they safely could, they assailed the property and lives of loyal citizens. They collected arms and ammunition, they formed military bodies and drilled, and they prepared for a vast

[1] Hay summarizes his mission in N. & H., VIII, 282–85.

exhibition of their powers when the right hour should strike. Till then, they worked underground.

The Northern High Priest of the Knights was Clement L. Vallandigham; the Southern head, Sterling Price, was a general in the Confederate Army. Vallandigham claimed that at its height the order numbered half a million, and though he probably exaggerated, the organization was large enough to be formidable. It flourished in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Missouri, where its members, by voting in concert, might turn the scale in a close election. Their secrecy added tenfold to their presumed strength.

Late in the spring of 1864, General Rosecrans, commanding in Missouri, having unearthed the secrets of the Knights, imparted them to Governor Yates, of Illinois, who joined him in urging the President to allow Colonel Sanderson, of Rosecrans' staff, to go to Washington with the evidence. Lincoln, who from the first had looked upon the Knights with "good-humored contempt," was not inclined to create public alarm by sending for Sanderson. He suspected also that Rosecrans wished by this ruse to embroil the President with Secretary Stanton; and he therefore despatched Hay to St. Louis to ascertain what the revelations amounted to.

On the journey, Hay "sat and wrote rhymes in

the same compartment with a pair of whiskey smugglers." He describes Rosecrans as "a fine, hearty, abrupt sort of talker, heavy-whiskered, blond, keen eyes, with light brows and lashes, head shunted forward a little; legs a little unsteady in walk." Coming to business after dinner, he offered Hay a cigar. "'No? Long-necked fellows like you don't need them. Men of my temperament derive advantage from them as a sedative and as a preventer of corpulence.'" Then, puffing away, and looking over his shoulder from time to time, as if fearing he might be overheard, he disclosed his discoveries about the "O.A.K." as the Order of American Knights was called for short. Detectives who had joined their lodges in Missouri, reported that the whole order was in a state of intense activity; that it had committed many recent massacres; that it proposed to elect Vallandigham, then in exile in Canada, a delegate to the Democratic Convention in Chicago, and that if the Government rearrested him when he came, the conspirators would "unite to resist the officers and to protect him at all hazards."

Having listened attentively to Rosecrans, Hay called on Sanderson, heard his statements, and then went back to finish the evening with the General. The discreet secretary neither made suggestions nor asked for a copy of Sanderson's voluminous report.

He, too, surmised that Rosecrans wished by this means to "thwart and humiliate Stanton," and that Sanderson, naturally proud of his success as a ferret, would like to impress the President with his worth; and he suspected that they wanted money for the secret service fund.

These things he duly related to Lincoln, who "seemed not over-well pleased that Rosecrans had not sent all the necessary papers" by Hay. As for the General's urging secrecy, the President remarked that a secret which had already been confided to the Governors of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and to their respective staffs, "could scarcely be worth keeping now." He thought the Northern section of the conspiracy a negligible quantity—"a mere political organization, with about as much of malice and as much of puerility as the Knights of the Golden Circle."

Events confirmed Lincoln's view: for although Vallandigham returned to Ohio unmolested, and took a vehement part in the Democratic Convention, the O.A.K. kept still, and, if they exerted any influence on the election in November, that influence was undeniably puerile.

Not only downright traitors, but political opponents of President Lincoln and peace-at-any-price men strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage,

during that summer of 1864. In some respects the most notable of these annoying critics was Horace Greeley. No one disputed that his organ, the New York *Tribune*, was then the most authoritative newspaper in the United States. It had the widest circulation among farmers and rural readers, "the plain people" whom Lincoln regarded as the backbone of the country. It was taken with equal favor in the counting-room and offices and in the stores and homes, of the large cities and towns. Scores of thousands of Northerners turned to it every day, not only for its news but for its opinions. Its editorial page set forth, as in a serial story, the Gospel according to St. Horace, which his devotees, untroubled by its inconsistencies, came to accept without question.

The *Tribune* was what Greeley made it; the embodiment of his virtues, his defects, his prejudices. He shed his personality through it from the first column to the last, and the thousands to whom he appealed admired him as much in his weakness as in his strength. He was a New England Yankee, honest, shrewd, enterprising, resourceful, believing that the Lord helped those who helped themselves, and that, as he had prospered exceedingly, the Lord was on his side. Nature gave him the racy speech, the tart phrase. What he saw, he stated clearly; but this does not imply that he saw either far or deep. Though he

spent all his mature life in New York City, his mind retained the schoolmasterish quality of his youth. So his person, with its ill-fitting clothes, and his face stamped by a countrified expression and encircled by flowing locks and a shaggy, diffuse throat beard, suggested — no matter where you met him — the rusticities of Vermont.

For more than twenty years, Greeley had been the autocrat of the *Tribune*. When the war broke out the multitudinous public that had been taught by him in their ordinary affairs turned to him for guidance. The loose habits of reasoning, and of snap-judgments, which confirmed journalists seldom escape, Greeley not merely did not struggle against, but he cultivated. He dipped his pen of infallibility into his ink of omniscience with as little self-distrust as a child plays with matches. Conscious of the utter rectitude of his intentions, he found it hard not to suspect those who differed from him of moral crookedness. Doomed, as editors must be, to express opinion on insufficient evidence, he seemed at times to regard evidence in general as finical if not superfluous. Assuming that Abraham Lincoln, though well-meaning, was inexperienced and possessed of only a mediocre capacity, Greeley made it his duty to advise him; and when his advice was not taken, he berated the advisee. With equal assurance he criti-

cized the conduct of international relations by Seward, the financial measures of Chase, and the operations of every commander afloat or ashore. From his editorial chair in the *Tribune* office, it cost him no more effort to tell Grant or Farragut what to do than to discuss the pumpkin crop with an upstate farmer.

A list of Greeley's misjudgments, from the days when, after he had supported Lincoln's candidacy, he upheld peaceable secession, down to the summer of 1864, when he labored frantically to stop the war, would serve as a warning against the deteriorating effects of journalism upon even a ready intellect and a well-developed conscience. It ought also to show the folly of trying to play the rôle of infallibility without sufficient preparation. Greeley was not the only editor to whom this would apply; he was simply the most conspicuous, because the most influential; therefore I have paused to describe him. Eventually, posterity may remember Horace Greeley only as the man who, with unusual power of scolding, harassing, irritating, with ingenuity in uncandid criticism, with exasperating self-righteousness and petulance, never succeeded in exhausting the patience or in shaking the magnanimity of Abraham Lincoln.

On July 7, 1864, Greeley wrote Lincoln that he

had received word from a person who called himself William C. Jewett, that two ambassadors of "Davis & Co." were then in Canada, with full power to negotiate a peace, and that Jewett requested that either Greeley should go at once to Niagara Falls to confer with them, or a safe-conduct should be sent to take them to Washington to talk with the President himself. Greeley says: —

"I venture to remind you that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country also longs for peace; shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood. And a widespread conviction that the Government and its prominent supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it, is doing great harm now, and is morally certain, unless removed, to do far greater in the approaching elections."

After further lecturing the President, Greeley suggests the following terms: —

"1. The Union is restored and declared perpetual. 2. Slavery is utterly and forever abolished throughout the same. 3. A complete amnesty for all political offenses. 4. Payment of $400,000,000 to the Slave States, *pro rata*, for their slaves. 5. The Slave States to be represented in proportion to their population. 6. A National Convention to be called at once."

The letter concludes quite in Greeley's best vein:—

"Mr. President, I fear you do not realize how intently the people desire any peace consistent with the national integrity and honor, and how joyously they would hail its achievement and bless its authors. With United States stocks worth but forty cents in gold per dollar, and drafting about to commence on the third million of Union soldiers, can this be wondered at? I do not say that a just peace is now attainable, though I believe it to be so. But I do say that a frank offer by you to the insurgents, of terms which the impartial will say ought to be accepted, will, at the worst, prove an immense and sorely needed advantage to the National cause; it may save us from a Northern insurrection."

President Lincoln was skeptical in the premises, but he thought it wise to put Greeley's proposal to the test, and accordingly he appointed Greeley himself his agent to interview the negotiators.

"If you can find any person, anywhere," the President wrote on July 9, "professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union, and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him he may come to me with you, and that if he really brings such proposition he shall at least have safe-conduct with the paper (and without publicity,

if he chooses) to the point where you shall have met him. The same if there be two or more persons."

To this downright message Greeley replied querulously, declaring that he had little heart in the task imposed upon him and that he thought the negotiators would not "open their budget" to him. Still hesitating, he wrote on the 13th that he had definite information that "two persons,[1] duly commissioned and empowered to negotiate for peace," were at that moment not far from Niagara Falls in Canada, and desirous of conferring with the President himself or with such agents as he might designate.

As Horace Greeley had received the President's terms and promise of a safe-conduct for the Confederates four days before, this note was, to say the least, astonishing. The President cut short the deliberate vacillation by telegraphing, "I was not expecting you to send me a letter, but to bring me a man or men." At the same time he despatched Major Hay to New York with the following letter: —

"Yours of the 13th is just received, and I am disappointed that you have not already reached here with those commissioners, if they would consent to come, on being shown my letter to you of the 9th inst. Show that and this to them, and if they will

[1] "Hon. Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, and Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi."

come on the terms stated in the former, bring them. I not only intend a sincere effort for peace, but I intend that you shall be a personal witness that it is made." [1]

This letter Hay delivered to Greeley in New York on the 16th. Greeley "did n't like it, evidently; thought that he was the worst man that could be taken for that purpose; that as soon as he arrived there [Niagara] the newspapers would be full of it; that he would be abused, blackguarded, etc., etc." Still, if the President insisted, he would go, provided he received an absolute safe-conduct for four persons. This Hay arranged, and Greeley agreed to be in Washington on Tuesday morning, the 19th, with the negotiators, if they would come.

"He was all along opposed to the President proposing terms," Hay adds in his Diary. "He was in favor of some palaver anyhow; wanted them to propose terms which we could not accept, if no better, for us to go to the country on; wanted the Government to appear anxious for peace, and yet was strenuous in demanding as our ultimatum proper terms."

So Greeley journeyed to Niagara, petulant, uneasy, vaguely suspecting, perhaps, that the President had turned the tables on him, and feeling some

[1] N. & H., IX, 189.

doubts as to the authority of the agents whom he was going to meet.

Arrived at Niagara, he sent word, through "Colorado" Jewett, to the representatives of "Davis & Co.," that he was "authorized by the President of the United States to tender [them] his safe-conduct on the journey proposed" [to Washington], and to accompany them at their earliest convenience. He omitted to state Mr. Lincoln's two conditions — "the restoration of the Union, and abandonment of slavery"; perhaps the omission was intentional, because Greeley was fixed in his purpose that the Confederates should propose their terms first. He soon learned, however, that they lacked credentials, yet he failed to realize that through Jewett they had deceived him as to their authority. Here was a bizarre contradiction: the infallible editor of the *Tribune* tricked by very common adventurers, who now assured him that they knew the views of the Confederate Government and that, if they were given a safe-conduct to Richmond, they could easily procure credentials.

By this clever turn they hoped to have it appear to the world that Lincoln was suing the Confederates for peace. Greeley, instead of repudiating them on discovering that they had duped him, telegraphed to Washington the new proposal of Clay

and Holcombe (the fourth of the schemers). In reply, the President wrote the following note, and sent it by Major Hay on the first train to Niagara: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON
July 18, 1864.

To whom it may concern: Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that controls the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe-conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This paper Major Hay handed to Greeley at the International Hotel, Niagara, about noon on July 20. Greeley was "a good deal cut up at what he called the President's great mistake in refusing to enter into negotiations without conditions." He seemed "nettled and perplexed," possibly because he began to suspect that he had been too credulous. Hay finally persuaded Greeley to go with him to the Canadian side and deliver the President's letter.

"We got to the Clifton House," Hay records, "and

met George N. Sanders at the door. . . . Sanders is a seedy-looking Rebel, with grizzled whiskers and a flavor of old clo'. He came up and talked a few commonplaces with Greeley while we stood by the counter. Our arrival, Greeley's well-known person, created a good deal of interest, the bar-room rapidly filling with the curious, and the halls blooming suddenly with wide-eyed and pretty women. We went up to Holcombe's room, where he was breakfasting or lunching — tea and toasting, at all events. He was a tall, solemn, spare, false-looking man, with false teeth, false eyes, and false hair.

"Mr. Greeley said: 'Major Hay has come from the President of the United States to deliver you a communication in writing and to add a verbal message with which he has been entrusted.' I handed him a note, and told him what the President and Seward had told me to say, and I added that I would be the bearer of anything they chose to send by me to Washington, or, if they chose to wait, it could go as well by mail. He said: 'Mr. Clay is now absent at St. Catherine's. I will telegraph to him at once, and inform you in the morning.'

"We got up to go. He shook hands with Greeley, who 'hoped to see him again'; with me; and we went down to our carriage. He again accosted Greeley; made some remark about the fine view from the

House, and said, 'I wanted old Bennett [1] to come up, but he was afraid to come.' Greeley answered: 'I expect to be blackguarded for what I have done, and I am not allowed to explain. But all I have done, has been done under instructions.' We got in and rode away. As soon as the whole thing was over, Greeley recovered his spirits and said he was glad he had come, — and was very chatty and agreeable on the way back and at dinner."

Before taking the train, Greeley, unknown to Hay, had an interview with the shabby go-between, "Colorado" Jewett, whom "he seems to have authorized to continue to act as his representative." Jewett informed his accomplices at the Clifton, and they wrote Greeley arraigning the President for his breach of faith. Jewett at once gave their letter to the press, and its effect was just what the enemies of the Union desired. So far as appears, Greeley never informed the negotiators of Lincoln's promised safe-conduct. Pretending that the President's later note canceled the earlier, he supported the denunciation of the agents of "Davis & Co."

On being himself attacked by the loyal newspapers, he threw the blame on Lincoln. There was a call for the correspondence, and the President, by publishing it, could have given the Infallible One his

[1] James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald.*

quietus: but as usual he would not seek a personal vindication at the risk of depressing public opinion. He feared that it would be "a disaster equal to the loss of a great battle," if it were known that the autocrat of the most influential newspaper in the North "was ready to sacrifice everything for peace," and was "frantically denouncing the Government for refusing to surrender the contest." [1]

The President, in his desire to soothe the enraged patriot, or at least to make him understand the purpose of the earlier notes, invited Greeley to go to Washington. This he declined in a ranting letter: "The cry [of the Administration]," he wrote, "has been steadily, No truce! No armistice! No negotiation! No mediation! Nothing but surrender at discretion! I never heard of such fatuity before. There is nothing like it in history. It *must* result in disaster, or all experience is delusive." And then, after insinuating that the effort for a tolerable peace might have succeeded if it had been honest and sincere, Mr. Greeley added: "I beg you, implore you, to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And in case peace cannot now be made, consent to an *armistice for one year*, each party to retain, unmolested, all it now holds, but the Rebel ports to be opened. Meantime, let a national convention be

[1] N. & H., IX, 198.

held, and there will surely be no more war at all events." [1]

To paraphrase Greeley's own expression: in the history of the Rebellion there is nothing "for fatuity" like this outburst by the political sage, who counted more readers than any other editor in the United States.

Even after Lincoln was dead, slavery abolished, the war ended, and the Union saved, Greeley stuck to his false statement with all the tenacity of the self-righteous when they are caught erring.[2] But Hay, who took part in the negotiations and had access to the documents, lived on to tell the truth.[3]

This mission, more important in its bearing than in its immediate results, was the last on which Lincoln sent him. As on the earlier ones, he acquitted himself well — was quick to see and hear, trusty in obeying instructions, discreet in dealing with strangers, unstartled by emergencies.

[1] N. & H., IX, 197.

[2] See his brief and disingenuous account of the transaction in his *American Conflict* (New York, 1866), II, 664–65, in which he throws all the blame on Lincoln.

[3] N. & H., IX, chap. 8.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREAT COMPANION

FOR Hay, during those four years, the daily and often hourly companionship of Abraham Lincoln was the most important influence of all. His position as private secretary not only gave him a knowledge from the inside of military and political plans, and an acquaintance with thousands of persons whose collective motives and deeds were woven into the fabric of the Drama, but it enabled him to observe, at closest range, the working of the mind, and the movement of the heart and character of the ruler who has had no peer in the Anglo-Saxon world.

John Hay has himself described, in a genial chapter,[1] the daily routine of life in the White House. The rush of office-seekers began on the first day of Lincoln's administration and continued, with slight fluctuations, until the last afternoon of Lincoln's life. Nicolay, Hay, and the others near the President tried to screen him from this drain on his time and strength; but he would not be screened. He felt that as the Head of the Nation belonged to the whole peo-

[1] *Century Magazine*, November, 1890; XLI, 33–37.

ple, he ought to be accessible to every one. He understood, also, the value of hearing opinions, though only in a moment's talk, from every quarter, and he could usually get something, if it were only a quaint phrase, even from cranks.

He was too shrewd a politician not to avail himself of such opportunities for personal interviews as arose. The spoils system inevitably flourished, because, with the coming in of a new party, offices under the Government, from top to bottom, were filled by new men. The outbreak of war created myriads of other posts, departmental, military, and naval. Under these conditions, fitness was not seldom overlooked: for Lincoln could not afford to estrange the influential backers of greedy place-seekers. The unfathomable Irony which manifests itself everywhere in human affairs, seemed bent on making sport of Democracy when it obliged Lincoln to turn aside from business of incalculable importance, while Senators urged upon him the claims of their poor relatives to the postmasterships of insignificant villages.

But "although the continual contact with importunity which he could not satisfy, and with distress which he could not always relieve, wore terribly upon him and made him an old man before his time, he would never take the necessary measures to defend himself," says Hay. ". . . Henry Wilson once

remonstrated with him about it: 'You will wear yourself out.' He replied, with one of those smiles in which there was so much of sadness, 'They don't want much; they get but little, and I must see them.'"

President Lincoln rose early. In summer he spent the night at the Soldiers' Home where the heat was less intense than in the city; but by eight o'clock he had ridden to the White House and was at his desk. Long before ten o'clock, the stream of visitors poured in. The Cabinet met ordinarily on Tuesdays and Fridays. "At luncheon time," Hay writes, "he had literally to run the gauntlet through the crowds who filled the corridors between his office and the rooms at the West end of the house occupied by the family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning; late in the day he usually drove for an hour's airing; at six o'clock he dined. He was one of the most abstemious of men; the pleasures of the table had few attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee; at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass of milk, a plate of fruit in its season; at dinner he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine . . . and never used tobacco."[1]

"That there was little gayety in the Executive

[1] *Century*, XLI, 34.

House during his time," hardly needs to be hinted. The two younger boys, William and Thomas, enlivened it with their good-natured, unrestrained, and unconventional ways; but William died in less than a year, leaving "Tad" the only offshoot of young life in that somber household. Lincoln himself would give free play to his humor if a few friends were with him; and he was apt, at any time, to flash out one of the racy comments, or stories with an application, which his hearers never forgot. Lincoln "read Shakespeare more than all other writers together," and he went occasionally to the theater. His favorite plays were *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and the Histories, especially *Richard II*. He often quoted from the last the amaranthine passage beginning, —

> "Let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of the death of Kings."

For relaxation he turned to Thomas Hood, and to Artemus Ward, Nasby, and other professional jokers of the time. But most of his evenings he spent in his office, unless there was a dinner-party.

"Upon all but two classes," Hay adds, "the President made the impression of unusual power as well as unusual goodness. He failed only in the case of those who judged men by a purely conventional standard of breeding, and upon those so poisoned

by political hostility that the testimony of their own eyes and ears became untrustworthy. . . . The testimony of all men admitted to his intimacy is that he maintained, without the least effort or assumption, a singular dignity and reserve in the midst of his easiest conversation."

As I have noted earlier, Lincoln's young secretaries came sooner than the public to appreciate his greatness, and, in so far as it can be said of any one, they shared the confidence of that deep, patient, reticent nature. Lincoln discussed freely every topic except himself. Hay's Journal, from which many pithy extracts have already been made, furnishes us some of the most vivid flashlight pictures of Lincoln in personal moments or on historical occasions that exist.

Hay records that on January 27, 1862, the President issued his General War Order, No. 1. "He wrote it without any consultation, and read it to the Cabinet, not for their sanction but for their information. From that time he influenced actively the operations of the campaign. He stopped going to McClellan's and sent for the General to come to him. . . . His next order was issued after a consultation with all the Generals of the Potomac Army in which, as Stanton told me next morning, 'we saw ten Generals afraid to fight.' The fighting Generals were

McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes, and Banks. These were placed next day at the head of the Army Corps. So things began to look vigorous."

"Sunday morning, the 9th of March [1862], the news of the *Merrimac's* frolic came here. Stanton was fearfully stampeded. He said they would capture our fleet, take Fort Monroe, be in Washington before night. The President thought it was a great bore, but blew less than Stanton. As the day went on, the news grew better. And at four o'clock the telegraph was completed, and we heard of the splendid performance of the *Monitor*."

Lincoln acted so simply, not only dispensing with the forms of command but often seeming to wait on advice, that it took some time for his Cabinet officers to understand that he was, indeed, master. Thus before issuing his Order No. 3, deposing McClellan, he purposely omitted to consult Blair, who was opposed to the treatment of Frémont. Blair published a letter discourteous to the President, but when he went to explain it, Lincoln, instead of disciplining him, "told him he was too busy to quarrel with him," adding that if Blair "did n't show him the letter, he would probably never see it."

Patient though he was, and charitable in finding excuses for the shortcomings of the generals in the

field, Lincoln felt the reverses keenly. Witness this reference to him at the time of the Second Battle of Bull Run.

"Everything seemed to be going well and hilarious on Saturday" (August 30, 1862), writes Hay, "and we went to bed expecting glad tidings at sunrise. But about eight o'clock the President came to my room as I was dressing, and calling me out, said: 'Well, John, we are whipped again, I am afraid. The enemy reinforced on Pope and drove back his left wing, and he has retired on Centreville, where he says he will be able to hold his men. I don't like that expression. I don't like to hear him admit that his men need holding.'

"After a while, however, things began to look better, and people's spirits rose as the heavens cleared. The President was in a singularly defiant tone of mind. He often repeated, 'We must hurt this enemy before it goes away.' And this morning, Monday [September 1], he said to me, when I made a remark in regard to the bad look of things: 'No, Mr. Hay, we must whip these people now. Pope must fight them; if they are too strong for him, he can gradually retire to these fortifications. If this be not so — if we are really whipped, and to be whipped — we may as well stop fighting.'"

The North, indignant at Pope's disaster, which

the public attributed to McClellan's lack of support, demanded that McClellan be cashiered. The Cabinet was unanimous against him. But Lincoln would not be persuaded. "He has acted badly in this matter," he said to Hay, "but we must use what tools we have. There is no man in the army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half as well as he. Unquestionably he has acted badly toward Pope. He wanted him to fail. That is unpardonable. But he is too useful just now to sacrifice."

There spoke the man of sober second thought, whom neither popular clamor nor personal pique could move.

Under date, September 23, 1862, we have a still more memorable entry. "The President wrote the [Emancipation] Proclamation on Sunday morning, [September 21] carefully. He called the Cabinet together on Monday, September 22, made a little talk to them, and read the momentous document. Mr. Blair and Mr. Bates made objections; otherwise the Cabinet was unanimous. The next day Mr. Blair, who had promised to file his objections, sent a note stating that, as his objections were only to the time of the act, he would not file them lest they should be subject to misconstruction."

News traveled with desperate slowness to those

kept in suspense at the White House during a crisis. The battle of Gettysburg ended at dark on July 3, 1863; and yet for more than a week following, doubt and hope alternated in Lincoln's mind as to whether the Union general would complete his victory by destroying Lee's army. Hay writes:

"*Saturday, July 11, 1863.* The President seemed in specially good humor to-day, as he had pretty good evidence that the enemy were still on the North side of the Potomac, and Meade had announced his intention of attacking them in the morning. The President seemed very happy in the prospect of a brilliant success. . . .

"*Sunday, 12th July.* Rained all the afternoon. Have not yet heard of Meade's expected attack.

"*Monday, 13th.* The President begins to grow anxious and impatient about Meade's silence. I thought and told him there was nothing to prevent the enemy from getting away by the Falling Waters if they were not vigorously attacked. . . . Nothing can save them if Meade does his duty. I doubt him. He is an engineer.

"*14th July.* This morning the President seemed depressed by Meade's despatches of last night. They were so cautiously and almost timidly worded — talking about reconnoitring to find the enemy's weak places, and other such. . . . About noon came

the despatches stating that our worst fears were true. The enemy had gotten away unhurt. The President was deeply grieved. 'We had them within our grasp,' he said; 'we had only to stretch forth our hands and they were ours. And nothing I could say or do could make the army move.'

"Several days ago he sent a despatch to Meade which must have cut like a scourge, but Meade returned so reasonable and earnest reply that the President concluded he knew best what he was doing, and was reconciled to the apparent inaction, which he hoped was merely apparent.

"Every day he has watched the progress of the army with agonizing impatience, hope struggling with fear. He has never been easy in his own mind about General Meade since Meade's General Order in which he called on his troops to drive the invader from our soil. The President says: 'This is a dreadful reminiscence of McClellan. The same spirit that moved McClellan to claim a great victory because Pennsylvania and Maryland were safe. The hearts of ten million people sunk within them when McClellan raised that shout last fall. Will our Generals never get that idea out of their heads? The whole country is our soil.'"

"*15th July*. Robert Lincoln says the President is silently but deeply grieved about the escape of Lee.

He said: 'If I had gone up there I could have whipped them myself.'"

And Hay adds: "I know he had that idea."

To picture Lincoln commanding at Gettysburg, crushing Lee's army, and with it the Rebellion, in the most significant battle of the nineteenth century, dazzles the imagination. More than one of the Union generals regarded Lincoln as possessing unusual qualifications as a commander: but could he have compassed that?

On July 16th: "General Wadsworth came in. He said in answer to Abe's question, 'Why did Lee escape?' 'Because nobody stopped him,' rather gruffly. Wadsworth says that a council of war of corps commanders, held on Sunday, the 12th . . . on the question of fight or no fight, the weight of authority was against fighting. French, Sedgwick, Slocum, and Sykes strenuously opposed a fight. Meade was in favor of it. So was Warren, who did most of the talking on that side, and Pleasonton was very eager for it, as also was Wadsworth himself. The non fighters thought, or seemed to think, that if we did not attack, the enemy would, and even Meade thought he was in for action, had no idea that the enemy intended to get away at once. Howard had little to say on the subject.

"Meade was in favor of attacking in three col-

umns of 20,000 men each. Wadsworth was in favor of doing as Stonewall Jackson did at Chancellorsville, double up the left, and drive them down on Williamsport. I do not question that either plan would have succeeded. Wadsworth said to Hunter, who sat beside him: 'General, there are a good many officers of the regular army who have not yet entirely lost the West Point idea of Southern superiority. That sometimes accounts for an otherwise unaccountable slowness of attack.'

"*19th July, Sunday.* The President was in very good humor; . . . in the afternoon he and I were talking about the position at Williamsport the other day. He said: 'Our army held the war in the hollow of their hand, and they would not close it.' Again he said: 'We had gone all through the labor of tilling and planting an enormous crop, and when it was ripe we did not harvest it! Still', he added, 'I am very, very grateful to Meade for the great service he did at Gettysburg.'"

Characteristic is this last sentence of Lincoln's indefectible sense of justice!

Another characteristic trait — his mercifulness — appears in this episode: —

"To-day [July 18] we spent six hours deciding on Court Martials, the President, Judge Holt and I. I was amused at the eagerness with which the

President caught at any fact which would justify him in saving the life of a condemned soldier. He was only merciless in cases where meanness or cruelty was shown. Cases of cowardice he was specially averse to punishing with death. He said it would frighten the poor fellows too terribly to shoot them. . . . One fellow who had deserted, and escaped, after conviction, into Mexico, he sentenced, saying, 'We will condemn him as they used to sell hogs in Indiana, as they run.'"

Without extraordinary power of resilience, Lincoln could hardly have stood up against the disappointments and failures of the army, combined with the unremitted attacks of political opponents and the fault-finding of nominal friends, which he had to endure day by day and year by year. His misunderstood liking for humor was one of the signs of his fundamental health. In the summer of 1863, politicians were already discussing whom to elect to succeed him as President. In his own Cabinet he had competitors. Yet he was neither angered by such disloyalty nor exasperated by the readiness of party leaders to throw him over. He saw the irony of being the victim of such a conspiracy.

On August 7, 1863, only a month after Gettysburg, Hay writes to Nicolay: —

"The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen

him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union, all at once. I never knew with what a tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet till now. The most important things he decides, and there is no cavil. I am growing more convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle and so firm."

On August 9, 1863, Hay says: "This being Sunday and a fine day I went down with the President to have his picture taken at Gardner's. He was in very good spirits. He thinks that the Rebel power is at last beginning to disintegrate; that they will break to pieces if we only stand firm now. Referring to the controversy between two factions at Richmond, one of whom believed still in foreign intervention, Northern treason and other chimæras; and the other, the administration party, trusts to nothing but the army, he said: '[Jefferson] Davis is right. His army is his only hope, not only against us, but against his own people. If that were crushed, the people would be ready to swing back to their old bearings.'"

Hay accompanied Lincoln to inspect the statuary of the East pediment of the Capitol, and the President, with the eye of an expert, objected to the

statue of the Woodchopper, by Powers, "as he did not make a sufficiently clean cut." On two evenings they tried a new repeating rifle, with which "the President made some pretty good shots." An irrepressible patriot came up and, "seeing the gun recoil slightly, said it would n't do; too much powder; a good piece of audience should n't rekyle; if it did at all, it should rekyle a little forrid." On another evening, they visited the Observatory, while "the President took a look at the moon and Arcturus. I went with him to the Soldiers' Home, and he read Shakespeare to me, the end of *Henry V* and the beginning of *Richard III*, till my heavy eyelids caught his considerate notice, and he sent me to bed."

Of Lincoln's unconventional ways these two extracts tell: —

"The President came in last night in his shirt and told me of the retirement of the enemy from his works at Spottsylvania, and our pursuit. I complimented him on the amount of underpinning he still has left, and he said he weighed 180 pounds. Important if true." (May 14, 1864.)

"A little after midnight as I was writing those last lines, the President came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's Works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me the little caricature, 'An Unfortu-

nate Bee-ing'; seemingly utterly unconscious that he, with his short shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind like the tail feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of simple *bonhommie* and good fellowship that he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we may share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits." (April 30, 1864.)

The late Richard Watson Gilder once said that amid all his trials Lincoln had one compensation in the White House — John Hay. Incidents such as these confirm him.

On September 11, 1863, Hay writes to Nicolay, not yet returned from a trip to the Rocky Mountains: "You may talk as you please of the Abolition Cabal directing affairs from Washington; some well-meaning newspapers advise the President to keep his fingers out of the military pie and all that sort of thing. The truth is, if he did, the pie would be a sorry mess. The old man sits here and wields, like a backwoods Jupiter, the bolts of war and the machinery of gov-

ernment with a hand especially steady and equally firm.

"His last letter [1] is a great thing. Some hideously bad rhetoric—some indecorums that are infamous—yet the whole letter takes its solid place in history as a great utterance of a great man. The whole Cabinet could not have tinkered up a letter which could have been compared with it. He can rake a sophism out of its hole better than all the trained logicians of all the schools. I do not know whether the nation is worthy of him for another term. I know the people want him. There is no mistaking that fact. But politicians are strong yet, and he is not their 'kind of a cat.' I hope God won't see fit to scourge us for our sins by any one of the two or three most prominent candidates on the ground."

On September 23, bad news came from General Rosecrans, who was expected to defeat the Confederate army round Chattanooga. Hay was at the War Department when "they were trying to decipher an intricate message from Rosecrans giving reasons for the failure of the battle. The Secretary [Stanton] says: 'I know the reason well enough. Rosecrans ran away from his fighting men and did not stop for thirteen miles. . . . No, they need not shuffle it off

[1] Dated August 26, 1863, to James B. Conkling, to be read at the Illinois Republican Convention. N. & H., VII, 380–84.

on McCook. He is not much of a soldier. I never was in favor of him for a Major-General. But he is not accountable for this business. He and Crittenden both made pretty good time away from the fight to Chattanooga, but Rosecrans beat them both.'"

Then Hay hurried "out to the Soldiers' Home through the splendid moonlight" to ask the President to attend a council at the War Department that night. "[I] found the President abed. I delivered my message to him as he dressed himself, and he was considerably disturbed. I assured him as far as I could that it meant nothing serious, but he thought otherwise, as it was the first time Stanton had ever sent for him. When we got in, however, we found a despatch from Rosecrans stating that he could hold Chattanooga against double his number; could not be taken until after a great battle; his stampede evidently over."

The loyal secretary, on returning from a visit to New York, told the President of the evidence he had seen there of the conduct of Secretary Chase "in trying to cut under" for the Republican nomination. Mr. Lincoln said, "it was very bad taste, but he had determined to shut his eyes to all these performances; that Chase made a good Secretary, and that he would keep him where he is: if he becomes President, all right! I hope we may never have a worse man.

I have all along seen clearly his plan of strengthening himself. Whenever he sees that an important matter is troubling me, if I am compelled to decide it in a way to give offence to a man of some influence, he always ranges himself in opposition to me, and persuades the victim that he [Chase] would have arranged it very differently. It was so with Gen'l Frémont, — with Gen'l Hunter, when I annulled his hasty proclamation, — with Gen'l Butler, when he was recalled from New Orleans, — with the Missouri people, when they called the other day. I am entirely indifferent to his success or failure in these schemes, so long as he does his duty as the head of the Treasury Department."

Magnanimity such as this has had few parallels. It would be unthinkable in the case of a Richelieu or a Frederick or a Bismarck.

Lincoln continued to appoint, at Chase's suggestion, officials who would work in Chase's interest. When Hay remonstrated, "he laughed on, and said he was sorry the thing had begun, for though the matter did not annoy him, his friends insisted that it ought to." But by an adroit turn of the tables, the President, supporting Seward in the raid which the Senate made on him, caused the too impetuous Chase to resign. Chase supposed that he would thereby bring the President to terms. Far from it.

"When Chase sent in his resignation," the "backwoods Jupiter" confided to Hay, "I saw that the game was in my own hands, and I put it through. When I had settled this important business at last with much labor and to my entire satisfaction, into my room one day walked D. D. Field and G. Opdycke, and began a new attack upon me to remove Seward. For once in my life I rather gave my temper the rein, and I talked to those men pretty d——d plainly. Opdycke may be right in being cool to me. I may have given him reason this morning." (October 30, 1863.)

Memorable is Hay's account of the trip to Gettysburg, where President Lincoln spoke at the consecration of the Soldiers' Cemetery. The Presidential party left Washington on November 18, 1863. "On our train were the President, Seward, Usher and Blair; Nicolay and myself; Mercier and Admiral Raymond; Bertinatti and Capt. Isotta, and Lieut. Martinez and C. M. Wise; W. McVeagh[1]; McDougal of Canada; and one or two others. At Baltimore, Schenck's staff joined us.

"Just before we arrived at Gettysburg, the President got into a little talk with McVeagh about Missouri affairs. McVeagh talked radicalism until he learned he was talking recklessly. . . .

[1] Wayne MacVeagh.

"At Gettysburg the President went to Mr. Wills, who expected him, and our party broke up. McVeagh, young Stanton and I foraged around for a while — walked out to the College, got a chafing dish of oysters, then some supper, and, finally, loafing around to the Court House, where Lamon was holding a meeting of marshals, we found Forney,[1] and went around to his place, . . . and drank a little whiskey with him. He had been drinking a good deal during the day, and was getting to feel a little ugly and dangerous. He was particularly bitter on M[ontgomery] Blair. McVeagh was telling him that he pitched into the President coming up, and told him some truths. He said the President got a good deal of that, from time to time, and needed it.

"He says, 'Hay, you are a fortunate man. You have kept yourself aloof from your office. I know an old fellow over seventy, who was Private Secretary to Madison. He thought there was something solemn and memorable in it. Hay has laughed through his term.' . . .

"We went out after a while, following the music to hear the serenades. The President appeared at the door, said half a dozen words meaning nothing, and went in. Seward, who was staying around the corner

[1] John W. Forney, a notorious journalist in Washington and Philadelphia.

at Harper's, was called out, and spoke so indistinctly that I did not hear a word of what he was saying. Forney and McVeagh were still growling about Blair. We went back to Forney's room, having picked up Nicolay, and drank more whiskey. Nicolay sang his little song of the 'Three Thieves,' and we then sang 'John Brown.' At last we proposed that Forney should make a speech, and two or three started out . . . to get a band to serenade him. I staid with him; as did Stanton and McVeagh. He still growled quietly, and I thought he was going to do something imprudent."

Then follows an account of the serenade, and of the bibulous Forney's speech, in which, in tipsy fashion, he mingled drollery and gravity. When the crowd greeted him with shouts, he said: "My friends, these are the first hearty cheers I have heard to-night. You gave no such cheers to your President down the street. Do you know what you owe to that great man? You owe your country — you owe your name as American Citizens." After "very much of this," Hay adds, "W. McVeagh made a most touching and beautiful spurt of five minutes, and Judge Stevenson of Pennsylvania spoke effectively and acceptably to the people. 'That speech [of Forney's] must not be written out yet,' says Young. 'He will see further about it when he gets sober,' as

we went upstairs. We sang 'John Brown' and went home."

Quite Shakespearean is this low comedy interlude, coming just before the stately, dramatic scene of consecration. Perhaps, after all, Nature sometimes emulates Shakespeare.

"In the morning," of the 19th, Hay continues, "I got a beast and rode out with the President and suite to the Cemetery in procession. The procession formed itself in an orphanly sort of way, and moved out with very little help from anybody; and after a little delay Mr. Everett took his place on the stand, — and Mr. Stockton made a prayer which thought it was an oration, — and Mr. Everett spoke as he always does, perfectly; and the President, in a firm, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half-dozen lines of consecration, — and the music wailed, and we went home through crowded and cheering streets.

"I met Gen'l Cameron after coming in, and he, McVeagh and I, went down to dinner on board the N. C. R. R. car. I was more than usually struck by the intimate jovial relations that exist between men that hate and detest each other as cordially as do those Pennsylvania politicians.[1]

[1] General Simon Cameron's daughter became, in 1866, the second wife of Wayne MacVeagh.

"We came home the night of the 19th."

Though brief, Hay's description of the delivery of the Gettysburg address serves. In the "History," he and Nicolay devote a dozen pages to the occasion, and, writing by the focused light of a quarter of a century, they assign to it an immediate recognition which very few of those who heard it were aware of. It was Edward Everett's monumental oration — which he did "perfectly, as he always does" — that carried the day. After that, Lincoln's few sentences seemed almost inadequate; or, at best, they came like the benediction, which you forget, after an impressive sermon, which you remember. To-day, however, Everett's marmoreal periods move nobody, while Lincoln's words of living flame bid fair to light and heat many generations. Emotion, not marble, is the medium of enduring eloquence.

The Diary, in spite of gaps, when Hay was too busy to write, reflects the variety of experiences which came to him day by day at Lincoln's elbow.

On November 22, 1863, he notes that "the President is very anxious about Burnside." On the 24th, the tone changes. "To-night the President said he was much relieved at hearing from Foster that there was firing at Knoxville yesterday. He said anything showing that Burnside was not overwhelmed was

cheering: Like Sallie Carter, when she heard one of her children squall, would say, 'There goes one of my young ones, not dead yet, bless the Lord!'"

On December 10, we learn that Sumner spoke with great gratification of Lincoln's recent message to Congress. "The President repeated, what he has often said before, that there is no essential contest between loyal men on this subject, if they consider it reasonably. The only question is: Who constitute the State? When that is decided, the solution of subsequent questions is easy. He says that he wrote in the Message originally that he considered the discussion as to whether a State has been at any time out of the Union, as vain and profitless. We know that they were — we trust they shall be — in the Union. It does not greatly matter whether in the mean time, they shall be considered to have been in or out. But he afterwards considered that the 4th Section, 4th Article of the Constitution, empowers him to grant protection to States in the Union, and it will not do ever to admit that these States have at any time been out. So he erased that sentence as possibly suggestive of evil. He preferred, he said, to stand firmly based on the Constitution rather than work in the air."

Another turn in the whirligig of experiences! On December 13, 1863, Hackett, the actor, spent the

evening at the White House, and in their talk the President showed "a very intimate knowledge of those plays of Shakespeare where Falstaff figures. He was particularly anxious to know why one of the best scenes in the play — that where Falstaff and Prince Hal alternately assume the character of the King — is omitted in the representation. Hackett says it is admirable to read, but ineffective on the stage." Two nights later the President took his secretaries to Ford's Theatre to see Hackett as Falstaff in *Henry IV*. He thought that Hackett misread the line, "mainly *thrust* at me," which should be "mainly thrust at *me*." Hay dissented. "The President thinks the dying speech of Hotspur an unnatural and unworthy thing — and who does not?" [1]

And here is the first record of a famous saying. "The President to-night [December 23, 1863] had a dream: He was in a party of plain people, and as it became known who he was, they began to comment on his appearance. One of them said: 'He is a very common-looking man.' The President replied: 'The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is the reason he makes so many of them.'"

Among other duties, it fell to Hay to act as guide

[1] Lincoln's letter of August 17, 1863, to Hackett is well known. In it he says: "I think nothing equals *Macbeth*." Also that he thinks the King's soliloquy in *Hamlet*, "Oh, my offence is rank," surpasses Hamlet's own, "To be or not to be."

to persons of importance. One such service he described under the date of April 24, 1864.

"The President, loafing into my room, picked up a paper and read the *Richmond Examiner's* recent attack on Jeff Davis. It amused him. 'Why,' said he, 'the *Examiner* seems about as fond of Jeff as the [New York] *World* is of me.'

"E. L. Stanley, son of Lord Stanley, has been here for a week. I took him over to Arlington and showed him the African. He asked more questions than I ever dreamed of in similar circumstances. He applied a drastic suction to every contraband he met with, and came back with brain and note-book crammed with instructive miscellany. He has been exhausting everybody in the same way, till his coming is dreaded like that of the schoolmaster by his idle flock. He is a most intelligent gentleman — courteous and ready — a contrast to most Englishmen in his freedom from conceit and prejudice. He leaves town to-day. I gave him my autograph book; we exchanged cartes 'like two young shepherds, very friendly and pastoral.'"

During the late spring and early summer of 1864 the watchers in the White House followed anxiously General Grant's invasion of Virginia. On May 9 the first despatches from him came in, and the President was highly pleased. "It is the dogged pertinacity

of Grant that wins," said he. The story was told that "Meade observed to Grant that the enemy seemed inclined to make a Kilkenny fight of the affair; and Grant answered, 'Our cat has the longest tail.'"

"*June 23*. The President arrived to-day from the front, sunburnt and fagged, but still refreshed and cheered. He found the army in fine health, good position, and good spirits; Grant quietly confident; he says, quoting the Richmond papers, it may be a long summer's day before he does his work, but that he is as sure of doing it as he is of anything in the world. Sheridan is now on a raid, the purpose of which is to sever the connection at junction of the Richmond and Danville Railroads at Burk's, while the army is swinging around to the south of Petersburg and taking possession of the roads in that direction."

Significant was Grant's remark to the President, that "when McPherson or Sherman or Sheridan or [James H.] Wilson is gone on any outside expedition, he feels perfectly secure about them, knowing that, while they are liable to any of the ordinary mischances of war, there is no danger of their being whipped in any but a legitimate way." Grant "seems to arrive at his conclusions without any intermediate reasoning process — giving his orders with the greatest rapidity and with great detail. Uses the

theoretical staff-officers very little," one of his subordinates told Lincoln.

Excitement over operations in the field was hardly more intense than over the political campaign. Lincoln had been renominated by the Republicans; McClellan, resenting his deposition from the command of the Army of the Potomac, accepted the nomination of the Democrats. With fatal propriety the platform on which he ran declared that the war had been a failure and that overtures for peace ought to be made without delay. The issue was squarely posed.

Lincoln's friends saw dangers in every quarter. No doubt a large minority in the North was tired of war: no doubt many who had a sentimental regard for the Union thought that the emancipation of the slaves had been wrongly given prominence. Every discontented officer — every disgruntled politician — every merchant whose business was bad — — every civilian who dreaded the draft — the ambitious leader like Chase — the party boss — the army of unappeased office-seekers — the jealous — the vindictive — all these, and everyone else with a greed or a grievance, would unite to defeat Lincoln. Thus, at least, it appeared to his foreboding lieutenants.

Even Hay, who was no alarmist, felt little confidence. "There is a diseased restlessness about men

in these times," he wrote Nicolay on August 25, 1864, "that unfits them for the steady support of an administration. It seems as if there were appearing in the Republican Party the elements of disorganization that destroyed the Whigs. If the dumb cattle are not worthy of another term of Lincoln, then let the will of God be done, and the murrain of McClellan fall on them."

Lincoln himself never lost his poise. Whatever his thoughts, his comments were humorous. He was charitable towards the disloyal. But he understood the danger: Democracy was at stake.

How subtle were the temptations presented to him appears from the following note in Hay's Diary:

"*September 23, 1864.* Senator Harlan thinks that Bennett's[1] support is so important, especially considered as to its bearing on the soldier vote, that it would pay to offer him a foreign mission for it, and so told me. Forney has also had a man talking to the cannie Scot, who asked plumply, 'Will I be a welcome visitor at the White House if I support Mr. Lincoln?' What a horrible question for a man to be able to ask! So thinks the President apparently. It is probable that Bennett will stay about as he is, thoroughly neutral, balancing carefully until the October elections, and will then declare for the side

[1] Senator James Harlan; J. G. Bennett, of the *New York Herald.*

which he thinks will win. It is better in many respects to let him alone."

The October elections went far to relieve anxiety. The President, with Hay, heard the returns at the War Department. Early news from Indiana and Ohio was cheering, but that from Pennsylvania was "streaked with lean." "The President in a lull of despatches took from his pocket the Nasby papers, and read several chapters of the experiences of the saint and martyr, Petroleum V. They were immensely amusing. Stanton and Dana [1] enjoyed them scarcely less than the President, who read on, *con amore*, until nine o'clock." Reports from the hospitals and camps showed wide differences of opinion among the voters. The Ohio troops voted about ten to one for Union, but "Carver Hospital, by which Stanton and Lincoln pass every day, on their way to the country," gave the heaviest opposition vote — about one out of three. Lincoln said, "That's hard on us, Stanton, they know us better than the others."

The Presidential election took place on November 8. Throughout the day, Hay reports, the White House was still and almost deserted. The President said to him: "It is a little singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should have always been before

[1] Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War.

the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness: always but once. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time. But always, besides that, the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor."

That evening they spent at the War Department. From the first, the returns were most encouraging and Lincoln's good humor added to the gayety of the company. When somebody (Eckert) came in "very disreputably muddy," the Tycoon was reminded of a story. "'For such an awkward fellow,' he said, 'I am pretty sure-footed. It used to take a pretty dexterous man to throw me. I remember, the evening of the day in 1858, that decided the contest for the Senate between Mr. Douglas and myself, was something like this, dark, rainy, and gloomy. I had been reading the returns and had ascertained that we had lost the legislature, and started to go home. The path had been worn hog-backed, and was slippery. My foot slipped from under me, knocked the other one out of the way, but I recovered myself and lit square; and I said to myself: "*It's a slip and not a fall.*"'"

When Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said that retribution had overtaken Hale and Winter Davis, "two fellows that have been specially malignant to us," Lincoln replied: "'You have more of

that feeling of personal resentment than I. Perhaps I may have too little of it, but I never thought it paid. A man has not time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him.'"

"Towards midnight," Hay adds, in his memorandum of this historic occasion, "we had supper. The President went awkwardly and hospitably to work shovelling out the fried oysters. He was most agreeable and genial all the evening. . . . Capt. Thomas came up with a band about half-past two, and made some music. The President answered from the window with rather unusual dignity and effect, and we came home."

At the Cabinet meeting on the 11th, "The President took a paper from out his desk, and said: 'Gentlemen, do you remember last summer I asked you all to sign your names to the back of a paper, of which I did not show you the inside? This is it. Now, Mr. Hay, see if you can get this open without tearing it.' He had pasted it up in so singular style that it required some cutting to get it open. He then read as follows: —

"'EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"'WASHINGTON, Aug. 23, 1864.

"'This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will

not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.[1]

"'A. LINCOLN.'"

Lincoln went on to say, as I have quoted in an earlier chapter, that he had resolved, if McClellan were elected, to talk matters over with him.[2]

"The speeches of the President at the last two serenades are very highly spoken of," Hay continues. "The first I wrote after the fact, to prevent the 'loyal Pennsylvanians' getting a swing at it themselves. The second one, last night, the President himself wrote late in the evening, and read it from the window. 'Not very graceful,' he said; 'but I am growing old enough not to care much for the manner of doing things.'"

On November 12, 1864, Hay, with a large party, went down to Grant's headquarters at City Point. They found him occupying a little wall-tent. "At our first knock he came to the door. He looked neater and more careful in his dress than usual; his

[1] This paper was indorsed: "William H. Seward, W. P. Fessenden, Edwin M. Stanton, Gideon Welles, Edw. Bates, M. Blair, J. P. Usher."

[2] See *ante*, pp. 133, 134.

hair was combed, his coat on, and his shirt clean, his long boots blackened till they shone." He thought that the Rebels were "about at the end of their tether; that Lee and Early had received their final reinforcements"; that the negro troops are admirable in many respects, but "that an army of them could [not] have stood the week's pounding at the Wilderness or Spottsylvania as our men did; 'in fact, no other troops in the world could have done it.'" Grant was "deeply impressed with the vast importance and significance of the late Presidential election." The orderliness of it "proves our worthiness of free institutions, and our capability of preserving them without running into anarchy or despotism."

During the ensuing months we have only sparse records of Hay's life. In March, Secretary Seward, without solicitation and to his surprise, appointed him Secretary of Legation at Paris. "It is a pleasant and honorable way of leaving my present post, which I should have left in any event very soon," he writes his brother Charles. "I am thoroughly sick of certain aspects of life here, which you will understand without my putting them on paper, and I was almost ready, after taking a few months' active service in the field, to go back to Warsaw and try to give the Vineyard experiment a fair trial. . . . The President requested me to stay with him a month or so longer

to get him started with the reorganized office, which I shall do, and shall sail probably in June. . . . I very much fear that all my friends will disapprove this step of mine, but if they knew all that induced me to it they would coincide." (March 31, 1865.)

A fortnight after Hay sent this letter, his life at the White House and his association with the Great Companion came to a tragic end.

On Good Friday, April 14, 1865, President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Miss Harris and Major Henry R. Rathbone, went to Ford's Theatre to see *Our American Cousin*. At about ten o'clock John Wilkes Booth crept to the door of their box, opened it, leveled a pistol at the back of the President's head, and fired point-blank. Mr. Lincoln never spoke again. They carried him unconscious to the house across the street — No. 453 Tenth Street — and laid him on a "bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor."

In a few moments Washington was alarmed, stunned. "A crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. . . . They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it and drove to Tenth Street."

Before they crossed the threshold of the house they were prepared for the worst.

Hay watched near the head of the President's bed throughout the night. Gradually the slow and regular breathing grew fainter, and the "automatic moaning" ceased. "A look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, 'Now he belongs to the ages.'" [1]

[1] N. & H., x, 292.

CHAPTER IX

THE ROVING DIPLOMAT — PARIS

HAY was twenty-seven years old when the Civil War ended, bequeathing to him the memory of an astonishing experience which had called into play all his talents except the literary. In knowledge of the world, in acquaintance with men, in trial by the most daunting modern forms of ordeal, he had little to learn. He had kept his head and his temper, and his capacity to take adverse fate ironically, almost blithely. But except to the professional soldier, war offers no permanent career; and the war, which ripened Hay, left him with his fortune still unmade.

To have been Lincoln's private secretary during four years was privilege enough for one lifetime, but the recollection of it would neither feed nor clothe him; and Hay, with a constitutional inability to make money, found himself almost as poor when he quitted Washington in 1865 as when he went there with Lincoln in 1861. A few parcels of unprofitable land in Florida and an undeveloped vineyard in Warsaw represented the savings from his meager salary. Gladly, therefore, he accepted the post of Secretary of Legation at Paris, which promised him an imme-

diate living wage and a much needed change of scene. Perhaps it might lead to something better.

Having visited his home, he reached Paris early in the summer. Nicolay went also, to serve as American Consul there. "Mr. Nicolay is an intelligent, honorable man, with a bilious temperament," wrote Thurlow Weed, the Republican boss of New York State, to John Bigelow, who was in charge of the American Legation. "I *think* you will like him. Hay is a bright, gifted young man, with agreeable manners and refined tastes. I don't believe he has been spoiled, though he has been much exposed. If he remains the modest young man he was, I am *sure* you will like him." That was the time when temperaments were classified as bilious, sanguine, nervous, or phlegmatic, and Weed would doubtless have defined Hay as sanguine.

John Bigelow, the American Minister, had served during nearly Lincoln's entire administration, and upon him had fallen the task of preventing the Emperor Napoleon III from openly supporting the cause of the Confederate States. Next to Charles Francis Adams in London, whose work in helping to preserve the Union can never be overestimated, Bigelow was the most valiant defender abroad of the American Republic. A vigorous writer, a scholar, a man of the world whose courtliness suggested the traditions of

the Saint-Germain Quarter, he combined also in rare measure dignity and democratic downrightness.

Hay reached his post in June, 1865. For Mr. Bigelow he soon felt an affectionate admiration, which never slackened through life, while Mrs. Bigelow's inexhaustible vivacity now amused and now fascinated him. "*Mon Dieu! qu'elle est vive, qu'elle est vive!*" he records in his Diary, quoting "Old Plon," whom I take to be Prince Napoleon — "Plon-Plon."

The conclusion of the American Civil War left France and the United States face to face over an international question of grave menace. The French Emperor, taking advantage of the American upheaval, had sent an army to Mexico, conquered a part of that discord-ridden country, established an empire there under French protection and given the imperial crown to Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph. Napoleon's purpose could not be misunderstood. He intended, if the American Republic were split into two separate and mutually hostile nations, that French influence should not stop at the Rio Grande.

One of the first acts of the Government at Washington after the Union had been saved, was to serve notice on the French Emperor that he must withdraw his army from Mexico; and while the American

troops were massed in great numbers on the Mexican frontier to give point to this notice, it fell to Mr. Bigelow at Paris to carry on the diplomatic negotiations between the two governments. The Mexican difficulty was, indeed, the chief official business at the American Legation during John Hay's stay in Paris; but although he watched it intently from the inside, we cannot suppose that he shaped the course of events. After discharging his duties as secretary, he chiefly occupied himself with social life. His happy gift of riveting acquaintances, his quick interest in all sorts of persons and things, and his determination to make himself proficient in that Book of Paris which has fascinated the world since the days of Louis the Fourteenth, secured to him constant entertainment. He perfected himself in speaking French; he visited the art galleries, the theaters, the opera; and he found time to write poetry.

From 1865 to 1868 the Paris of the Second Empire stood at its zenith, surpassing in fashion and luxury its own earlier brilliant days. To observers who looked below the surface it seemed milliner-made, and even the soldiers, who were always on parade and lent color to every function, seemed soldiers in uniform only. But Napoleon III, the center from which all splendors radiated, was still the acknowledged arbiter of Europe, although there were al-

ready doubters who whispered that he too would collapse at the first shock with reality. He had lost prestige in Syria and in Italy, and now the United States blocked his ambitions in Mexico. Jesuit-led Clericals claimed greater and greater privileges from him, while the mutterings of Republicans from their hiding-places penetrated even to his study in the Tuileries. Never a keen reader of character, he set down Bismarck, who visited him at Biarritz, as "a not-serious man" — Bismarck the terrible, in whose brain was already matured the plan to Prussianize Germany and to fix German despotism upon Europe, after having bled France -- and any others who opposed him — white.

Hay, fresh from the four years' struggle which had determined that Democracy should not perish from the earth in America, fostered the dream, dear to many persons at the time, that a Golden Age of Freedom was about to dawn. Even in England men predicted that the Republic would come after Queen Victoria's death, if not before; and that on the Continent, as soon as the French autocrat could be curbed, the unification of Italy would be completed and that of Germany achieved. Then the peoples of Europe, united at last according to the principle of nationality, would be peace-loving and peace-keeping, liberal in their political methods, and bound together

by a sense of mutual interdependence and of common ideals.

Towards Napoleon III, the despot who prevented the immediate realization of this dream, Hay felt aversion mingled with scorn, for he half suspected that the Emperor was more than half a charlatan.

Being not only a diplomat but a discreet diplomat, he kept his opinions to himself. In private, however, he gave vent to them in poems which he did not publish until after his return from France. These poems are interesting, not only because they have their place in Hay's literary development, but also because they show us his innermost convictions at this time.

The first, "Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde," he wrote in August, 1865, shortly after his arrival in Paris, and whilst the views or prepossessions concerning Napoleon III which he had brought with him from America were still fresh. It opens with a description apparently slight and yet vivid.

I stand at the break of day
In the Champs Elysées.
The tremulous shafts of dawning
As they shoot o'er the Tuileries early,
Strike Luxor's cold gray spire,
And wild in the light of the morning
With their marble manes on fire
Ramp the white Horses of Marly.

But the Place of Concord lies
Dead hushed 'neath the ashy skies.
And the Cities sit in council
With sleep in their wide stone eyes.
I see the mystic plain
Where the army of spectres slain
In the Emperor's life-long war
March on with unsounding tread
To trumpets whose voice is dead.
Their spectral chief still leads them, —
The ghostly flash of his sword
Like a comet through mist shines far, —
And the noiseless host is poured,
For the gendarme never heeds them,
Up the long dim road where thundered
The army of Italy onward
Through the great pale Arch of the Star!

And then the poet goes on to describe earlier scenes which the Place de la Concorde witnessed.

There is one that seems a King,
As if the ghost of a Crown
Still shadowed his jail-bleached hair;
I can hear the guillotine ring,
As its regicide note rang there,
When he laid his tired life down
And grew brave in his last despair.

Other figures rise in his imagination: Madame Dubarry —

Who weeps at leaving a world
Of love and revel and sin. . . .
For life was wicked and sweet
With kings at her small white feet!

and Marie Antoinette, "every inch a Queen,"—

Whose blood baptized the place,
In the days of madness and fear, —
Her shade has never a peer
In majesty and grace.

And so on to the glorious promise of 1848: —

As Freedom with eyes aglow
Smiled glad through her childbirth pain,
How was the mother to know
That her woe and travail were vain?
A smirking servant smiled
When she gave him her child to keep;
Did she know he would strangle the child
As it lay in his arms asleep?

. . . . . .

The treasure of 'Forty-Eight
A lurking jail-bird stole,
She can but watch and wait
As the swift sure seasons roll.

And when in God's good hour
Comes the time of the brave and true,
Freedom again shall rise
With a blaze in her awful eyes
That shall wither this robber-power
As the sun now dries the dew.

In another poem, "The Sphinx of the Tuileries," Hay speaks even more scornfully —

Of the Charlatan whom the Frenchmen loathe
And the Cockneys all admire.

. . . . . .

Afraid to fight and afraid to fly,
He cowers in an abject shiver;
The people will come to their own at last, —
God is not mocked forever.

These and similar indictments of the Third Napoleon the young diplomat confided, temporarily, to his portfolio. By inheritance and choice he loathed despotism; and when he found it personified in a man whose resource was craft and not strength, his loathing was doubled. He believed so heartily that Democracy could cure political evils of every degree of malignity, that he underestimated the advantage which the element of readiness gave to the partisans of Reaction, solidaire, and propped by their standing armies and their churches.

Whatever the Poet's convictions, however, the Secretary of Legation seemed not to know of them. He mixed with Imperialists as smoothly as with every one else, and although he may have abhorred their principles, he found his instinct for refinement enjoying the elegance of the Imperial Court. "One torment of diplomatic life," he writes, "is that you never know the names of these agreeable fellows," — the imperial Chamberlains. "They lose all identity in their violet coats and Imperial moustaches. You do not hear their names when you are presented to them, and if you look upon the official list of the

officers of the Emperor's household you only find that you may take your choice of a dozen names for the man you are looking after."

Among Hay's notes is a report of a conversation he had on September 25, 1866, with the Reverend Dr. Smith, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Propaganda Fide College at Rome. That was the interval when the Pope's Temporal Power was being bolstered up, somewhat unsteadily, by a French garrison. "I got one idea," Hay says, "which was definite enough, to wit, the absolute uncertainty in which the Roman politicians are as to the future. The Professor declared that "the Pope is really not fixed in any plan. It seems now certain that the French will withdraw in December. Then, what will happen, remains to be seen. If the enemies of the Temporal Power are willing to allow him to exercise the sovereignty over the little patch of earth around the Eternal City, he can still retain his position and prestige in the Catholic World. If, on the contrary, he is made the object of violent attack from without, he will retire from Rome."

The Professor admitted that there were many revolutionists in the city, but he added that both they, and the Pope's friends, were "too weak, too destitute of enterprise to accomplish anything. . . . The only thing to be feared is the flood swelling in

from Italy and submerging Rome. But, I asked, is it considered impossible, among reasonable men around the Pope, to treat with the King of Italy and to obtain from him the protection he would doubtless gladly accord? The Doctor shook his head and said slowly, 'I do not see how it can be done. There are some compromises which would destroy the very essence of the principle in question. These cannot be made. Such compromises are different from merely accepting the logic of events.'"

The Doctor further related that several years before, when the Curia was much perturbed, Pius IX said to Lord Odo Russell, the English Envoy: "'I suppose, if I am driven out of Rome, you will let me come to Malta, would you not?'" Lord Odo consulted the British Foreign Secretary,[1] his uncle, who "immediately answered that whenever his Holiness desired it an English man-of-war would be at his service at Civita Vecchia to take him to Malta. This despatch still exists, and Dr. Smith says it is the only document that has passed between the two governments on the subject."

That the Catholic Pope should turn in private for protection to the Protestant power which he reviled in public, is among the humors of that decade of insincerities.

[1] Lord John Russell.

When Hay referred to the hope of the Catholics in America to see the Pope among them, the Doctor said "the matter had sometimes been thought of, but that it seemed impracticable; as the Pope should occupy a more central position in reference to Christendom."

"The Emperor never was the meekest of men," Hay records in another place, "but his temper is sour this autumn [1866] as the disappointed vintage of Burgundy . . . just before going to Biarritz. . . . [he] went to see the Palais de l'Exposition. He seemed to be very bilious. On coming in sight of the Champ de Mars, he said: 'Call that a palace! Looks like a gasometer!' When he came to the high, closed fence, surrounding the park, he says: 'What does this mean? Tear it down! The people have a right to see the building.' They explained, and he compromised by tearing holes in the fence at intervals. On each side of the North entrance were neat brick structures for the officers of the Exposition. Here his bile boiled over. '*Otez-moi ça!* What the Devil do you spoil the view so for? Tear them down!' And this week you see workmen demolishing with pick and shovel what they built laboriously last week with chisel and trowel."

In contrast to this glimpse of Napoleon in peevish mood, is Hay's description of an Imperial reception

at the Tuileries. In November, 1866, Mr. Bigelow was succeeded as Minister by General John A. Dix, — former Secretary of the Treasury, who, when Secession became active, telegraphed to New Orleans, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Soon after his arrival in Paris, Marquis de Moustier, the Imperial Grand Master of Ceremonies, informed him that the Emperor would receive him on Sunday, December 23, at two o'clock.

"I hired a carriage and two servants, in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, for Hoffman[1] and myself," writes Hay. "It was a highly respectable looking affair, not fresh enough to look hired, with a couple of solemn flunkies that seemed to have been in the family for at least a generation. We went to the General's [Dix] and in a few moments came in the Baron de Lajus. He said he was very much crowded to-day with *besogne*, that he had five Ministers to bring to the Palace, and that therefore we would please excuse his hurry. Upon which we all rose and went to the door, where we found a court carriage, the Imperial arms blazing on the panels and the harness, drawn by four horses and accompanied by two mounted outriders. Everything covered with tawdry, tarnished gold lace. It seemed like the

[1] Under secretary at the Legation.

Triumphal Car in a flourishing circus. Into this vehicle mounted the General and the Chamberlain, Hoffman and I following in our sham-private *remise;* and we had all the honors of a stare from the *badauds* on the asphalt of the Champs Elysées as the party lumbered down to the Tuileries. We were all in our Army uniform.

"Arrived there, we were shown to a warm, cheery ante-room, with a superb wood fire and a fine view of the Tuileries gardens, the Avenue and the Arch of Triumph." "We waited some time, while other dignitaries gathered — the Colombian Minister; Fane, the British Minister *ad interim;* the long, gaunt Bavarian, Perger de Paglas and his secretary, who seemed moved by rusty springs"; a "thin, wiry, blue-blooded Brazilian; a Peruvian; and some more." Then some of the "violet people" moved the party into a larger saloon. They "were presented to the Duc de Cambacérès, a jaunty old gentleman, lean and shaven and wigged — long also. He bowed lavishly and seemed distressed that nobody would sit down." Then Mr. Bigelow was called for, and "he entered the next room where the blaze of the Imperial Presence dazzled us through the opening door. His audience of leave was soon over.

"Gen'l Dix, followed by me and Hoffman, was then ushered into The Presence. The General

looked anxiously around for the Emperor, advancing undecidedly, until a little man, who was standing in front of the Throne, stepped forward to meet him. Everybody bowed profoundly as the Duc de Cambacérès gave the name and the title of the General. The little man bowed, and the General, beginning to recognize in him a dim likeness to the Emperor's portrait, made his speech to him."

Here follows a characteristic digression. "I looked around the room for a moment," Hay continues, "admiring as I always do on ceremonial occasions in France the rich and tasteful masses of color which the various groups of Great Officers of the Crown so artistically present. Not a man's place is left to accident. A cardinal dashes in a great splash of scarlet. A *cent-garde* supplies an exquisite blue and gold. The yellow and the greens are furnished by the representatives of Law and Legislation, and the Masters of Ceremonies fill up with an unobtrusive violet. Yet these rich lights and soft shadows are accessory to the central point of the picture — the little man who is listening or seeming to listen to the General's address. If our Republican eyes can stand such a dazzling show, let us look at him.

"Short and stocky, he moves with a queer, sidelong gait, like a gouty crab; a man so wooden looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out

like a watchman's rattle. A complexion like crude tallow — marked for Death, whenever Death wants him — to be taken sometime in half an hour, or left, neglected by the Skeleton King for years, perhaps, if properly coddled. The moustache and imperial which the world knows, but ragged and bristly, concealing the mouth entirely, is moving a little nervously as the lips twitch. Eyes sleepily watchful — furtive — stealthy, rather ignoble; like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying 'nobody at home,' and lying as they say it. And withal a wonderful phlegm. He stands there as still and impassive as if carved in oak for a ship's figurehead. He looks not unlike one of those rude inartistic statues. His legs are too short — his body too long. He never looks well but on a throne or on a horse, as kings ought."

In all his writing, Hay never did better than that. As a historical portrait in the gallery of nineteenth-century celebrities, it will take its place. If it seems malign, its malignity may be compared with the acid which bites in the etching.

Hay goes on to tell how General Dix, raising his voice and grown a little oratorical, closes his speech and hands the Emperor his sealed letter of credence. The Emperor gives it to the Duc de Bassano, who stands at his right. The Emperor's "face breaks up

with ungainly movements of the moustache and the eyelids. You can imagine it a sort of wooden clock preparing to strike. When he speaks you are sure of your theory. His voice is wooden; it is not so strong and full as a year ago. He speaks rather rapidly and not distinctly. He slurs half his words, as rapid writers do half their letters. He makes his set speech, which, with the General's, will appear to-morrow in the *Moniteur*, and then comes sidling up and says (smilingly, he evidently thinks, but the machinery of smiles at the corners of his mouth is apparently out of repair), 'You expect many of your countrymen in Paris this year?'

"'A great many, doubtless.'

"'There will be a regiment of your *milice?*'

"'There has been some talk of it, etc., etc., but your Majesty will not expect them to compare with your veterans.'

"'But you have shown that it does not take long to make good troops.'"

After further gracious trivialities, Hay and Hoffman were presented to the Emperor, who, "clearly wishing to be very civil, as it is most rare that a monarch addresses a Secretary of Legation, said, 'But you are very young to be Col-o-nel. Did you make the war in America?'

"I wanted to insist that older and wickeder men

than I were responsible for that crime, but I thought best to answer the intention rather than the grammar, and said I had had an humble part in the war.

"'Infanterie or cavalerie?'

"'The general staff!'

"'And you?' he said, turning to Hoffman, and received the same answer. We bowed and backed out of the Presence."

Upon leaving the Emperor, the party was taken to the Empress Eugénie.

"She was charmingly dressed in a lilac walking dress with an almost invisible bonnet," says the observant Hay. "She had doubtless been to church like a good, pious lady, as she is, and received afterwards in her promenade costume. Time has dealt very gently with her. [Eugénie was born May 5, 1826.] She is still full of those sweet, winning fascinations that won her a crown. There are few partisans so bitter as not to be moved by her exquisite manner. Even the little stories at which men smile, her subjection to priests, her hanging up over old Baciocchi's deathbed the holy rag from the baby linen of John Baptist, which extorted from the tormented old sinner his last grim smile, her vestal lamp in the Church of Our Lady of Victories, and all that mummery is not unfeminine, and people do not care to be bitter about it.

"To the General she was charming. She talked about the President [Johnson] and his trip to Chicago (which the General explained was purely a personal visit of friendship to the tomb of a friend! ! !). When we were presented, she made the identical remark made by the Emperor, 'You are young to be Colonel?' People after a dozen years of intercourse get the same ideas and ways of looking at things. She asked if the grade of Colonel was the same in our army as in the French. She spoke English with a charming Castilian accent, which is infinitely prettier than the French. She is so winning and so lovely that one feels a little guilty in not being able in conscience to wish her eternal power for herself, her heirs and assigns.

"So we left the gracious blonde Spaniard and passed down through the avenue of flunkies to the door where our own sham flunkies received us and drove us to the Rue de Presbourg. The ceremony is concluded by giving to the Chief Piqueur a present of 250 francs."

With the resignation of John Bigelow and the coming of General Dix, Hay's term as Secretary of Legation expired. The new Minister wished to have his own subordinates; and, according to the haphazard diplomatic practice of the American Government, even the most important posts, instead of being

guarded by permanent officials who knew the business traditions and ceremonial, were from time to time swept clean of experts and handed over to a new batch of novices.

As this was the well-understood procedure, Hay did not complain. "I am going home, as the papers have stated, in a strange paroxysm of truthfulness," he wrote to his friend Albert Rhodes in December, 1866. "I leave the service of the ungrateful Republic in a week or two more.

Vain pomps and glories of this world I hate ye. (Shakes.)

I shall try to find a place behind some respectable counter. I do not care what I sell — candles or stocks — so that profits shall accrue. I shall pull off my coat and roll up my sleeves, but I don't believe Jordan will be so hard a road to travel as it is cracked up to be. . . . I am falling into the sere, the yellow leaf."

Before Hay quitted Paris, he had a final view of the Emperor, at the Diplomatic Reception on January 1, 1867. Ever since the New Year's Day eight years before, when Napoleon's remark to the Austrian Ambassador was construed as a hint of impending war, that annual occasion had caused some trepidation to European politicians. Hay's description of one of the last of these ceremonies, sketched with

his characteristic vividness, has more than fleeting interest.

"Instead of admitting the Diplomats by a door nearest the Salle du Trone," he writes, "they always manage to drag them through a long series of salons crowded with footmen of portentous calf development and Chamberlains in purple; to strike the imaginations of outside barbarians. We were pressed on as usual through these blazing hedges of tinsel to the Reception Room. A good deal of interest was taken in the General Dix, who was one of the newest arrivals, and whose venerable and gentlemanlike appearance produced a most favorable impression. At the order of the bustling Chamberlains we took our places, the United States by a queer chance finding itself between the two American Empires, Mexico and Brazil, Almonte having been presented just before and the Brazilian just after Gen'l Dix. The Brazilian Minister presented Dix to Almonte, the General thinking that much could be sacrificed to courtesy, and they began to recall an old Washington acquaintance, when the door opened and the usher shouted '*L'Empereur.*' Every one bowed with various degrees of abject servility.

"The Emperor came woodenly in. He was dressed in his usual uniform of General of Division. The Prince Imperial, a nice, slender child, with pleasant,

sad eyes like his mother, came in with his august sire for the first time. The Emperor only begins to associate him with great public ceremonies. He was dressed in black velvet coat and short, full breeches, with red stockings — the broad cordon of the Legion of Honor over his shoulders and across his little chest. He walked beside his father, bowing when we bowed, and stopping, a little fidgetty, while the Sphynx walked with the wise men of the world.

"But, on entering, the Emperor paused, bowed, and took position; the Pope's Nuncio, Mgr. Chigi, made the usual formal speech of congratulation, to which the Emperor replied with his best wishes for the perpetuity of thrones and the prosperity of peoples, and his hopes that the Exposition would bring the millennium this year. He evidently had his brain full of the vast results that are to accrue to him from that unsightly structure in the Champ de Mars. He then went around the circle, speaking a word to most of the Ministers. I stood next to Almonte and waited with great interest to see how they met.

"The Emperor came rolling up to the Mexican and stopped. Both bowed. Almonte seemed rather ill at ease. The Emperor held him a moment with his dead eyes half shut. He then said in a manner which was carefully cold and insolent, '*Les choses*

sont bien compliquées là-bas!' The poor devil, who doubtless feels himself lost by his advocacy of the Imperial cause in Mexico, had no reply to this insolent remark from his angry and ungrateful tempter. The Emperor bowed, the Prince Imperial bowed, and Almonte bowed. I did not dare to look at him.

"I looked at the Emperor instead, who came to Gen'l Dix and was very gracious — speaking French this time — asked the General where he lived and said it was a *beau quartier* — the General said yes, thanks to His Majesty — and His Majesty pulled the corners of his mouth into a sort of smile and bowed to the General and bowed to me and passed to Brazil — and put a malicious little question to Brazil about its war — and then walked almost hastily past the small Powers — pausing an instant with Fane (who was below us, having been presented five minutes later the day we were) — then passed out; and we loafed down to the door and waited in the uncomfortable entry for our carriages, till we were blue and ill-natured. Then made calls on the necessary nobs by writing our names in a book at their door, and at last went home and took off our livery and were glad it was over."

Before the end of that month of January, John Hay was on his way home. His year and a half in

Paris had made him what he had instinctively yearned to be since boyhood — a cosmopolite. His life at Washington had given him a knowledge of all sorts of Americans in war-time; at Paris, the world capital, he saw society in Imperial form, — elegant, luxurious, cynical, sophisticated, — but he also saw, behind the "blazing hedges of tinsel," the unlovely machinery of despotism. So he came home a man of the world, but an unalloyed American whom the seductions of an Empire only left a more zealous believer in a Republic.

CHAPTER X

WASHINGTON DURING RECONSTRUCTION

HAY reached New York on February 1, 1867, spent the day and evening with some of his cronies, and took the Owl Train for Washington. "Met on the cars a lame darkey in trouble, and paid his fare to Washington." The Diary during the succeeding weeks throws many side-lights on life at the Capital at an interesting moment.

The conflict between President Andrew Johnson and Congress was becoming angry. The Radical Republicans had begun to push the fighting to the point where a trial for impeachment could not be avoided. The Reconstruction of the Southern States, lately in rebellion, called out the worst passions of extremists of both sides, who would not learn that rancor can never do the work of justice, much less of generosity, in cementing a peace.

Many of the Republicans believed that, unless the vanquished Southerners were sternly watched, they would foment insurrection, and so denature, if they did not actually nullify, the results attained by the Civil War. Others supposed that they had the best of warrants for making the way of the transgressor

as hard as possible. The desire to atone for the immemorial persecution of the Black Man by suddenly proclaiming him the political equal of the White Man, and even by setting him up to rule over the White Man, moved many zealots. The politicians, as usual, traded on the enthusiasm of the unwise, or availed themselves of the scoundrel's last refuge — patriotism.

To the immense misfortune of the country, and to his own, President Johnson had neither the temperament, training, nor tact to meet such a crisis. History has justified many of his measures, and has applauded his resistance to the fire-eaters who cried for vengeance on the stricken Rebels; but his opponents saw nothing but ill-masked craft or patent treachery in his acts, and his friends felt no loyalty to his person. Never was the patience of Lincoln, never were his fairness and spirit of conciliation, so sorely needed. For lack of him the wounds of war did not cicatrize and the process of Reconstruction became an ignoble tragedy, long drawn out.

"I drove to Willard's," Hay writes; "saw the same dead beats hanging around the office, the same listless loafers moving gloomily up and down, pensively expectorating. Several shook hands with me cordially; the Radical fellows wanting to sympathize with me as a martyr and a little disappointed when

they found I was none. Lamon picked me up and I went to his office; saw Judge [Jeremiah S.] Black and talked politics for a while. The terrible defeats of the past year have sobered and toned down the Conservatives. They talk very quietly and very sensibly."

Then he drove to the State Department. Secretary Seward "came swinging in, saying, 'Well, John Hay, so you got tired of it and came home.' 'Yes,' I said, 'it was time. I had enough of the place and the place had enough of me.'

"He then went into a long and very clever disquisition on the dangers of a man holding office — the desiccation and fossilizing process — illustrating it by Mr. Hunter and saying he feared Nicolay was getting into that way. I assured him Nicolay was not; that he was single-heartedly pursuing 10,000 dollars, and that when he got it he would come home and go to his ranch. He was glad to hear that, he said.

"He talked of the Motley business, which was new. He explained his letter to Motley, which to me needed no explanation; being the same as he sent to Nicolay, and which Nicolay and I thought was meant to call out a denial simply of the charges made against him. The Copperheads and Democrats who now form almost the entire support of the President,

are continually boring him for offices and accusing Mr. Seward of wickedly keeping in their places the old Radical Lincoln appointees. They make charges against these, and Mr. Seward sends them notifications thereof. Everybody but Motley has considered them as kindly intended, and answered them in that sense."

Since Motley's recall from Vienna directly shaped John Hay's career, and is often referred to in his Journal, we may describe it briefly. It caused a fuming scandal at the time, added to popular indignation against President Johnson, disturbed Seward's friends, and cut deeply into the proud nature of Motley himself.

A nondescript person named George W. McCrackin, of New York, wrote from Paris to President Johnson complaining that the American diplomatists abroad were disloyal to the Administration. He charged that Motley not only did not pretend to conceal his disgust at the President's "whole conduct," but despised American democracy and proclaimed "loudly that an English nobleman" was "the model of human perfection." "There is not in all Europe," McCrackin added, "a more thorough flunkey or a more *un*-American functionary." Perhaps McCrackin hankered after a diplomatic position, for he noted enviously that Massachusetts

monopolized the lion's share of the consulates; perhaps Mrs. Motley, never having heard of Mrs. McCrackin (if that lady existed), neglected to invite her to tea; perhaps McCrackin was simply an austere patriot of the Catonic variety — let us give him the benefit of the doubt.

President Johnson, already at odds with his party and with Congress, and irritated by the popular insinuations against his own integrity, handed McCrackin's letter to Seward, and bade him to send formal inquiries to the diplomats arraigned by McCrackin as to their attitude. Seward supposed that Motley would make light — as he himself did — of the random accuser. Motley, however, was thoroughly incensed, and instead of sleeping over the matter, he hurried off a long disavowal of the charges, and closed by handing in his resignation. When Seward received this, he replied that, of course, the resignation could not be accepted; but on giving the President the summary of Motley's letter, Johnson said, "with a not unnatural asperity, 'Well, let him go.'" So Seward had to recall his despatch by cable, and Motley resigned. After hearing Seward's story, Hay wrote to Nicolay: "He [Motley] becomes a high-priced martyr and has the sure thing on a first-class mission two years hence. It is hard for Seward to save Lincoln's friends from being

pushed off their stools by hungry Copperheads; he defends them when he can."

In the Diary there follows the rest of Seward's conversation on February 2, which illuminates both Seward himself and the situation as he saw it.

"He told me Frederick Seward had gone to St. Domingo to buy a harbor and bay for a naval station for the United States. Not having heard a word since they sailed — Admiral Porter and he — he was a little anxious about him.

"He talked a great deal of the present position of politics and of his own attitude. He never seemed to me to better advantage. His utter calmness and cheerfulness, whether natural or assumed, is most admirable. He seems not only free from any political wish or aspiration, but says distinctly that he cares nothing for the judgment of history, so that he does his work well here.

"He speaks utterly without bitterness of the opposition to him and the President. He thinks the issue before the country was not fairly put, but seems rather to admire the cleverness with which the Radical leaders obscured and mis-stated the question to carry the elections. He says the elections in short amount to this: —

"*Congress to the North.* Do you want rebels to rule the Government? — No.

"Do you want more representation than the South? — Yes.

"Do you want negroes to vote in the South and not in the North? — Yes.

"Do you want to give up the fruits of victory to the South? — No.

"*Congress to the South.* Do you want your negroes to vote, and not Northern negroes? — No.

"Do you want to lose fifty members of Congress? — No.

"Do you want to be deprived of a vote yourselves? — Not by a damned sight.

"And so the issue is clearly presented in such a style as to decide the question beforehand.

"He asked me if I wanted anything — if I would like to go back to Europe. I said I would like anything worth having, if it could be given to me without any embarrassment to him or the President at the present time."

Hay spent the evening with his old friend, Harry Wise, who, he records, "is disgusted with Johnson. His first words to me were, 'Everything is changed — you find us all Copperheads.' Painter said, 'You will find the home of virtue has become the haunt of vice.' [Henry] Adams said, 'A man asked me the other day if I had been at the White House lately, and I told him No. I want to remember that house

as Lincoln left it.' Every one I met used some such expression. It is startling to see how utterly without friends the President is."

On Sunday, Hay "went to church alone. Walked home with Miss L. and listened a half hour to her clever Washington gossip — the most spirituel in the world. Then made several visits; saw Hooper[1] and Agassiz."

Hay dined with Secretary Seward at four o'clock — an hour commended to the attention of epicures. Doolittle[2] and Thurlow Weed came in. Their talk was on populations, ancient and modern, Weed having most to say about Rome and Italy, and Seward about the East, Babylon and Palestine. "His pictures of the desolation of those countries, which once nourished [their] millions, and where now a rat would starve, were very graphic."

"He suddenly said to me: 'And now, John Hay, if it were not that Weed is continually in the way, I would make you a Minister. But it seems Mr. Harris[3] is a very good man and has been defeated, and the President is fond of him and so a mission must be kept for him. There is a vacancy in Sweden, and I suppose Weed will insist on Harris having it.'

[1] Samuel Hooper, member of Congress from Massachusetts.
[2] James R. Doolittle, Senator from Wisconsin.
[3] Ira Harris, Senator from New York.

"'Would Harris take such small change?' I asked.

"Here Weed, who had not much relished Seward's badinage, broke out, 'It is too good for him. He would take anything. He deserves nothing.'

"This led to some conversation on Cowan's[1] chances. They all thought them rather slim. Seward said it ought to be known in justice to Cowan that he had asked for nothing and knew nothing of the appointment until it came to the Senate. Doolittle said he would try to persuade Sumner to report upon the nomination without a recommendation and let the Senate act upon it in that way.

"Seward asked Doolittle if he had any influence left in the Committee on Foreign Relations? 'Scarcely any,' said Doolittle. 'If there were anybody there you could depend on,' said Seward, 'I would like to have mischievous and annoying questions about our foreign policy prevented. When a private negotiation is begun and not finished, a blast of publicity destroys it; there is nothing more to be done. The attention and jealousy of the world outside is attracted to us and obstacles spring up in an hour. I have an understanding with Banks and have always had such a one with Sumner, until he has of late become hopelessly alienated. Conness[2] is especially

[1] Senator Edgar Cowan of Pennsylvania nominated as Minister to Austria, but not confirmed.

[2] John Conness, Senator from California.

troublesome. I could manage him by giving him all the offices in the Department, but he is so greedy and unreasonable that one cannot talk sensibly with him."

Thurlow Weed having left for New York just after dinner, Doolittle and Seward canvassed the situation. The former "thought the public temper was calming a little. Seward agreed with him — thought every day was a day gained for the cause of reason. Doolittle said Wade [1] was very ambitious for the place of President of the Senate, — that he had great strength; but that Fessenden [2] was beginning to be spoken of; that Fessenden evidently desired to be elected — which was a little unexpected, as Fessenden had never for a moment occupied the chair, but had always avoided taking it. The same is true of Wade.

"Seward said that Morgan [3] had called upon him that afternoon and had said the same thing of Fessenden. Seward told him he was for Fessenden; though that would probably injure Fessenden's chances if it were known; that Fessenden was by nature and habit of mind a safe and reasonable man; 'though he has more temper than I, for I have none; he would bend and make concessions for the sake of

[1] Benjamin F. Wade, Senator from Ohio.
[2] William P. Fessenden, Senator from Maine.
[3] Edwin D. Morgan, Senator from New York.

retaining his power to do good, which I could never do. I am satisfied that Fessenden wants that place for the good he can do and the harm he can prevent.'"

Here Hay interjects an interesting comment: "The whipped-out, stunned way of talking that I have seen in all the Conservatives, is very remarkable. No bitterness, no energetic denunciation, no threats; but a bewildered sort of incapacity to comprehend the earnest deviltry of the other side, characterizes them all — but Seward, who is the same placid, philosophic optimist that he always was, the truest and most single-hearted Republican alive.

"As [Doolittle] rose to go, Seward said, 'You must somehow help me to do something for John Hay.' I was touched and astonished at this kind persistence of the Secretary in my favor.

"I staid an hour or so. He told me that it seemed as if they would prove General Dix to have been in receipt of the two salaries of the Minister and Naval Officer [of the port of New York]. He seemed much disgusted at this. He said, 'It almost makes me determined never to give up a prejudice again.' He ran over General Dix's history, showing how consistently the General had always pursued his bread and butter in every conjuncture, always getting on pretty

well, but always losing the great prizes of his ambition by an unlucky lack of political principle and an over-greed of office, in every period of party crisis. He had always been opposed to him, but had taken him up and stood by him since the beginning of the War, in spite of the General's attempt to 'cut under' from time to time. Seward got him into Buchanan's Cabinet through Stanton. When Bigelow's place [at Paris] fell vacant by his resignation last July, Seward kept it for Dix. And now it seems he is to fall by this ignoble charge of avarice.

"We had some comforting optimist talk. I believe so utterly in Republicanism that I am never troubled long about the future. Baron Gerolt came in and we talked Napoleon and Bismarck and *fusil à aiguille*."

This last reference reminds us how recent the mounting of Prussia, and of Germany dominated by Prussia, has been. In 1867 the world was beginning to perceive that, by the crushing of Austria at Sadowa the year before, a power of the first order had come to the front. Men were already speculating as to the time of the inevitable contest between France and Prussia for mastery, and as to the relative merits of the French *chassepot* and the Prussian needle-gun.

The investigation of General Dix's alleged drawing of two salaries, which the Senate made a pretext

for harassing him, resulted in his favor. Meanwhile, Hay was directly affected because Seward seems to have intimated that he would send him to Paris as *Chargé d'Affaires*, in case Dix were forced to resign. Hay enlivened the days of waiting by making the rounds of official and social life, in each of which he was welcome.

"I went to see Charles Eames — found there Ashton and Chandler. Eames was unusually sesquipedalian over the Motley correspondence — denounced Seward's letter as one 'from which every element of tolerableness had been carefully eliminated'; and the Treasury men came in with the same style of thing, till I got loud and oratorical also."

On "one of God's own days" he joined Mrs. Sprague and Miss Hoyt, "doing a constitutional," and "walked with them in the blessed sunshine and shopped and rode in street cars (they paying, for I found the Fenians at Willard's had stolen all my money, which, like an idiot, I had left lying on my table. The curse of Donneraile be on them!) They took me in the afternoon to the President's to make a bow to Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover. The [White] House is much more richly and carefully furnished than in my time. But the visitors were not quite up to the old mark, which itself was not hard to reach."

Another morning Hay went to Congress, and sent his card in to his old Springfield acquaintance, Shelby M. Cullom. "[He] brought me in on the floor, where I staid an hour or two and shook many hands. Everybody said something about the better days gone and nobody spoke of the better days coming. Yet in those better days they mourned, a million fine fellows were slaying each other with swords and guns, and the widows and the orphans were increasing faster than the babies."

On February 6 Mr. Seward told Hay that he had appointed him a temporary employé in the Department of State, to act, for the present, as Seward's private secretary; but Hay declined, knowing how quickly the men who were caught in the treadmill of routine ceased to be thought of as within reach of an independent career. He told Mr. Seward that "if he wished my personal services in the Department that of course they were entirely at his service; but that if he had done this out of his own usual kindness for me, that I thought best to decline; that I had better go home and see my parents for the present. He agreed with me and left me perfectly free to do as I liked, saying the place in the Department was open whenever I wanted it. He said he had proposed my name to the President the day before as Minister to Sweden. The President said

he had another man for it — General [Joseph J.] Bartlett, of New York. We are doing all we can for the soldiers, you know, etc. He said the matter was strictly confidential as yet.

"I told him I had business proposals under consideration — they were not what I wanted but would probably support me and give me in time a competence. He said he had no doubt that a good position in business was worth very much more to me than any appointment I could hold under the Government. I agreed, but said that, after being Minister, I could make better arrangements. He said he would not forget me. I thanked him for all his goodness and took leave.

"Now the real reason I declined this thing was, I believe, a motive I did not suspect or acknowledge to myself: the note and telegram I had received the night before. I went to Mrs. Sprague's and she had slept on it and said no. So I determined to stay here till after Monday anyhow."

To what the "note and telegram" referred, I have no clue: presumably, to some business offer, about which Hay had asked Mrs. Sprague's advice.

The Diary now introduces us to a personage who has been often mentioned in the White House Journal — Charles Sumner, the senior Senator from Massachusetts.

"I dined with Sumner. The party was Mr. and Mrs. Sumner,[1] who looks very sweet and matronly in her *secondes noces*, Miss H., Mr. Field[2] of Philadelphia, George Wm. Curtis and myself. I like Sumner better since his marriage. He should have been married long ago. Every man should who can afford it. His ready-made family is very taking. Little Bel H. came running in for dessert and rated Curtis soundly for not giving her the largest bonbon. It was quite startling to see Sumner in the bosom of his family.

"The conversation was entirely political. The debate of the day in the Senate. Sherman's speech against including Cabinet Ministers in the Tenure of Office bill was rather severely criticized by Sumner, who thought he had been too magnanimous in allowing it to pass unanswered. Sumner thought the power of appointing and removing members of the Cabinet more properly belonged to the Senate as a permanent body than to the President. He said the Senate was less liable to become depraved and bad than the President. He said, 'for instance, I can scarcely imagine a Senate that would now confirm Mr. Seward.'

"As to the argument in favor of harmony in the

[1] Mrs. Sumner was the young widow of Samuel Hooper's son.
[2] John W. Field.

Cabinet, he scouted that altogether. He said that in every constitutional government in the world the head of the Government was frequently obliged to accept ministers that were personally and politically obnoxious. That it was the duty often of a patriotic Minister to remain in the counsels of a perverted administration as a 'privileged spy.' He referred to Stanton and said it should be made impossible for Johnson to remove him.

"In all this ingenious and really clever and learned talk of Sumner's, I could but remark the blindness of an honest, earnest man, who is so intent upon what he thinks right and necessary that he closes his eyes to the fatal consequences of such a course in different circumstances and different times. The Senate is now a bulwark against the evil schemes of the President; therefore, he would give the Senate a power which might make it the most detestable engine of anarchy or oppression. Had this law that he now demands existed in 1861, the Rebellion would have had its seat and center in Washington, and loyalty would have worn the bloody color of Revolution. I told him so, but he would not see it, saying if the South had taken that course they would by that act have abnegated their rebellion — which to me seems absurd.

"Gen'l Dix was discussed. Curtis favored letting

him slide for his two years. Field thought the 'hoary old place-hunter should be marked and punished.' Sumner treated with contempt the charge of cumulation against Gen'l Dix. His crime of presiding at the Philadelphia Convention [1] is capital. How can the Senate reject the small fry of renegade Unionists and permit to go unscathed the man who gave to that wicked scheme all its momentary respectability?

"Sumner's account of the rejection of McGinnis [2] was very amusing. 'The Senate's answer to Master Seward.' He said Bartlett had come in in McGinnis' place. 'He is an old-fashioned Copperhead — did good service in our war, they say, but that won't save him.'" ("Bartlett was at last confirmed," Hay adds in the margin.)

"*February 7, Thursday.* Went to the House. The bill for the military government of the Rebel States was up. Brandegee [3] made a little flourish of the eagle with a long Latin quotation that made the Western members grin. Banks [4] I talked with some time. He was really despondent about the course things were taking — deprecating most earnestly

[1] A convention of "conservative" Republicans, held in August, 1866.

[2] George F. McGinnis, rejected by the Senate as Minister to Sweden.

[3] Augustus Brandegee, member of Congress from Connecticut.

[4] N. P. Banks, member from Massachusetts.

this abdication of the civil power in favor of the irresponsible military. I thought the case was not hopeless — bad as it was — as Congress could at any time resume the powers it now delegates for a temporary purpose. He said the people would more likely acquiesce in a bad thing done than work for its repeal. I talked with Boutwell[1] five minutes afterwards. He was confident that the measure was a good one and that the Army could be trusted. I think there never was an army that could be trusted, as an army. It is un-Anglo-Saxon to perpetuate this state of things. I recognize the miserable situation of the South, and perhaps this bill is necessary — but it is a bad thing to do for all that. Woe be to him by whom this offence cometh."

In the evening, after calling on Seward, who showed him a superb set of Chinese chessmen, Hay went to a reception at the White House.

"The President was very cordial to me: said I must come and see him. Mrs. Johnson received for the first time; a quiet, invalid old lady. The crowd not choice, but as good an average as ever; scarcely any distinguished people and none squalid. We used to have plenty of both."

Following Seward's advice, Hay went to see

[1] George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, one of the Republican Radicals.

Browning,[1] who was very cordial and promised at once. "He feels very gloomy," notes the diarist. "Thinks we are going to the devil. He is a brighter man and older man than I, but I know we are not."

February 8. "Dined with the Hoopers. There heard of Banks' unexpected and dramatic heading off of Overseer Thad[2] in the House. Enormously clever man is Banks. Too moderate and wise just now — a doomed Girondin, I am afraid. Raymond[3] is as clever, but not as good and strong.

"Doolittle said the other night to Seward that Banks had told him a few days before that he saw no earthly power that could prevent the impeachment of the President. This impressed Doolittle very much, as he said, Banks being himself against impeachment. Seward said that it would impress him more if it was not that he remembered that Banks had thought there was no salvation out of Knownothingism — when in fact there was none in it.

"Went to Secretary Welles's reception. Sheridan[4] was the lion, looking, as Miss Hooper says, as if he

[1] Orville H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, the department before which the Southern land claims which Hay held would come.

[2] Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, fire-eater, leader of the Republicans in the House.

[3] Henry J. Raymond, M. C. from New York, editor of the *New York Times.*

[4] General Philip H. Sheridan.

would blow up on short provocation. A mounted torpedo, somebody once called him — inflammable little Jack of Clubs — to whom be all praise. Then a German Cotillon at Reverdy Johnson's [1] — very ill led by a booby . . . , who danced in a straddling sort of way, 'wide between the legs as if he had gyves on.'"

"*February 9.* Went up to the House again. Talked with C.[2] about the affair of the day before. Saw another instance of the curious intolerance of the majority, and the feebleness of individual judgment when opposed to the decisions of the caucus. C. was heartily for Banks and his motion, and was full of delighted admiration of the way he carried it against Stevens — but acknowledged he had voted the other way. He says Boutwell is jealous of Banks and anxious to discredit him before the people of Massachusetts. I got the end of Boutwell's speech, which was very fine and nervous. Boutwell always shows to good advantage when thoroughly roused and excited. Raymond talked a little — clever and fluent as ever, and impressing nobody.

"In the evening there was a German Cotillon at Baron Gerolt's. Kasserow led, and very well. I danced with Miss Haggerty. Invitations were for $6\frac{1}{2}$, being Saturday. People accepted and went early.

[1] Senator from Maryland. [2] Presumably Cullom.

We dispersed to bed at midnight with a queer sense of its being the next morning.

"*Sunday, February 10.* At breakfast, Drake Dekay handed me Nasby's last letter about the legal lynching of a negro in Kentucky. The wit and satire of Locke [1] was growing so earnest and savage that it is painful to read him. This article is as pathetic as it is grotesque.

"I told Sumner what I conscientiously believe, that Seward has done all in his power to save Mr. Lincoln's appointees from being displaced by the Copperhead pressure; that he had spoken of giving a place to me without demanding or suggesting any adhesion to the present administration as the condition of the appointment.

"I asked Sumner if he did not intend to write a history of these times. He answered in a way to convince me that he had thought a great deal of the matter. He greatly regretted the absence of jottings to fix in his mind the incidents of his daily intercourse with the President, the Ministers of Government and the leading Congressmen. He considers himself the most highly qualified man in America to write an exhaustive political history of this great period, on account of his great and unusual facilities of inter-

[1] D. R. Locke, political satirist, who wrote over the pseudonym of "Petroleum V. Nasby."

course with every branch of government and opinion. He said 'it was impossible to do anything of the kind so long as he remained in the Senate.' I suggested that he might find the necessary leisure in the representation of the country for a few years in Europe. This suggestion was by no means novel to him.

"He told me that several months ago, when he spoke to Seward about the Harvey [1] matter, Seward had said that every Minister in Europe was with the President as against Congress. He said he did not answer, as he might have done, that he had at that moment in his pocket a letter from Motley and one from Hale disproving that assertion.

"Sumner has grown very arrogant with success. He feels keenly the satisfaction of being able to bind and loose at his free will and pleasure. There is no selfish exultation in it, or too little for him to recognize — it is rather the fierce joy of a prophet over the destruction of the enemies of his Lord. He speaks with hearty enjoyment of what is to happen to Cowan; referred to Doolittle's 'sleek, purring attempt' to soften him in that matter so far as to have Cowan's name referred to the Senate without recommendation — and his snort of rejection."

Hay, as we have seen, interspersed his political

[1] James E. Harvey, Minister to Portugal.

conferences with fashionable engagements. His life in Paris had made him more than ever at his ease in society. He was always a favorite with women.

"*February 11.* Mrs. Sprague gave a beautiful ball. The ladies who danced the Cotillon, and many who did not, had their hair powdered *à la marquise.* I have never seen so beautiful and picturesque a roomful. Some of the most striking were the Hostess herself (with whom I danced), the Hoyts, Miss Romain Goddard, Miss Haggerty, and Mrs. Banks, who was very correctly dressed, even to the extent of the blue ribbon around the neck, a little refinement in which she was alone — Miss Kinzie, a fresh Western beauty and a superb *danseuse.* Mrs. Sumner and Miss Hooper, though not powdered, were beautifully dressed."

During the evening, Hay talked with the Chief Justice, who showed him Carpenter's engraving of the Reading of the Proclamation. "He objects to the whole picture being made subsidiary to Seward, who is talking while every one else either listens or stares into vacancy. He thinks it would have been infinitely better to have taken the 22d of September, when the Proclamation was really read to the Cabinet. I referred to Seward's criticism that the subject was not well chosen — that the really decisive Cabinet meeting was that at which it was decided to pro-

vision and reinforce Fort Sumter. He said there was no such meeting; that Mr. Lincoln asked the opinion of the Cabinet in writing; that there were but two of the Cabinet who favored the reinforcement, himself and Blair; that Blair was more decided than he in favor of reinforcing the fort; that *he* (Chase) thought some strong and decided assertion or proclamation of the intention of the Government should have been made at that time. Chase was always a little addicted to *coups de théâtre*.

"I said I thought an exaggerated importance was often ascribed to the manner in which events were accomplished; that in great revolutionary times events accomplished themselves not by means of, but in spite of, the well-meant efforts of the best and wisest men. The Girondins nearly monopolized the brains of France; yet they were crushed out, as it was probably necessary they should be — that the destiny of the people should be accomplished through their fever and their struggles.

"He quite agreed with this, insisting, however, upon the individual responsibility of each one to do what seems best in his sight for the commonwealth.

"Of course this was also my view. I am obstinately optimist, but not fatalist. Every man should do what he thinks is right, but he should know also

that what the Republic does is right — in the largest sense."

The Dix case, on which hung Hay's prospects of a diplomatic post, was delayed from day to day in the Senate. Charles Sumner, the dominating influence in the Committee on Foreign Relations, held out against confirming him with the stubbornness of a virtuous fanatic, basing his opposition, not on the charges of cumulation of offices, but on Dix's having presided over the Philadelphia Convention. Sumner said: "It is the only ground I can stand on. I once reported against a man because he had delirium tremens. Saulsbury and McDougall [1] denounced me as a water-drinking fanatic. I once objected to a candidate that he could not read. I was accused of searching an impossible Boston ideal of scholarship for public service. So now, if I say of a man that he supports the policy of the President, and that I will not send him abroad to misrepresent me and the Senate, that is intelligible and satisfactory."

Writing to Nicolay at this time Hay says: "Sumner has blood in his eye. He is splendid in his present temper — arrogant, insolent, implacable — thoroughly in earnest — honest as the day."

[1] Senators Willard Saulsbury, of Maryland, and James A. McDougall, of California.

Whilst the appointment hung fire, Hay cast about for an alternative occupation. He received offers to join a firm of lawyers, or to become a claim agent. Either promised a good income in those days, when the American citizen who could not think up some claim against the national Treasury was either hopelessly dull or singularly honest. Hay himself had bought in 1864 seven pieces of land in Florida, which he now got patents for; but this speculation never bore fruit for him.

"*February 12.* After dinner went in to say good-night to the Chief Justice. His guests had just gone; it was eleven o'clock. I walked up and down the deserted salon with him a few moments. He said there had been a good many Southern people there that evening; that he made it a point to treat them always with especial courtesy. I agreed that this was a good thing to do, even where they abused you for it and called it Yankee subserviency and charged it to mean motives. They know it is not true; they feel their inferiority, and their bluster is the protest of wounded pride. Chase said he felt kindly towards the people of the South. He only demanded that no man of any color should suffer for having been loyal during the war; which is little enough to ask, and which must be insisted on, *ruat cœlum.*"

"*February 21.* Dined with the Hoopers. . . . Mr.

Hooper came in disgusted with the action of the House on the bill to redeem the 7-30 notes and 'for the inflation of the currency.' He could not help being a little amused, even in his disgust, at the neat way in which they had taken advantage of his success in getting the bill introduced 'by turning it wrong-side out and handing it back to him passed.'

"During this week saw very much of Chase and his family; played a combination of billiards and 10 pins in the parlor, which kept us out of politics."

Tired at last of waiting, Hay went to New York on February 23. There he talked over various business projects, and saw Guernsey, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who said he would like some short stories, but "did not encourage the novel nor the Lincoln book." As usual, Hay called on many friends. "Thurlow Weed," he writes, "has spoken to me about going into the redaction of a newspaper, the *Commercial Bulletin*, which he "intends buying and running as a Republican paper, he assures me. I don't much like the idea of Hurlbert [1] in it, and the whole thing looks to me hopeless. This is no time for reactionary measures."

On March 3, Forney telegraphed that Dix had been at last confirmed. Hay at once wrote Secretary

[1] William H. Hurlbert, a brilliant but untrusted New York editorial writer.

Seward a long letter, full of gratitude for his benevolent intentions. "I have come to regard you," he added, "as I know the world will, when the smoke has risen from the battlefields of to-day, as nearly as one may reach it, the ideal of the Republican workingman — calm without apathy, bold without rashness, firm without obstinacy, and with a patriotism permeated with religious faith."

There being nothing further to expect from Washington, Hay journeyed to Warsaw.

CHAPTER XI

THE ROVING DIPLOMAT — VIENNA

HAY returned to Warsaw as poor in purse as when he set out for Paris; for a diplomatic secretaryship was ill paid and led nowhere. In spite of his fondness for the great world, he always went home gladly. He loved his parents; he delighted in the old familiar places; and as he grew older he found more and more refreshment and delight in nature herself.

"I am safely lodged at last among my Lares and Penates," he wrote Nicolay on March 18. "I find my parents as well as ever; my mother better than usual, and full of her old good spirits; my father at 66 with not a gray hair, with ruddy cheek and ravenous appetite of a growing boy. . . . There is little comfort in the country now. The weather is hideous, *i.e.*, what people insanely call 'beautiful, fresh, cold weather.' A cloudless sky, white shining distances, and a thermometer ten degrees below 0 according to Meinherr Fahrenheit. I have escaped six winters and my good nature has been nipped and frozen in this absurd springtime."

"Poverty everywhere," he added; and he warned

Nicolay, who was still consul in Paris, "You had better not come here till you are kicked out and our crazy friends in the Senate have legislated all the dead-beats not in office into an eternity of bread and butter." Among other possible resources which he and Nicolay had talked over was a biography of Lincoln; but he reports: "Nobody is keen for our book. We will have to write it and publish on our own hook some day, when we can afford."

As the spring wore on, Hay took great pleasure in gardening, in walks, and in working and idling in just sufficient measure so that work and loafing were alternately satisfying. He leased his five-acre apple-orchard to "a quaint and most worthy man, named Smith, a Methodist colporteur who peddles the Gospel with Methodist sauce in the winter and vexes the envious soil in the summer." "Two fine industrious Yankees," the Durfee boys, "have taken the vineyard and the ten-acre block" on College Hill — "thoroughly good fellows with sand in their gizzards." Hay himself spent a good deal of time on the different places, destroying caterpillars, "digging some, planting, pruning." Here follows a confession from which we infer that traces of the New England conscience still clung to him. "I find a singular love for that kind of work in myself. It is the sense of justification it gives me for not doing nothing. If I

stay at home I cannot idle or read for amusement, without being haunted by the ceaseless reproach of misspent time. But in the fields, tiresome and monotonous as the work may be — such as shovelling dirt or dropping corn — it frees me utterly from the sense of responsibility for the passing hour. I am doing work, substantial, real work, which will have its result doubtless some day, and so I plod on and watch the sun, glad after all when my day is done and I can ramble home through the magnificent hills and valleys that surround this town."

Nevertheless, in respites from the haunting reproaches, which we may suspect were not very acute, he enjoyed natural beauty without thought of material profit. "I never was so close to nature before since I was a child," he tells his Diary. "I have watched the flowers, like a detective, this spring." And then he goes on in quite the romantic vein, to rhapsodize over "a little patch of wild woodland that is very sweet and solitary — full of fresh woodsy smells and far enough from any farmyards to be utterly still — barring the birds and the grasshoppers — whose racket only makes the solitude more perfect, by proof." Another day he stumbled on a bit "of open turf, thick in blue grass and superbly illuminated with great purple and field pansies that had probably bloomed for years unseen by any eyes, but

the bright, beady ones of orioles and jays and catbirds. It was worth the price I paid for the land, to feel that this exquisite show, so lavishly running to waste year after year, was mine. I would not pluck them —the violets and phlox, the windflowers and bluebells — because I loved them."

In the valley pastures of his neighbors, however, he picked "redbud hawthorn, apple bloom and plum blossoms, right and left, making what [he] thought an equitable return in killing about a thousand ugly green-black-yellow caterpillars that had raised their tent on the limb of a splendid crab, all pink and fragrant in its May bloom. . . . Then at the risk of my neck I clambered up the bank by Grover's — where the curving precipice looks like a ruined amphitheatre of the woodland gods that are gone — I got a handful of columbine, and then came slowly down to the river and along its pebbly banks home. I can never get enough of looking at the River. It has its new fresh beauty every morning and noon; and a new and unimagined transfiguration every sunset."

So sings the landscapist in words, the Romanticist whom Nature stirred with genuine though vague emotions.

But what should he be? As a weaver of prose idyls he could not hope to keep body and soul together. A breadwinning occupation must be found; and the

quest for it, in the case of a man like Hay, whose aptitudes were many, offers some of the excitement of a sport. Would his temperament, or would opportunity, triumph in the choice?

Two or three possibilities came to nothing. Munroe, the Paris banker, had suggested that Hay might enter that house; but he now backed out. Of another offer Hay says: "I can't survey the prospect of plunging into this affair without a sort of shuddering horror." He disliked the job of claim agent, in spite of its lucrativeness. The law did not attract him. He could not forget that he had spent four years in Washington as Lincoln's secretary, — a memory which exacted a certain dignity of him.

"I can scarcely say now to myself what my plans are," he records on June 3. "Let me see. Go to Springfield — see some publishers in New York and Boston — write L's book for him — write two lectures, and that will pretty well fill up the summer. If it were only myself that I thought of I would stay here. I will have an income — all things succeeding — of at least 500 [dollars] a year, and I can bring that up a few hundred by writing — and have a more tranquil mind than anywhere else."

Just after he wrote these lines, he learned through the *New York Times* that he was to be appointed Secretary of Legation to act as *Chargé d'Affaires* at

Vienna, the post Motley had quitted in dudgeon. On receiving the official notification, which had been misdirected and was a fortnight late, Hay left Warsaw for New York. Of his journey he records the following: —

"Rode to Carthage in the same seat with Robert Lincoln, a second cousin of the late President. He is forty-one years old, looks much older. The same eyes and hair the President had — the same tall stature and shambling gait, less exaggerated; a rather rough, farmer-looking man. Drinks hard, chews ravenously. He says the family is about run out. 'We are not a very marrying set.' He is dying of consumption, he said very coolly. There was something startling in the resemblance of the straight thicket of hair, and the grey, cavernous eyes framed in black brows and lashes, to the features of the great dead man. He was a pioneer of our country. Knew my father since long years. Brought a load of wheat to Gould & Miller in 1842 with ox teams; got $90 in gold for it. Told me that in 1860 he had talked to 'Abe' about assassination. Abe said: 'I never injured anybody. No one is going to hurt me.' He says he was invited by Abe to go to Washington at the time of the inauguration, but declined, thinking it dangerous — a naïveté of statement I thought would have been impossible out of the West."

Hay sailed on June 29, 1867, from New York on the *City of Boston* — the steamer which not long afterwards disappeared in mid-ocean and has never been heard of since. Ten days later he landed at Liverpool, and, like most Americans, he lost no time in going up to London. There he enjoyed during a brief stay the double pleasure of seeing some of the celebrities of the time and of visiting Westminster Abbey and other monuments which had long been shrines in his imagination. He lunched at 54 Portland Place, with Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister, where, he says, "we tore our friends to pieces a little while. Motley got one or two slaps that were very unexpected to me. Sumner and his new wife were brushed up a little." It was to this marriage that Hay referred in his Paris Diary: "Col. Ritchie informed me today of Sumner's engagement to Mrs. Sturgis Hooper. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Adams announcing his engagement, but did not even mention the lady's name. This is eminently characteristic. The great point with Sumner is that *he* is to be married. If the lady happens to get married about the same time, all the better for her. But this is quite a secondary consideration."

Hay's record of an afternoon spent in the Houses of Parliament contains some interesting pen-portraits. In the vestibule he met Lord Eliot, "looking

with his blazing head and whiskers as if he "had just come through hell with his hat off. . . . On the Government bench, to the right of the Speaker, the most noticeable man was Disraeli [who was just carrying through his Reform Bill]. He has grown enormously in the public estimation in this session. . . . In the great fight now beginning between Privilege and Democracy in England, the Democrats will have need of all their skill and discretion, for the Aristocracy seem to perceive to a great extent the meaning of the occasion, and they will throw everything away in the fight that does not seem essential. If the Republicans are not distracted by false issues they will conquer at last, by the force of numbers. But they must make a good fight or suffer long delays.

"While we were there, Disraeli, Gladstone, Forster, Newdegate and several others made short conversational talks. I was very much impressed with their directness and simplicity of statement. I think the exclusion of the public, by taking away all temptation to display, has a very fine effect on parliamentary oratory. Nothing could be clearer and finer than Disraeli's and Gladstone's manner of stating their points.

"The members sat with their hats on, taking them off when they rose to speak, and replacing them immediately afterwards. Many had their feet

on the back of the bench in front. Yet on the whole their demeanor was very attentive and respectful. They have a very decided way of expressing their approbation or disapproval of the member speaking. I admired Newdegate's coolness in holding his own and talking, unmoved by a general growl of ill-natured comment, until the Speaker called him to order."

The debate in the Commons not being specially interesting, Hay's party crossed to the House of Lords and took seats on the steps of the Throne.

"The Lord Chancellor was in his seat. In front of him the Clerks; on either side, on benches, the Peers. The Government occupying his right; Lord Derby at their head. Nearest us, on the right, were the spiritual Lords; the Archbishop of Canterbury, an elderly and rather infirm-looking man; the Bishop of Oxford, a fine, portly prelate, whose blue riband made me think of a prize ox; the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Bishop of London.

"On our left sat the Duke of Buccleugh, a stiff dry Scotchman, with a wen on his forehead. Next him snored comfortably Viscount Sidney. Then came Lord Stanhope. Then the Duke of Argyll, small of stature and red of hair. Moran pointed out to us the tall, slender, finicky Marquis of Bath, who was severely nipped by the Cotton Loan; Earl Powis, a

smaller Forrest [1] without the moustache; the Duke of Richmond, a good-looking silver-haired man; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, a rather undersized old gentleman, white-haired, bent, and not in the least the grand manner that Kinglake [2] fancies; and the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the most remarkable-looking nobleman I ever saw — who looks in style, station, dress, way of getting over the ground, face and feature like a brisk country grocer in New England. Yet he is one of the best bloods that the English stud can show and is a bright fellow besides, as his plucky retrieval of his estates, ruined by the waste of his father, shows. Bourgeois as he looks, he is as proud as any one of his class, they say. The Earl of Bradford is a good-looking, youngish man. Lord Romilly and Lord Cairns, two recent additions to the law Lords, made short, sensible speeches while we were there."

That evening, "a good-hearted grain-dealer from Milwaukee, who has been to Paris for ten days and comes back bored to death because he could n't tell a cabman where to drive," took Hay and his companions to Cremorne and the Alhambra; "which are," Hay writes, "dreary beyond the power of human tongue to describe. Yet they were full of the

[1] Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian.
[2] In his "History of the Crimean War."

same class one finds in the Mabille and elsewhere, who have nothing better in God's world to do. . . . We passed down the Haymarket for a quarter of an hour. The streets were full of poor old women and some not so old, painted, bedizened and miserable. . . . It was certainly in London that Pope learned that 'Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,' etc."

Before leaving London, Hay called on Motley, just back from Vienna. "I shall never have any more doubt," Hay records, "as to the long mooted question whether it hurts a man to cut off his head. It hurts like the devil. He received me very coolly and stiffly, not speaking a word in reply to my salutation. He answered in the dryest and briefest way my questions about his family. I asked when he had left Vienna and he began to talk. He grew almost hysterical in his denunciation of the 'disgusting, nasty outrage of his being turned out.' 'His resignation had been forced from him by a trick and then snapped at, to give the place to somebody else.' 'But the crowning insult of all was his recent letter of recall.'

"He evidently thought that the Senate was going to keep him in by rejecting all nominees, and was bitterly disappointed at the turn things had taken. He wanted to stay at Vienna a few years more to

make the necessary researches in the archives there for his history of the Thirty Years' War.

"We talked an hour or so. As it is not possible to justify entirely the conduct of the Government in this matter, I did not attempt that, but explained to Motley how I thought he was mistaken in imputing it to any hostility on Seward's part. Seward's utter indifference to attacks and his philosophic calmness under abuse, I think, render him a little indifferent to the sufferings of his sensitive fellow-creatures under the same inflictions. He never dreamed that Motley would take that letter in such dudgeon, though it must be admitted that it was a frightful one for a gentleman to write or to receive."

At a farewell dinner at Mr. Adams's Hay reports that they "talked among other things of the late extraordinary recantation speech of Earl Russell. Adams says Russell has been always, in his way, our friend, Gladstone has not; has been led away by his impulses now and then. Adams thinks Disraeli has forced the present bill on the Tory party, that he has led them the devil's own rigadoon of a dance. If so, I take back all the credit I have given them for shrewdness and sagacity, and transfer it all to Dizzy himself. Then Adams gave a most humorous account of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the

Monitor. They evidently dislike Fox at No. 54. I hardly know why."

Hay went to the Continent by way of Salisbury and Stonehenge. Early in August he reached Vienna, where he established himself in "an apartment of three good rooms, kitchen and servant's room," for which he paid 1500 florins a year. It being summer, society was out of town, so that he had all the more leisure for making himself familiar with the city. His zest for sight-seeing had not worn off, and for him sight-seeing included not only galleries and monuments but the habits and customs of the people.

"The great luxury is music," he writes enthusiastically to Nicolay. "One of the Strauss family leads in the Volksgarten several times a week, admission 40 kreutzer, not 20 cents. Or you can cool your nose on the bars of the enclosure and hear it for nothing —if you are not *Beamter* [an official]. The opera is good — the only ballet I ever saw that was not a bore. *Faust* was superbly given a few nights ago. Mr. Motley has a box and has given me the reversion of it till October, in which I am luxurious. The acting is very fine also in the Hofburg Theatre, the classic — and Offenbach is lord over all in the other show-houses. *Blue Beard*, *Belle Hélène*, and the *Grand Duchess*, have delighted the town for the last fortnight." (September 2, 1867.)

Vienna was forgetting the tragedy of a disastrous war and Paris was hastening towards destruction to the tuneful frivolities of Offenbach — so uncertain is music in registering the moral values of a period.

"The suburbs of this town — the environs rather — " Hay goes on, "are very beautiful. I spend most of my Sundays in the mountains and valleys of this chain of the Tyrols that seems to have been caught and turned into a wild pleasure ground."

At Vienna, Hay came for the first time upon a people still bound by ancient religious superstitions and upon a government which still permitted a large measure of ecclesiastical control in the affairs of the State. He observed with increasing wonder the persistence of medieval ideals. The frequency of Church festivals, encouraged for obvious reasons, stirred in him surprise and amusement. On such occasions, he writes, —

"The whole town shuts up shop and goes to the country. They eat a good dinner, drink a good deal of beer, and smoke many cigars, and the economies of the week vanish in the enjoyment of a day. When they go off on these excursions they are very sensible about it, enjoying themselves in a most hearty and naïve way. They do not seem to need the excitement and amusement that the Parisians crave or demand. They are contented to lie on the

grass and look at the white clouds, to loaf through the balsamic woods, to live and let the world roll on. They break very easily into groups of two, and are not ashamed to let the world into the confidence of their tender sentiments."

Vienna prided itself, indeed, on being the gay capital; and to foreigners, the Viennese seemed a people incapable of emotions deeper than a waltz could express, or of griefs too poignant for a waltz to soothe. Only the year before, Austria, beaten by the terrible Prussians at Sadowa, had lost her leadership; but she was now outwardly cheerful. The war had forced her to adjust herself to more modern conditions; and Hay studied, as best he could, the progress of the Compromise with Hungary and the various reforms which were eagerly debated in parliament. As his official duties took up little of his time, he spent his leisure in excursions, or in watching the folk life in the streets, or at the theatre and opera. One of his keen pleasures was visiting the galleries. Already at the Louvre he had begun to cultivate his taste in paintings and statues, and in London he "walked through the National Gallery and saw for the first time Turner. I would go to him very often if I lived in London," he adds. On his way to Vienna, he had seen, at Antwerp, some fine examples of the great Flemings. Now, at the Belve-

dere, he went on to explore the magic world of the fine arts. He sets down his enthusiasm with delightful frankness, not caring whether his riper judgment may repudiate his first impression.

Thus, on going to the Belvedere, the first thing his eyes light upon are "the two sway-backed horses that romp before the palace in an attitude suggesting a sudden attack of *mollities ossium*. A man who has once seen and thoroughly studied the Marly horses at the gates of the Champs Elysées, has his judgment formed and his verdict forestalled for any other horses that have ever been cast or hewn. All the other rampant horses I have ever seen impress me as imperfect imitations, or desperate variations of the incomparable marbles of Couston."

For subtlety, fervor, and characteristic flashes of humor none of his notes on paintings excel the following description of Rubens's portrait of his second wife.

"I found food for my new love of Rubens," he says, "whom I detested in Paris, but to whom I have made reverent recantation since Antwerp. In fact, the picture I was most curious to see was his Helen Fourment, that odd and fantastic, artistic pillorying of a pretty woman's immodest fancy and a husband's proud and sensual love for the disrespectful admiration of all time." . . . [with some difficulty]

"I came before the object of my search. It stood in a good light by a window. . . . I felt as glad as if I had found a lucky stone. So she stood, those centuries ago, before her fond, jolly husband, to whom Art was its own excuse in everything. You can see in the pretty naïve face, with its great blue eyes, full yet of childish wonder, framed in those splendid, crisp locks of gold, the struggle of love and vanity against natural modesty. She snatches up the artist's furred cloak and wraps it round her with a quick, coquettish grace — and all the warring sentiments are appeased. They are as old as Eden, the vanity, the sensualism, the suggestive concealment. And as she stands thus, in that attitude where grace and awkwardness are, as in all real women, so charmingly blended, the fond eye of the Artist husband catches the fleeting loveliness and fixes it forever. The sweet, artless, spoiled child face that we know so well, that walks with Rubens in the garden in the Pinacothek at Munich, that goes sailing up to heaven in the altar-piece at Antwerp, and stands on the *volet* of her husband's stupendous work, *The Descent from the Cross*, is here most exquisitely drawn, and the enamoured artist revels in the red and white and blue and gold of cheeks, lips, hair and eyes. And yet you see that he loves no less the soft, round pink knees and the fat, white feet. You are glad Rubens had

such a wife, and very glad he did not marry your sister."

The man who wrote that assuredly lacked neither discernment nor literary skill; yet he still felt himself a novice in art criticism. "I think I shall be friends with the Belvedere," he records after his first visit. "I spent a day there some weeks ago, to get the 'hang of the schoolhouse.' A Western boy, who had never learned his letters, on his first day at school was asked by the schoolmistress if he could read. He replied, with the spirit of Western pluck, he reckoned he could as soon as he got the hang of the schoolhouse."

Equally vivid are Hay's sketches of street scenes in Vienna. Here is one of a religious procession.

"Monks in dozens with shaved heads, the first honest shaved heads I have ever seen, all sorts of ecclesiastical supes with candles, that flickered in the wind and went out. Some lit them conscientiously and shaded them with their hands. Others marched on stolidly, careless of appearances, with shameless black wicks. Six expensive-looking fellows carried a heavily embroidered baldaquin; six more lighted them with gorgeous red lamps. Under the baldaquin walked a very pompous party, who from time to time stopped the procession and made a remark or so in an unknown tongue; upon which the whole pro-

cession and the majority of the bystanders ducked, beat their breasts and moaned as if in severe indigestion. A smell of incense filled the air, which to me always has an odor of good company, I do not know why. I took off my hat with the rest, and was grateful for the incense and the music. I believe Austria is the only country on earth where the priests wear top boots. It gives them a remarkably rakish and knowing air. They feel their oats more plainly here than anywhere in the world."

And here is a view of the Viennese Ghetto, swept away in the modernizing of the old town which was in process while Hay was writing:—

"As I go in the early morning to take my plunge and splash in the Danube water in Leopold Stadt, I walk through the Tiefen Graben, the deep ditch which marks the site of the ancient moat of the outer fortress of the city. . . .

"The Tiefen Graben is so far below the average level of the city that, about half way down its length, Wipplinger Strasse strides far above it in the air. In the T. G. you wonder what that suspension bridge is for, and in Wipplinger Strasse you gaze with amazement at the men and wagons burrowing at the bottom of the ditch. The Tiefen Graben runs into the Gestade, and out of this dark, foul and utterly ignoble place starts the Talzgries, which runs for a

few hundred paces and ends in the broad, bright, garish sunshine and wide daylight of the Donau Arm.

"Along this unclean street rolls an endless tide of Polish Jews, continually supplied by little rivulets running down from the Judenplatz and the *culs de sac* of that neighborhood, not running, but trickling down the steep, stone bed of the cañons called Fischer Stiege and Marien Stiege and Wachtel Gasse, Quail Alley. These squalid veins and arteries of impoverished and degenerate blood are very fascinating to me. I have never seen a decent person in these alleys or on those slippery stairs. But everywhere stooping, dirty figures in long, patched and oily black gabardines of every conceivable material, the richest the shabbiest usually, because oldest and most used, covering the slouching, creeping form, from the round shoulders to the splay, shuffling feet. A battered soft felt hat crowns the oblique, indolent, crafty face, and, what is most offensive of all, a pair of greasy curls dangle in front of the pendulous ears. This coquetry of hideousness is most nauseous. The old Puritan who wrote in Barebones' time on the 'Unloveliness of love locks' could here have either found full confirmation of his criticism or turned with disgust from his theme.

"What they are all doing is the wonder. They

stand idle and apathetic in the sunshine, or gather in silent or chatty groups of three or four, take snuff and blow their aquiline noses in chorus on dubious brown handkerchiefs. They have utterly revolutionized my ideas of the Hebrew. In America we always say, 'Rich as a Jew,' because even if a Jew is poor he is so brisk, so sharp and enterprising that he is sure to make money eventually. But these slouching rascals are as idle as they are ugly. It occurred to me that it might be those long coats that keep them down in life, and that the next generation, if put early into roundabouts, might be spry fellows. But the Jesuits moved the world in their long coats. I suppose the curse of the nation has lit on these fellows especially.

"All this quarter is subject to them apparently, for the little, obscure shops in the blind alleys have Hebrew signs. This was another shock to me. Think of tallow and onions advertised in a corner grocery in the sublime and mysterious characters in which the Tables of the Law were carved. I saw that this morning."

Such is the Ghetto by daylight. Hay is equally graphic in describing it by night, when he "walked again through those blind alleys and swarming streets. The veil of darkness made the crowd more easy and confidential. The noise of traffic was over,

but the small hucksters were busy shovelling their green peaches and astringent pears into buckets, or cooping up their melancholy chickens and ducks that seemed heavy-hearted and humiliated that the day had passed and they were not stewed. The talk in the streets was noisier and freer; the dinner and the darkness had loosened these awkward tongues. Porters and charwomen stood in discreet corners and squeezed each others' hard fingers. The same mysterious Hebrew glided by, a little brisker as the night gathered and loafing time was shortened.

"In the Gestade I came across a group of little Goths who had pulled off their trousers and were lashing each other merrily with them. Old women sat dozing on their doorsteps, too tired to rest well; almost always alone. Their men were dead or off to the beer shops. While the women are young, they go with them. But with age comes for them only the brute's drudgery and the brute's repose. Under the shadow of the tall black hulk of Mary-Stairs Church, young women sat in silence with shabby and ignoble-looking men. And overhead, between the high walls of the narrow streets, you could see as clear and dark blue patches of sky, as if you stood on the icy spire of the Matterhorn."

"Began to-day to study the substratum of Viennese life," Hay writes on September 13, 1867; but I

find few later allusions to it. "I am mentioned in the *Fremden Blatt* as 'Der Amerikanische Minister Camel-Hey.' That looks deliciously Oriental: I can imagine myself in a burnous and yellow shoes."

He continued all the while his observations of the upper classes. After spending Christmas Eve at Mrs. Lippitt's, he notes: "The young ladies were as pretty as ever and very easy and gay. I never saw better breeding than there is in the Haute Bourgeoisie of Vienna. They talked German to me for the first time, and I was astonished at their wit and the profoundness of their criticism and observation, which I had utterly failed to see in their English. (I think one reason diplomatists are as a general rule so stupid is, that they are so much in the habit of speaking a foreign language.) The whole household praised my German so that I grew ashamed to speak it."

Here and there Hay's Diary shows us glimpses of life at Vienna, and of the theatrical life which was closely bound to it.

"Last night" (December 17), he says, "was the first reception of the Duc de Gramont,[1] and the first night of the new ballet, *Nana Sahib*. The French Embassy was pretty well filled with pretty faces and toilettes. Some of the Hungarian women were

[1] French Ambassador.

strikingly beautiful. . . . The Archduke Wilhelm was at Gramont's. The ladies took an enormous interest in him on account of the vow of celibacy which as Grand Master of the Teutonic Order he must take. There was also a daughter of Alexander Dumas, a miraculous conception of ugliness."

Under the date 18 February, 1868, is an account of a ball at the Palace in honor of the wedding of the young Grand Duchess of Modena to Prince Louis of Bavaria.

"In the Diplomatic Circle," Hay writes, "I was presented to the Emperor [Francis Joseph] by Baron Beust. His Majesty was especially courteous. He spoke among other things of the wonderful resources we had displayed in our recent war and of the sudden and complete peace that had followed. He spoke of the difficult position [of the] President and complimented him highly on his 'energy and courageous consistency.' The ball was given last night in my opinion to afford the Imperial family and the great officers of the Empire a valid excuse for absenting themselves from the ceremonies of the silver wedding of the King of Hanover, which took place at the same time, with great éclat in the *Kursalon*. . . . The occasion has been awaited for some time, not without uneasiness, as it was thought not improbable that the dispossessed King might indulge in a

demonstration that would seriously compromise his position with the courts both in Vienna and Berlin. But no one could have imagined that his reckless anger and vanity would lead him so far. He made a speech of the most violent character, in direct contravention of all the recent treaties made with him at such enormous cost by the Government of Prussia, and in defiance of the laws of propriety which should have restrained him as the guest of Austria.

"It is generally considered something more than a coincidence that Mr. de Bismarck yesterday declared that if the Hanoverian intrigues were not speedily discontinued, the severest measures of sequestration would immediately be put in force. It remains to be seen whether, even yet, the King of Prussia can be persuaded from his rigid adherence to the dogma of divine right, to allow justice to be done to an avowed public enemy."

"*April 22.* Post came in and while we were talking artillery began. He could n't keep still, so we went out and saw a neat little review in the Parade Platz. I thought it was the Imperial Baby, but was wrong; for to-day 100 guns thundered the glad tidings to Austria that they had another omnivorous Hapsburg to provide for."

Of one other celebrity, Prince Napoleon, familiarly

known to his contemporaries by his nickname "Plon-Plon," Hay speaks.

"*June 7, 1868.* I went over to the Golden Lamb, Leopoldstadt, about 1 o'clock. I was received, I believe, by Col. Ragon. Count Zichy was in the antechamber with the Colonel. Heckern came in before long. He introduced me and Zichy. We talked a good while till Werther (Prussian) who was with the Prince came out and Zichy went in. Heckern began girding at Werther about the supposed treaties and intrigues he had cooked up with the Prince. Werther, to escape persecution, turned to me and talked impeachment. Zichy made a long stay. Ferri-Pisani came in. At last Zichy emerged and I went in. The Prince received me in a pleasant offhand way and we began at once to talk about America and his visit there. He remembered most of the names now prominent in politics. He spoke of Seward — said he ought to have prevented the President's trip to Chicago. Said he remembered Colfax, a young blackfaced man — President of the Legislative Body — he meant Grow. He spoke of Stanton as a man of great merit and deplored his leaving the War Office, but remembered Schofield and was much pleased with what he saw of him. After a few words about Germany, and the interesting moment in which he visits it, the interview ended by my retiring."

Although the fame of actors and singers is often more fleeting than that of grandees and politicians, the following notes are interesting, if only as registers of John Hay's taste at the time he wrote them.

"*September 11, 1867.* Heard to-night *Minna von Barnhelm* at the Burg. It was well played by Sonnenthal, whom the ladies love because of his good legs; by La Roche, who is said to be a son of Goethe and who really resembles him strikingly; by Meixner and Schöne. Either a majority of the audience understood French, or they were well bred enough to seem to, for in the long scene between Minna and Riccaut de la Marlinière they listened with the same quiet attention which they always give to the play. The women were Bognar and Schneeberger — the former good but gaspy, and the latter first rate. Baumeister was excellent as the Wachtmeister. . . . There is too much talk in the German plays to suit us."

A few days later Hay saw *King Lear* at the Burg Theatre. "A general dead level of respectable acting that was very dreary in effect," is his criticism. "I remembered Forrest's storms and tempests of passion — often overdone, sometimes in bad taste, but always full of wonderful spirit and inexhaustible physical energy; and the careful and somewhat lachrymose style of Wagner suffered very much by

comparison. Then Schlegel's text, though very correct and scholarly, is not Shakespeare. There is not a word of Shakespeare that can well be altered now. The blast of his mighty thought, sweeping through his words for three centuries, has attuned them to an immortal and perfect harmony. I was very curious to see Shakespeare in German. It is certainly very fine. But I shall not go often."

Of the nobles, Hay had a poor opinion. "Literature is considered here rather a low business," he says. "If a noble is clever and can write verses, he is very proud of it, but as a gentleman is proud of being able to dance a clog dance or play the banjo well. So they never put their names to their poems, but have a literary name, which is kept rigidly distinct from the one that bears sixteen quarterings. Count Anton Auersperg is Anastasius Grün, Baron Münch-Bellinghausen is Fried Hahn."

A little later he writes: "The Great Princes here speak very bad German — like '*Fiaker*.' They learn in their youth nothing but French, dogs, horses, women. They are embarrassed when they meet with cultivated men, and so avoid 'mixed society.' Together, they are all alike." Hay tells of one eccentric person, Henikstein, who "took me in and showed me his coffin and the skeletons of his friends. One of a woman, '*une bonne amie à moi*,' whom he chucked

under the chin and made the bony head wag and grin in the candlelight, and the teeth rattle. A music box played dirges. Hatchments hung all around dated 186–."

A glimpse of the Court is given in this memorandum: "To-day (December 30) Countess Königsegg received for the Empress at the Burg. A small, richly furnished room. Men and ladies in brilliant uniforms, and the richest and most *éclatant* satins, coming and going. The brilliancy of colors was suggestive of ophthalmia. In the evening, drove out to the Augustan, where Prince Hohenlohe was receiving for the Emperor. Along the avenue to the Pavilion, pine-wood torches gave a glaring light. Inside the door of the vestibule was ranged a semicircle of some dozens of splendidly dressed menials, with heads powdered as if by a passing snowstorm, to head off the unwary from improper stairs and force them into the broad way that led in to Hohenlohe. He is a youngish, stiffish, very pleasant-spoken man, baldish on the bump of firmness. Esterhazy was there, with the handsome clothes, gallant bearing and feeble face you would expect from an old youth who has squandered all of his estates that he can."

Hay had few occasions for sending official despatches to the State Department, but he always en-

riched them with information and comment which must have rejoiced Mr. Seward; for it was rare then, in America, to get authentic news of the Austrian crises. I quote a single passage from one of the despatches, because, although it is dated February 5, 1868, it is still fresh, and it shows how early Hay adopted that gospel of Peace which, when he came to be Secretary of State, he labored to spread throughout the world.

"The great calamity and danger of Europe today," he writes Secretary Seward, "are these enormous armaments. No honest statesman can say that he sees in the present attitude of politics the necessity of war. No great Power is threatened. There is no menace to peace that could not be immediately dispelled by a firm protest of the peacefully disposed majority of nations. There would be, therefore, no danger to any people, but a vast and immediate gain to all from a general disarmament. It need not be simultaneous. It is idle to say that France fears an invasion from Prussia or Prussia from France, and an honest understanding among the Western nations would keep the peace from the Eastern side.

"Why then is this awful waste of youth and treasure continued? I believe from no other motive than to sustain the waning prestige of Kings. Armies are

to-day only useful in Europe to overcome the people in peace, or by groundless wars to divert their attention from domestic misrule. With the disappearance of great armies, the welfare of the people would become the only mainspring of national action, and that false and wicked equilibrium by which now the interests of one man weigh as heavily as those of millions of his fellow creatures, would be utterly destroyed."

Hay watched intently the struggle of Austrian Liberals to free themselves from the Clerical control that threatened strangulation.

"The Church is enormously rich," he writes, "and has thus far succeeded in retaining its vast possessions free from the requisitions of the sorely pressed and almost bankrupt government. In Vienna nearly every one of the great religious orders are still in full possession of the vast estates acquired by their predecessors in the Middle Ages. The Schottenhof, a reminiscence of the Scotch Benedictines of the twelfth century, the Molkenhof and others are little cities of themselves. The Liberals, there are a few Liberals here, are very bitter upon this non-producing and all-consuming body."

"It would be disastrous," he says a little later, "if the Church should have the wit to take advantage of this juncture to lay upon themselves a free

tax, and trade the sums thus easily raised against a re-affirmation of the Concordat. The existence of this incubus is now seriously menaced. It is improbable that it can much longer continue to oppress and crush the life of this nation. The Church is making frantic efforts to save it. . . . The toothless old giant that Bunyan set away out of the active field of fight two centuries ago, has still wit enough to make the proudest monarchy of earth hew his wood and draw his water."

We are not concerned to follow the course of this conflict between Church and State, in which the State finally gained a slight advantage; but we can be amused, as Hay was, at the reactionary party, who, when there was a popular rejoicing over the passage of a favorable vote in the House of Peers, "were furious and either silly or malicious enough to telegraph the Emperor that a revolutionary *émeute* was in progress. They scared the Archduchess' mother out of bed, and Aristocracy in general sat and shivered in its nightshirt until the crowd, tired with its loyal jubilee, went home to bed."

Having plenty of leisure Hay went on several journeys. He "poked round Poland, lonesomely enough, but fully compensated by the unusual and peculiar towns [he] passed through." He found Warsaw "a very respectable place," with two theaters

and a fair opera. "Cracow was the quaintest and most entirely satisfactory little town [he] ever saw. It has only 40,000 inhabitants, but it has a cathedral and theatre, (where [he] heard a very fair burlesque), and a regular mediæval Jews' Quarter."

Late in the autumn, he made a flying visit to Turkey.

The pocketbook in which he jotted down hour by hour the sights which most impressed him on this trip shows how keenly and also how independently, he observed. He does not record the ordinary things, or give rein to moralizing and emotions. He makes, rather, a skeleton from which he might afterwards develop a well-rounded, graphic picture. As usual, he puts in bits of landscape. Here, for instance, are glimpses on the Danube.

"Wild and superb scenery to Orsova. Red sandstone hills by Greben. The lake. The Pass of Kazan. Long before we came to it we could see the dense veil of vapor behind the hills. A sheer granite rock on the left of the Greben Lake like the Schreckhorn. As we entered the pass a wild storm of rain and wind came howling through: the rain whirling like a volley of bullets. Nature making a last desperate stand. The cliffs rising higher and higher, till the last one sprang sheer 2000 feet, its head buried in the tattered clouds. Just beyond a tranquil collapse. Here is

most plainly seen the remains of Trajan's road. Not only the mortise holes but a portion of the gallery itself hollowed in the rock exists." (November 9, 1867.)

At Constantinople, he wrote in more detail, probably with the purpose of working up his notes into an article. After landing at Galata in the forenoon, and getting quarters at the Hôtel de Byzance on the Pera hill, he and his companions — "An American," named Whittlesey, "and a young Bostonian, a Quincy" — prepare for sight-seeing.

"Dress and go to the Whirling Dervishes. Enter a pleasant walled place. Pass into a light anteroom where you put on overshoes. Go through a door hung with a heavy and thick curtain into a circular room. Green pillars. To the right, Christians: left, Turks. Galleries above. Ladies' gallery — grated, and painted with trees and shrubs, all slanted to Mecca. The Dervishes all standing around the circumference of the circle. The old sheik enters. They bow profoundly. He sits down, kneels, and the praying begins. He mumbles and mutters and in the gallery over the entrance another sings the responses in a nasal twang. The whole body rise and go to the centre of the room and fall on their knees. They heave and sit, rising and kissing the floor in time to the singing. After the prayer is finished they go

back to the place around the circumference and the old fellow in the choir sings a long solo. After a moment of silence the orchestra begins a subtle dizzying sound of wind and wood instruments. This continues some time, buzzing, sultry. Then the old sheik rises and starts around the room and the rest follow, all bowing to the mat he has been sitting on. Their costumes are exactly the same in cut, differ in color. The old sheik and his boy are green; the second sheik and his boy are brown. They go around three times. Then the sheik stands still and the whole party range themselves again in the circumference; throw off their cloaks. The music becomes a shriller, louder music of drums and flutes, and the dervishes cross arms over chest, the hands resting on the shoulders, and march by the sheik. As they pass him they begin whirling, at first slowly and then faster, throwing out their arms, very regularly, their dresses widening downwards. Garibaldi and morning (?) dress of young ladies of to-day. Concentric circles. Looking over shoulders. Different types. . . . Turk in the corner, fervent piety. Catholic Turks telling their beads during the performance. Foreigners. . . ."

On another day the party crossed the Bosphorus, visited Scutari, climbed Mount Boulgourlou on stallions, enjoyed the magnificent view, and on their

return saw a performance of the Howling Dervishes. Hay describes them almost as minutely as he did the Whirlers.

"The Dervishes enter barefoot this time. Sitting in a circle singing. Sheik praying. As each one entered, kissed his hand. After a while they rise, and begin singing and swaying. This continues an hour. The motion and the time change, becoming always more rapid. The performers form a straight line across the end of the room. Two rows of older fellows sit cross-legged in the middle of the room to keep up the shrill singing. Reel and put on nightcaps. Violent, brutal excitement. The negro, clapping hands, wiping face, growls.

"Green and yellow child among the performers. The sick children. Very heavily clothed. Very much like a negro shout. Instruments of torture about the room. Not now used. Bad fame of the Dervishes. Great influence. Lay brothers. Old sheik of a great family."

Hay and his companions sailed from Constantinople to Trieste by an Austrian Lloyd steamer. As it steered westward Hay "watched the matchless view of the city, cut off by the Golden Horn Promontory. The reason why this view is so famous, he discovers, is that as you look back St. Sophia and the Mosque of Achmet, with their many minarets,

are fused into one. Soon Olympus looms up, and "velvet hills." Then, the magic passage through the Ægean, among islands which live in memory as colors — pearl, opal, sapphire, amethyst. At Corfu, Hay went ashore and spent several enchanted hours. "The water," he remarks, "has the same delicate green as the Stamboul, if seen directly, blue, if seen obliquely." He stayed long enough at Trieste to see the city, and to exchange calls with the eccentric American Consul, Alexander Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven. After running into a snow-storm on the Semmering, he reached Vienna in the evening of November 23.

Writing to Nicolay while his impressions were still vivid, he sums them up in a few lines: —

"A magnificent day on the Danube to Orsova, and another to Rustchuck — over the railway all day to Varna — and by breakfast time the next morning we were staring with delight of greenhorns at the unparalleled spectacle that greets you as you sail down the Bosphorus into Constantinople. That closes for me in this world, I verily believe, my sensations of great cities. The last is infinitely finer than anything I ever imagined. I am pretty sure there is nothing that approaches it on earth. We had perfect weather — June at its prettiest in Illinois, for instance — and this staid with us all the time. We

passed a day in Asia and climbed Mt. Boulgourlou and saw the gates of the morning. We had great larks, which I have not time to write."

In March, he had a glimpse of Italy, and wished to go up the Nile; but time, and perhaps money fell short; for his salary as *Chargé* at Vienna was not lavish.

By the spring of 1868, Hay began to think of turning homewards. The State Department was slow in appointing a minister. It offered the office to Horace Greeley, who declined, thus depriving the world of a unique sight — the editor of the *Tribune* among the archduchesses of the House of Hapsburg. Finally, Henry M. Watts, a Pennsylvanian, accepted the post, the first article of Pennsylvanian patriotism being, "Thou shalt decline no office." On August 12, 1868, just a year from the date of his arrival in Vienna, Hay resigned.

Some time before he retired, he sent his former chief, John Bigelow, the following letter, which, between its banter and seriousness, serves as a charming bit of autobiography: —

To John Bigelow

April 27, 1868

I had no idea when I came abroad last summer that I should be here so long. I thought they would

fix up the vacuum (abhorred of nature and office-seekers) in a few months — so I came for a flyer, principally because I was a little ashamed of having been in Europe nearly two years and having seen nothing. I have had a pleasant year of it. There is very little work to do at the Legation. I have sinned grievously against certain ten-day regulations that I have heard of. I have seen all I care to of Prussia, Poland, Turkey, and Italy. I have drawn my salary with startling punctuality. I have not wearied the home office with much despatches. My sleep is infantine and my appetite wolfish.

I am satisfied with my administration of this 'arduous and delicate post.' I believe that is the regular shriek of the Radical Press in alluding to the Vienna Mission. You and Mr. Adams worked while you were in harness. I am not sure but that a serious man could always find work in either of those two missions. But equally sure am I that no two other American diplomats can catch each other's eyes without mutual guffaws, unless they have a power of facial muscle that would put the Roman augurs to shame. Just let me get into Congress once, and take one shy at the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

I am very glad I came. Vienna is worth while for a year. It is curious and instructive to see their people starting off in the awkward walk of political

babyhood. They know what they want, and I believe they will get it. The Aristocracy is furious, and the Kaiser a little bewildered at every new triumph of the Democratic and liberal principle. But I don't think they can stop the machine now — though they may get their fingers mashed in the cogs. I don't think the world ever seemed getting ahead so positively and quietly before. Two years ago — it was another Europe. England has come abreast of Bright. Austria is governed by Forty-Eighters. Bismarck is becoming appalled by the spirit of Freedom that he suckled with the blood of Sadowa. France still lies in her comatose slumber — but she talks in her sleep and murmurs the *Marseillaise.* And God has made her ruler blind drunk, that his Helot antics may disgust the world with despotism.

If ever, in my green and salad days, I sometimes vaguely doubted, I am safe now. I am a Republican till I die. When we get to Heaven, we can try a Monarchy, perhaps.

CHAPTER XII

THE ROVING DIPLOMAT — SPAIN

AT the end of October, 1868, Hay sailed for the second time into New York Harbor, with a larger fund of experience in his head, but with his purse no richer and his prospects no brighter. During much of his stay in Vienna his health had been bad, a reason for his wishing to come home. Few records remain of the ensuing months. Presumably, he visited Washington, to see whether under the new administration — Grant was elected President in November — he might find employment. Neither then, nor later, was Hay a professed office-seeker. He never had the art of making those in power take his talents at their real worth — much less, at more than their worth, which is the secret of many place-holders. An innate refinement, coupled with shyness, and an abiding personal dignity, kept him from the suppliant's posture. He took it for granted that, as he was sufficiently well known by the leaders at Washington, they would summon him if they wanted him.

Perhaps he was promised another diplomatic billet, in the overturn which, according to happy cus-

tom, would begin as soon as the new President was inaugurated. Meanwhile, Hay went to Illinois, saw his relatives, looked after his tenants, and applied himself in earnest to literary work. Lecturing was still, although the prestige of the lyceum was waning, a profitable profession for those who caught the fancy of the public. Hay had long looked upon this as a possible resource and he now tested it. On January 27, 1869, before the Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo, he delivered a lecture on "The Progress of Democracy in Europe." "Had a fair house — very attentive and good-natured audience," he notes in his Diary. "Was reasonably successful — especially pleased at the absence of trepidation and duration of my voice." Writing to Edmund Clarence Stedman a few days later he adds: "I have tried an experiment since I saw you last. I have faced a large audience and spoken a piece without breaking down. I lectured in Buffalo and in a few Western towns. I will do more of it next winter."

He closes his letter to Stedman with the following hint: "I hope to see you later in the spring. I shall pass through New York on my way to Europe. I left some unravelled threads of occupation over there, and must go over once more — my own master now — and pick them up."

The "unravelled threads" proved to be his appointment as first Secretary of Legation at Madrid. On July 29, being already at his post, he jots down this memorandum: "Drew on Barings for $146.66 for month of transit."

Hay's diplomatic service in Spain fell during a dramatic crisis. The profligate queen, Isabella II, had been expelled. Republicans of various shades were hoping for a republic. Liberal Conservatives worked for a monarchy, which the Liberals among them wished to make constitutional, while the Clericals intrigued to restore the old absolutism in which they throve. Marshal Serrano was provisional regent. Hay came just in time to witness the contest, and so strongly did he sympathize with the Republicans that he must have found it hard to keep up the feint of diplomatic impartiality.

The duties of his office consumed much of his time. The Minister, General Daniel E. Sickles, was one of the typical wastrels who succeeded, partly by rough capacity and partly by truculence, in pushing their way to the front during the Civil War. Dissolute in his personal habits, loose in money matters, and unscrupulous in his methods, he rose to the command of the Third Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and, at the battle of Gettysburg, he stationed his troops, without orders, in a position which

brought disaster upon them and threatened the defeat of the Union army. Fortunately for Sickles, he had a leg shot off in the battle — luck which prevented his being court-martialed, and enabled him to pose during half a century as the hero of Gettysburg. No bullet was ever more beneficent to its victim than that which crippled him. At Madrid Hay seems to have found him an unexacting chief.

The Secretary applied himself to learning Spanish; but before he attained fluency in that, his knowledge of French opened many official doors. He watched the political crisis with intense interest. In Paris he had seen the growing restlessness of Liberals under the Imperial despotism; in Vienna, he saw a constitutional monarchy emerge from an autocracy; and now in Madrid he hoped that his ideal, the Republic, would spring into vigorous being.

A group of statesmen, who would have been remarkable in any country, carried on the struggle for ascendancy in Spain. Foremost among them was Castelar, whose reputation as the advocate of Republicanism had crossed the Atlantic. Next, ranked Prim, "a soldier, conspirator, diplomatist, and born ruler; a Cromwell without convictions; a dictator who hides his power; a Warwick, who mars Kings as tranquilly as he makes them"; Serrano, the regent, dignified and conciliatory; Sagasta, still at the half-

way stage between politician and statesman; Silvela, Cánovas del Castillo: these were leaders whom Hay studied as eagerly as a zoölogist studies a strange fauna. Something in his temperament — his love of color, perhaps — caused him to understand and enjoy their passionate oratory. For Castelar he had a profound admiration.

Hay seldom missed an important debate. The Cortes, he writes on October 1, 1869, "resumed their session to-day after a vacation of some months. The Diplomatic Body have a little cage holding fifteen. We have three cards and one I stole. The seats all vacant in the hall. The President comes in in solemn procession with the *maceros* and secretaries. The *maceros* dressed out of Froissart. Rivero wears white kids during the whole session. His opening speech. Figueras replies. Figuerola, Orense, and Castelar sitting together on the top bench of the Extreme Left. Figueras, a Western Senator sort of man in build and carriage, with a wonderful aptitude of speech and good knowledge of parliamentary practice. Orense, the noble factor of the play. Rivero scolds the Deputies like a schoolmaster, knocking them over the knuckles without *merci* or *misericordia*. The Government sits on a bench distinguished from the rest by being in blue velvet instead of crimson. Out of 304 Deputies, not more than 100

present. The afternoon sun pouring in through the window facing the West. Lighting up. The *maceros* relieving each other. Not many nobles."

The next day Hay went to see Castelar. "Found him at his own door, coming home with his hands full of documents. Walked up with him — and had a long talk about everything. He speaks French fluently — learned it in exile in Paris, where he supported himself and many others by writing for South American papers. He has an exquisite face — a soft, sweet tenor voice, a winning, and what the Spaniards call *simpatico*, manner.

"He spoke of Napoleon's sickness and of the humiliating spectacle of a great nation looking for its destiny in the *cuvette* of an old man. We talked a good deal of art and Italy. Of Spain he spoke sadly; he seemed to feel that the insurrection in Catalonia was premature and ill-advised. He thought there were evil days coming for the Republicans in Madrid. He said, 'We have just had a hard hour's work to persuade the party of action not to precipitate an insurrection to-night. This would be madness. Madrid is thoroughly monarchical. It is a city of placeholders. The militia is in great majority monarchical. There are 10,000 or 12,000 regular troops here. An insurrection would be smothered in blood. Yet it is hard to keep the fiery young fellows from trying it.'"

Of Castelar's manner as an orator, Hay gives this glowing description: —

"*Oct. 3, Sunday.* The discussion to-day on the Suspension of Guarantees occupied all the afternoon and will be continued to-morrow.

"Castelar was superb. His action is something marvellous. He uses more gesticulation than any orator or actor I have ever heard. His voice is, as I suspected, rather rich and musical than strong, and he uses it so remorselessly that it is apt to suffer in an hour or so. But his matter is finer than his manner. I have never imagined the possibility of such fluency of speech. Never for one instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. His whole speech is delivered with precisely the energy and fluency that Forrest exhibits in the most rapid passages of his most muscular plays; and when you consider that not a word of this is written or prepared, but struck off instantly in the very heat and spasms of utterance, it seems little short of miraculous. The most laborious conning and weighing and filing of the most fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and brilliant, metaphors more perfectly fitting — all uttered with a feverish rapidity that makes the despair of stenog-

raphers. Then his logic is as faultless as his rhetoric. He never says a foolish or careless word. All history is at his finger's ends. There is no fact too insignificant for his memory — none too stale to do service. They are all presented with such felicity and grace too, that you scarcely see how solid they are."

Again and again Hay returns to enthusiastic praise of Castelar. "His action is as violent as Forrest," he writes Nicolay. "His style is as florid as Gibbon. . . . He never writes a speech. Yet every sentence, even in a running debate, when all the government hounds are yelping at him at once, is as finished and as elegantly balanced as if he had pondered all a rainy Sunday over it. I am afraid he will cease to be the Republican idol before long. He has too much sense and integrity to follow the lead of the Socialist fanatics."

Of three other Spanish orators Hay has sketches, hasty but penetrating.

"Sagasta, Ministro de la Gubernacion, greatly distinguished himself on Monday. He defended the Government, especially himself, with wonderful vigor and malice. He is the hardest hitter in the Cortes. Everybody calls him a scamp, and everybody seems to admire him, nevertheless. He is a sort of Disraeli — lithe, active, full of energy and hate — tormented by the Opposition to the proper point of hot anger,

he made a defensive offensive that enchanted the Government benches.

"Silvela also made a good speech or two — but Silvela is rather too good a fellow for this kind of work. He is very sincere and candid, but lacks the Devil, which makes Sagasta so audacious and Prim so cool.

"Prim's speech Tuesday evening after Castelar had announced the intention of the Republicans to retire, was a masterpiece. He begged them to reconsider — he was frank, open, soldierly; he begged them to stay, and threatened them with severe measures if they went — he was not savage and insulting like Sagasta — nor phrasy like Silvela; but he was the perfection of enigma, as always. His speech was powerful and impressive in its deep simplicity and greatly affected Castelar and the Republicans. Castelar answered in the same tone of exquisite courtesy, rejecting the advice which was coupled with a threat. The law passed, and the Republican Deputies left the Chamber."

Even latter-day readers, ignorant of the intricacies of Spanish politics in 1869, cannot fail to enjoy these portraits of historic figures. What would we not give to have a similar series, sketched by a foreigner as receptive, keen, and detached as Hay, of the leaders of the French Assembly eighty years earlier?

The diplomatic business which chiefly concerned the Legation had to do with Porto Rico and with Cuba. The latter island was in insurrection, and President Grant signed a proclamation recognizing the Cubans as belligerents; but Hamilton Fish, his Secretary of State, wisely deferred issuing it. At Madrid, Sickles and Hay would have gone further and had the United States Government interfere in behalf of Cuban independence.

"The amount of talk we have done since we came here is something portentous," Hay writes Nicolay on October 7, 1869.

"I have been always on hand as a medium of communication, and so have seen more of the *gros bonnets* than usually falls to the lot of secretaries. We have a good enough time of it; have done nothing but show our amicable intentions. The Government here is crazy to accept our offered mediation, but does not dare. The cession of Cuba to the Cubans would be a measure too frightfully unpopular for the Government to face in its present uncertain tenure. Still, if it continues to grow stronger, as now seems probable, it may take the bit in its teeth and do something after a while."

Nearly four months later, Hay reports again to Nicolay: —

"I have no news for you. This Legation has abso-

lutely nothing of importance now in its hands. There is a great deal of tiresome routine work which employs the fingers more than the brain, and, by way of keeping the circulation regular, there is dancing enough to keep the feet from rusting. I am getting rather tired of it, and shall begin to plume my wings for flight some time in the spring. I am sorry Sickles has not had a better chance, but nothing was possible with Fish's system of platonic bullying. I am afraid Cuba is gone. This Government wants to sell out but dares not, and has no power to put a stop to the atrocities on the island. The only thing left to our Government is to do nothing and keep its mouth shut; or interfere to stop the horrors in Cuba on the ground of humanity, or the damage resulting to American interests." (January 30, 1870).

Hay kept his Diary without regard to sequence. In the midst of the abstract of the daily happenings, he would insert the draft of a letter to be sent or the copy of one received; or he would outline a poem, or set down maxims and reflections. Here is a page of observations from the Madrid period: —

"Indolent people imagine they would like to be busy. Industrious people know they would enjoy being idle.

"The English servant is a statuesque image of propriety. The French a sympathizing but respect-

ful friend. The Spanish and Italian have the subordination of children. An American revenges himself on fate by insolence.

"Americans in Europe waste time enormously in calculating when the mail will arrive. A mail is like a baby — you can't hurry or retard it by talking about it.

"Politicians like corals build and die: others succeed.

"Mad agitators imagine they lead, as the people come after.

"When Sherman marched to the sea, Bummers were miles in advance. They carry no baggage of character or responsibility and so go fast. Rousseau held a Moses necessary."

John Hay's best chronicle of his life in Spain is contained in his "Castilian Days," in which he combines, in finely balanced proportion, description, information, and personal impressions. In those pages you learn how minutely Hay studied the Spaniards. He takes you to the theater and the bull-fights, to the churches and the palaces and the Prado Gallery; he visits Segovia and Toledo, the Escorial and Alcalà. Along the way, he sketches in characteristic figures, beggars, priests, peasants, nobles. And all the while he pours out his lively comment.

He wrote these papers during the first months of 1870; and though the range of his knowledge and the deep relief and variety of his background prove that he carefully prepared himself by reading Spanish history and literature, he never rouses in you the suspicion of having crammed for the occasion. Whatever notes he made for the preparation of his "Castilian Days" he probably destroyed: for they have not come to light. His Diary also contains only the account of his early meeting with the Spanish statesmen, most of which I have quoted above. Very few letters remain. Yet in spite of this gap, the book itself is the best memorial of his stay in Spain.

On May 1, 1870, Hay presented his resignation to General Sickles, regretting that "pecuniary circumstances" compelled him to retire. This reason entered into his decision, and perhaps if he had had independent means he might have continued in the service; but a desire to return to the more stirring life of America, coupled with the conviction that he had completed his training in Europe, chiefly influenced him.

He did not quit Madrid until summer. A final letter, written on June 30, contains a bit of autobiographic retrospect, and notes of an excursion to Toledo, which he took in company with congenial old friends from Washington.

To Miss Harriet K. Loring

I have a curious year to look back upon — more entirely out of the world than any since I came into it. . . . I went with Mrs. and Miss Hooper and Miss S. to Toledo, and had a few halcyon days, favored by fate, weather, and other accessories, in that delicious old town. I have rarely had such larks, — the ladies went crazy sketching adorable doorways, and I sat by, on the shady side, and chaffed the picturesque beggars grouped around in the rags of the period. I felt the coil of cares slipping away from me, and leaving me young and appreciative again as when

"I roamed a young Westerner, o'er the green bluff,
And climbed thy steep summit, oh, Warsaw, of mud."

For the first time since I can remember I have been busy this year, and it does not suit my complexion. There is a good deal to do in the Legation, and I have imposed a good deal of work upon myself beside, having gotten interested in Spanish history. I have a veritable workshop for the fellows who know things. I cannot conceive how a man like Mr. Motley should have preferred England, with its pitiful annoyances, to Austria with its quiet and its archives. I should like to read about twenty years. The first ten would be necessary to reach the proper point of

humility, and the last one might hope to gain something substantial.

"I am glad I committed the folly of coming," he confides to Nicolay. "I have seen a great deal and learned something. I speak the language — well enough to be understood, but not well enough to be taken for a Spaniard — *à Dieu ne plaise.*"

Before he bade good-bye to Spain, Hay had the disappointment of seeing the Republican cause there founder, and the Spanish Cortes looking Europe over for a candidate to the Bourbon throne; and before he took steamer for home, the Prussians were already engaged in a war which, though he little suspected it, was to result not only in the checking of Republican ideals, but in the revival of Authority and Privilege, thinly veiled under modern conditions and entrenched behind the magnificently organized military despotism of Germany.

CHAPTER XIII

JOURNALISM

WHEN John Hay landed at the New York dock on a September morning in 1870, he was already thirty-two years old, carrying in his memory a treasure of experiences which few could match, but counting little, very little money in his purse or in the bank. His travels had made him what from early boyhood he had longed to be, a citizen of the world; equally at home in London or in Paris, in Vienna or in Madrid. To make a living was now, as it had been since 1865, his first concern: because the American community still regarded bread-winning as the normal condition of every man, whether the bread he won were plain and crusty, or accompanied by those luxuries which are the necessaries of the rich.

Hay knew himself too well to suppose that he could ever succeed as a money-maker. His talents, rare and sparkling and delightful, procured for him the friendships and intimacies which wealth cannot buy; but these commodities were not listed in Wall Street. By instinct an artist, he could not be satisfied with the Bohemian life in which poor painters,

writers, poets, sculptors and journalists forgot their poverty. He mixed with them, but he was never wholly of them; for a strand of fastidiousness ran through his nature, and Bohemia would not be Bohemia if it were fastidious. Dignity, too, characterized Hay from his youth; and while he might be jovial among his chosen cronies, he was constitutionally shy, and never would permit liberties to be taken with him. "No matter how intimate you were," his best friend told me, "or how merry the occasion, nobody ever slapped John Hay on the back."

He came home in 1870 expecting to go to Warsaw for a while, and then, unless something better turned up, to seek an editorial position on a newspaper. Possibly, he might support himself by lecturing. But journalism, the refuge of whoever can hold a pen, seemed to him the most promising make-shift, especially as he had already, during one of the intervals between his European trips, served as an editor of the *Chicago Journal.*

Going uptown after landing — the custom-house inspector had no quarrel with him — Hay called on some of his friends. Toward evening, he fell in with Whitelaw Reid, and they dined together at the Union League Club. Then, as the story runs, Hay accompanied Reid to the *Tribune* office, for a last chat before taking the midnight train for the West.

On his table Reid found the freshest despatches, some of which would serve as texts for editorial comment. One, containing important news from Europe, Reid handed to Hay, asking him what should be said about it. Hay volunteered to deal with it himself, sat down at a table, and, in very quick time, he gave Reid a leader which overjoyed him. The next day, when Horace Greeley saw it, he said: "I have read a million editorials, and this is the best of them all."

Such is the legend — unverifiable in its minutest details, but undoubtedly true in its substance — of John Hay's joining the staff of the *New York Tribune:* for it is almost needless to say that, with Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid both so enthusiastic over his maiden effort, they urged him to stay in New York and serve the great newspaper.

The invitation attracted Hay, but before accepting it he wished to see his family in Illinois. He was also, apparently, considering the possibility of joining a Chicago newspaper. On his way out he wrote this letter: —

To Whitelaw Reid

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
Sep. 29, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. REID:

I leave here in a day or two for Warsaw, Illinois, where I shall spend a few weeks with my family. I

shall then probably go on to New York, and shall not fail to call upon you.

I thank you most cordially for your kind and satisfactory letter.

The *Republican* was hopelessly water-logged, and the present transfer is a *sauve qui peut* of the owners.

If you should by accident have anything to say to me before I see you, my address is always Care Charles E. Hay, Springfield, Illinois.

Nicolay desires me to convey his kind remembrances to you.

Thence Hay journeyed to his old home, where he took up again the simple, unpretentious life with as much relish as if he were not a licensed cosmopolite.

To J. G. Nicolay

WARSAW, ILLINOIS,
October 13, 1870.

I have just received the enclosed from W. It is a model of holy and unselfish anger against foul and infamous outrage. I have written him a letter of cordial sympathy and you will doubtless do the same. The article he refers to, I wrote after you left Chicago, for the *N. Y. Tribune.* I have not seen it.

I flitted on Tuesday after shipping my charming wards. I found Warsaw with a broad grin on its

face at the lovely grape crop. My father made 1200 gallons of good wine, and even my shy little vineyard made its *début* with 240.

I wish you could have been here and eaten grapes with me during the past week. They are of a most exquisite flavor and sweeter than I have ever seen them anywhere in the world. Especially the much abused Catawba, which people were thinking of ploughing up, has nobly asserted itself and produced a superb vintage. We are now through, and ready for the frost when it comes.

The weather is lovely. The great river is wrapped at daybreak in a morning gown of fog, but soon brightens up, and the light has a regular spree on the many-colored foliage of the hills and the islands.

I am doing nothing and find it easy to take. I walk a great deal and eat for several. I have gained two pounds in weight the first week.

I have a very cordial letter from Howells saying he thinks my decision the best one; that the publication in the *Magazine* will not hurt the book, but will be a positive advantage to it. So my mind is at rest on that score.

On his return to New York, Hay accepted Whitelaw Reid's invitation to the *Tribune*. His accession came at a turning-point in the career of that journal.

Greeley still kept his post of editor-in-chief, but the work of editing was done by a staff composed chiefly of "Greeley's young men," the most remarkable group of editorial writers which any American newspaper had seen. Few of them were over forty; two or three were under thirty;[1] all had known the stimulus of the Civil War; all spoke the language of 1870, which made that of 1860 seem obsolete. Whitelaw Reid virtually managed the paper, although Greeley still shaped its general policy. The venerable George Ripley conducted the department of literary criticism; Hassard was musical critic; Bayard Taylor wrote on anything which touched his miscellaneous interest; Bromley had already approved himself an all-round journalist of high rank, and William Winter had begun his unparalleled career as dramatic critic; Smalley, having achieved notoriety as a war correspondent in the Rebellion and at the battle of Sadowa, was organizing the *Tribune's* news bureau in London. Of them all, Greeley declared Hay was the most brilliant. We do not hear that the veteran and the newcomer ever discussed their meeting at the Niagara Conference; if they did, Greeley bore no grudge.

[1] The veterans were George Ripley, literary editor, born in 1802; Charles T. Congdon, born in 1821, and Bayard Taylor, born in 1825. The birth dates of the others were Noah Brooks, 1830; Isaac H. Bromley, 1833; George W. Smalley, 1833; J. R. G. Hassard and William Winter, 1836; Whitelaw Reid, 1837; John Hay, 1838; Montgomery Schuyler, 1843.

To identify Hay's editorial contributions to the *Tribune* during the four years and more of his service on its staff would not be very fruitful, even were it possible. Although the paper had ceased to be Greeley's personal organ, editorial writers followed, of course, the general views of the manager, but the public seldom recognized the author of this or that article. The editorial "we" leveled alike the brilliant and the commonplace. If anonymity dimmed the fame of the individual, it also lessened his responsibility.

And yet among his fellows the special correspondent or the editor enjoyed his full measure of glory. This was true of Hay, whose reputation seems to have been won almost immediately in the sanctums of New York.

The following letter, written soon after he had buckled on his harness, describes his work: —

To J. G. Nicolay

NEW YORK TRIBUNE,
December 12, 1870.

I have delayed writing for a few days, knowing you had seen Reid, and that he had told you I was alive. I am living at the Astor House, which is now run on the European plan, and gives me a room on rather reasonable terms. I am working daily on the *Tribune*, writing editorials, or, as it is here technically called,

brevier. I get salary enough to pay my board and washing.

I cannot regard it as a successful experiment as yet, though Reid and the rest seem satisfied. I do not find myself up to the work of writing so much every day on a given theme. But the *Tribune* force is sufficient to allow a good deal of subdivision, and so far I have written just what I please. . . .

Reid talks of sending me to Washington — not as reporter, but as a sort of heavy-swell correspondent; whereat I rather reluct. I do not like to blame and I mortally hate to praise. Which somewhat narrows a letter-writer's field.

Leaving Hay's entry into authorship for the next chapter, I quote the most pithy of the letters which pertain to his work on the *Tribune*.

To Whitelaw Reid

NEW YORK TRIBUNE,
Monday, 1870.

I have read all I could find for three or four years,[1] and don't believe I can do much worse. But why do you talk of columns and halves? — the foregoing ones have not averaged a half. However, I will go

[1] Files of the *New York Tribune*, which Hay had gone through in order to familiarize himself with its methods and its treatment of recent history.

to-night — see with what eyes are left me, and write till the time of stereotypers comes and the voice of the devil is heard in the hall.

I am so seedy that I will go home for a nap, and come out this evening so fresh that a daisy would look *blasée* beside me.

Dios le guarde a V. muchos años.

On October 8, 1871, the Widow O'Leary's cow kicked over a kerosene lamp and started the conflagration which nearly destroyed Chicago. As soon as the magnitude of the fire was understood, distant newspapers hurried their correspondents to the spot, to report it. Hay went for the *New York Tribune.* The next two letters describe the difficulties that he encountered.

To Whitelaw Reid

CHICAGO, 12 Oct. 1871.
Thursday evening.

I arrived here this morning 38 hours from New York, and found Keenan [1] at the telegraph office. He got here last night and prepared a despatch which they would not send. Stager said if he sent for anybody he would for his friend Bennett of the *Herald* (who has had two men on the ground since Tuesday),

[1] Henry F. Keenan, then on the *Tribune* staff: author of *Trajan, The Money-Makers,* etc.

but he would not do it, for them, nor for us, nor anybody. We worried them until morning, and Smith of the Associated Press at last consented to send clandestinely 1000 words if we would restrict ourselves to that. I wrote a despatch with which Keenan has gone to the office. I think I will send no more letters by telegraph. We will telegraph what seems desirable for a day or two, and write letters to go by mail.

P.S. Keenan has just returned. Stager is inexorable — would only let my letter go to the Associated Press, — refused to let the *Herald's* go even that way, — says they are several thousand messages behind, and will permit no special despatches to go at present; — eight wires are broken.

I will go on writing. I will decide to-morrow if there is anything requiring heroic treatment. If so, Mr. Keenan will go to Detroit (the stations nearer are under Stager's control), and telegraph. Otherwise you must rely on the Associated Press for news — unless the restriction is let up — and upon us for letters.

To Whitelaw Reid

[Chicago, 15 Oct. 1871.] Sunday.

This ends my labors for the present. I send a despatch to-day, and Keenan makes up the news for it.

To-night, if I can get away, I will go to Springfield. If anything of sufficient interest transpires there to-morrow, I will send it. Tuesday, to Warsaw for a day or two, and then New York again.

I have done as well as I could. I have a clean conscience. Your condemnation will not gall my withers. I have given the Great Moral Organ [1] 16 hours a day ever since I arrived.

I think it due to Keenan to say he has done all anybody could do. His failure to get off a despatch on the night he arrived was inevitable. Since that he has been ahead. Friday he managed admirably and had the wires nearly the whole evening. He made a favorable impression in the telegraph and newspaper offices. The *Herald* had five men who went off to New York in relays and got up their despatches on the way. I don't think that is worth while. Keenan will stay a few days and then report for relief to you.

Journalism makes insatiate demands upon its votaries; it often has slight scruples as to propriety; but the following letter shows that it did not quite succeed in turning John Hay into a society reporter.

[1] The *Tribune* had been nicknamed the "Great Moral Organ," and its staff accepted that title.

To Whitelaw Reid

[WASHINGTON, December, 1870.]

Here is a sketchy letter with nothing in it — which you can use or kill.

I have had no chance for any decent work. I wrote no account of the wedding[1] because the family assumed to be dead agin it — Mrs. Sprague[2] having spoken with some severity of Howard J. Q. for having taken notes. I do not do these things, but would have gushed if you had especially wished it. I gave Mr. White the points the night before. I found Mrs. S. had accepted for me invitations for Friday and Saturday, so that instead of being with you Saturday night, I shall not report until Monday morning.

So many people have spoken of you and sent greetings that my paper would not hold their names. The Chief Justice[3] and the ladies were sorry not to see you. He said the Great Moral Organ had improved enormously under your management and was now easily at the head of the dailies. Spofford[4] also spoke of the excellence of the paper.

In a street car the other night I met Zach Chandler.[5] He says Greeley is all right — he hopes that

[1] The wedding of Miss Chase to Mr. William Hoyt.
[2] Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague was Miss Chase's sister.
[3] S. P. Chase.
[4] Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress.
[5] Zachary Chandler, United States Senator from Michigan.

you are all right. He knows I am all right (interrogatively). He says the *Tribune* must support the Administration and not get switched off. Asks if it will do any good for him to go up to New York and talk to you, and H. G. I said, 'No! write! Your name and vigorous style would have as much effect as your personal presence.'

I am between Celery and Cherubs. I dine with Sumner Sunday.

I will take your orders when I get back as to whether I shall write an R. article or do up P. The statue is worse than I expected.

The *Tribune* used the versatile Hay in many ways. His first-hand acquaintance with European public men, and with politics abroad, made him the special warder of foreign topics. He not only read the Continental journals, but also secured the collaboration of such celebrities as Castelar, whose articles he translated and of the French novelist, Arsène Houssaye, who was then in high vogue.

To Whitelaw Reid

[New York, 11 March, 1875.]

Here is a letter of Houssaye's which ought to be printed as soon as there is room; not *must* but *desirable.*

He sent a column or two of puffs of his ball.[1] I think what I have put together at the end of this letter would be well enough. The rest your *Nuevo Mundo* might like, and I have put it back in the envelope.

Enclosed is a private note to you which I have translated. He wants some money.

I have another in my pocket and must take an early day to translate it.

The projector of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* is the subject of the next note, brief but not lacking a characteristic touch.

To Whitelaw Reid

Feb. 16, 1872.

J. Young Scammon of Chicago was here this morning, and said he might call again during the day. If he comes, give him welcome. You know who he is — one of the salt. He is starting a new paper in Chicago, and wants advice. He has wads of money — more than he will have when his paper is a year older. He is coming with me to the Century to-morrow night.

The Presidential year 1872 saw a political upheaval which, if it had been led by a man of command-

[1] Houssaye had recently given a luxurious ball which served Paris as a three-days' wonder.

ing influence, might have hastened the end of the evil methods of Reconstruction: but Horace Greeley, the Democratic candidate who opposed President Grant, was neither a sound political thinker, nor a magnetic political standard-bearer. On being nominated by the Democrats at Baltimore for President, he withdrew from the *Tribune*, which Reid, however, kept steadfastly loyal to him. The Liberal Republicans, or bolters, who hoped to work a purge, found themselves dished when the Democrats both stole their platform and chose the impossible Greeley to defend it. During that summer, Hay took a trip West, and reported on the situation to Reid.

To Whitelaw Reid

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.,
August 1, 1872.

I got here last night with a horrible cold. Start tomorrow for Warsaw. I spent a day at Saratoga, and there, just before the train started, Henry Richmond told me in strict confidence of the tribulation of the Democratic party in their hunt for a governor [of New York State]. Kernan is a candidate, and he thinks that his being a Catholic and an Irishman may be a disadvantage in view of the fact that Hoffman is to be ruled off by this element. He thinks that Church is the best man, and that Church will run,

if there is a strong appeal made to him. It would be a great personal sacrifice, for Church is a poor man and needs his salary as Judge. But he thinks, if he were asked on behalf of Mr. Greeley, he would yield and run. This, at his request, I told him I would communicate to you. Think of it, and do what you may think expedient.

I met at Cleveland none but Grant men, who of course all assured me that there was no Liberal movement in the State. I think myself there is not much.

In this State it is very different. A large proportion of the best men in the State — not only prominent men, but captains of tens in the counties — are heartily enlisted in the work. The organization is rapidly getting into shape. The German vote is astonishingly strong and united. In this city it is almost unanimous. There is a good Liberal Republican vote in most of the counties, which is estimated at ten per cent of the entire Grant vote. I think this rather sanguine. But there is a pretty bad Democratic bolt in some districts. In Pike, 150 Democrats have signed a manifesto against Greeley. In Winnebago there is some discontent. But there will be an excellent fight made. If we carry Pennsylvania and Indiana the prospects here will be vastly increased.

My little Brother is President of the First Ward Club in Springfield, and my Uncle is President of the

General Grant organization. Alas! Alas! for life is thorny and youth is vain.

To Whitelaw Reid

WARSAW, August 4 [1872].

. . . I have been at home three days recovering from my cold, and am now pretty well. The weather is hot, but my appetite wholesome. I go to bed at $9\frac{1}{2}$, and sleep like a bear. I shall come back prepared to introduce this somnolent tendency into the columns of the *Tribune*.

The good work is going on beautifully here. The Liberals comprise some of the very best men in the country and the bulk of the Germans and Democrats. They seem hurt when I intimate a doubt of their carrying the State. They feel sure of it, and have the figures to show for their faith. It all depends upon the solidness of the Democratic vote. The Liberals and Democrats will reduce the Republican majority of 50,000 to nothing at all. If the Democrats vote solid, or even lose less than 5 per cent, the State is safe for Greeley. Every Democrat I have seen says they will not lose two per cent and considers even that a liberal estimate.

Carry the news to Hiram! [1]

We are all still in the dark about North Carolina,

[1] Hiram Barney.

but expect to know definitely to-morrow. But at all events it is a great success for Greeley.[1] I suppose that even at Long Branch [2] there is some recognition of nasty weather ahead.

Some of these days you must come out here with me. You are growing such a swell that nothing short of palaces and houris will content you. But I think you might like a day or two among our bluffs and vineyards, and my father and mother and sister already regard you as a personal friend.

My sister (who is a Greeley man of great energy) has just sailed into the room announcing definitely our victory in N.C.

Carry the news to Hiram.

I will go to tea.

The Lord continue his liking for you.

To Whitelaw Reid

Warsaw, Illinois,
November 27, 1872.

I have just received your letter of the 21st and am of course greatly concerned at the news it con-

[1] The country still believed that North Carolina had been carried by the Liberals as first announced, and most of those actively connected with the management of the campaign continued to believe that they had actually carried the State. They subsequently claimed that this fraud, as they considered it, changed the drift, which up to that time had been strongly in favor of Greeley.

[2] President Grant's summer residence.

tains.[1] I had seen a paragraph of the sort in the papers here, but had imagined it a malicious exaggeration. It is a most serious matter for all of us. Unless he soon recovers, there will be infinite trouble. . . .

I had a mixed sort of journey. I was snowed up on the Erie Road and spent Sunday in Cleveland. Arrived in Chicago Monday, the most terribly cold day I remember. The weather and the Epizoo,[2] everybody warned me, would destroy my audience, but had a very fine one and very amiable. I spent a day in Springfield. *En passant*, Scammon talked *Inter-Ocean* to me, but I bited not. Since I came home, five days of the loveliest weather I ever saw. I lectured last night gratis for our Free Library, and the whole population turned out. I start back next week — lecture at Cleveland on the 5th December, and expect to be in New York on the 9th or 10th. My Young Christian talk is preying on my mind, but I am getting along with it. It will be the dullest and heaviest of all. I have no vivacity left — not a vivacity to my back. I shall never recover my tone until St. Paul [3] goes to 70. There is some wonderful bedevilment going on with it evidently, — what,

[1] Shortly after the election Horace Greeley broke down, physically and mentally. He died on November 29.

[2] The epizoöty was prevalent through a large part of the country at that time.

[3] Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway stock.

I can't imagine. If J. brings me out, I will take care of yours and J.'s. If I am swamped, I can go through bankruptcy, and that is said to be an edifying experience.

I will be in Springfield next week, and will try to see Harlan [1] and Palmer.[2] My uncle was elected to the Legislature after declining to run and refusing the nomination. Cullom [3] will be speaker, and wants to be Senator. But at present there seems no prospect of beating Oglesby. Logan [4] and Oglesby![5] *Par nobile!*

I sleep and eat very well. I really need a month or two of idleness. But I can't stay any longer. Please tell Mr. Nicholson to send my mail up to Dec. 4 to the Kennard House, Cleveland. Retain all after that.

The next letter to Reid from which I quote was written in the mayor's office, Springfield, Illinois, on

[1] James Harlan (1820–99), United States Senator from Iowa, 1855–65, 1867–73.

[2] General John M. Palmer (1817–1900), Governor of Illinois, 1868; Liberal Republican candidate in 1872; United States Senator, 1891–97.

[3] Shelby M. Cullom (1829–1913); member of Congress, 1865–71; Governor of Illinois, 1877–83; Senator, 1883–1913.

[4] General John A. Logan (1826–86), member of Congress from Illinois, 1859–62, 1867–71; Senator, 1871–77, 1879–86; unsuccessful Republican candidate for Vice-President in 1884.

[5] Richard J. Oglesby (1824–99), United States Senator, 1873–79; thrice Governor of Illinois.

September 3, 1873, his brother, Charles E. Hay, being the mayor.

Thus far have I marched without accident. I was to have gone in to Warsaw to-day, but my brother was trying some firemen for bathing a YELLOW dog in kerosene and then setting him on fire. I am happy to state they no longer belong to the Fire Department.

I thought I was going to have cool weather, but to-day it is tropical. The cholera has burst out again with great fury in the Southern part of the State, but *M. le Maire* says he has pared its claws here. He hauled up several of the richest and oldest citizens here for not policing their property — including his own grave and reverend uncle. It did not amuse them.

If you can find a minute in the intervals of the mad delight of house-hunting, please tell me how things are. . . .

By the way, I met at Barlow's two of the most interesting people I have ever seen in my life; Laurence Oliphant[1] and his wife, who was a L'Estrange. It is a combination I have never seen before, the highest knowledge of society and the world, combined with a mystic and passionate philanthropy. He

[1] Laurence Oliphant (1829–88), journalist, war correspondent, novelist, member of Parliament, who, with his mother and wife, fell under the baleful spell of Thomas L. Harris, a "prophet."

talked to me in a way that indicated he would like to write occasionally for the *Tribune*. I think it might be worth while to ask him. He is the author of that brilliant book "Piccadilly," and was for a long time Paris correspondent of the *London Times*. He knows everybody and everything. Dick Taylor was there, and said he wanted to meet you. Dana[1] was there, but I don't recall his saying anything of the kind.

Not long after this, Hay became engaged.

On August 14, 1873, he writes to Whitelaw Reid: "I made a toilsome journey to Sharon last Saturday and came back Monday. Next Saturday I am going to Saratoga, and will return Saturday night or Sunday morning. I am getting completely bunged up by my travels — have got a good, honest catarrh which will last a week or two longer. But I am sustained and soothed. . . . I wish I could see you in the same predicament. The fact of being in love, and seeing a good woman in love also, is a wonderfully awakening thing. I would not have died before this happened for a great deal of coin. Get well, and then get engaged. Time flies."

Hay lost no time in letting his old friend Nicolay into the secret.

[1] Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*.

To J. G. Nicolay

August 27, 1873.

I ought not to leave you to learn from strangers that I am engaged to be married to Miss Clara Stone, of Cleveland, Ohio. I do not know when it will be. There will be an internecine war before Mrs. Stone consents to give up her daughter — wherein I sympathize with her. Before many centuries I shall win. She is a very estimable young person — large, handsome and good. I never found life worth while before.

Miss Stone was the daughter of Amasa and Julia Gleason Stone. Her father, a prosperous financier of Cleveland, became a chief benefactor of Western Reserve University in that city.[1] Hay and Miss Stone were married there on February 4, 1874.

"I am going to be married," he wrote E. M. Stanton on January 8, 1874. "If you want to see the last of me, be at Mr. Stone's, 113 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, on the evening of the 4th of February, and I will show you a lovely woman[2] in a white dress and a man in a black coat, who is now and always

Yours faithfully."

[1] He founded Adelbert College in memory of his son, Adelbert Stone, who was drowned while an undergraduate at Yale College.

[2] "Her name for this month only is Miss Clara L. Stone." (Written as a foot-note by Hay.)

For more than a year after their marriage, the Hays lived in New York and he continued his relations with the *Tribune*. Mr. Stone, however, whose health was infirm, wished to have them near him in Cleveland; and when Hay's own health was impaired, by night work on the *Tribune*, his abandonment of journalism followed.

CHAPTER XIV

AUTHORSHIP

JOHN HAY may be said to have grown up with a pen in his hand. Endowed with an unusually delicate suggestibility, he imitated, like other youths, — without being aware of it, — the writers, principally the poets, who delighted him. But besides this endowment, he possessed an authentic talent of self-expression, and the desire to use it. In those earlier poems of his, we see reflections of Poe, of Byron, of Shelley, and of others. Always facile, and equally at his ease in prose and in verse, he turned off occasional pieces, one of which, "Carrier's Address to the Patrons of the *Daily Illinois State Journal*, Springfield, January 1, 1861," has been preserved. Seldom can the newspaper carriers of any town have presented to their patrons so remarkable an effusion. It glows with patriotism: it greets liberty, at home and abroad; it salutes Italy, recently emancipated, in a stanza like this: —

> How long! how still Italia slept,
> While hireling hordes above her reigned,
> How sad the tears that freedom wept
> To see her holiest shrines profaned.

Into the midnight of her dreams
There stole a whisper faint and far,
And flushed them with a light that gleams
On lands beneath the Western star!
And as the tender morning broke
In glory on the Tuscan sea,
The sleeper murmured, as she woke,
"THE STATE THAT WILLS IT, SHALL BE FREE."

And Hay prophesies, as very few of his elders would have dared to do then: —

Though sullen fate and traitor rage
A few brief days the fight prolong —
Our LINCOLN'S name shall light the age,
In history's scroll and poet's song!

Among Hay's papers is a copy of *Harper's Weekly* for October 19, 1861, in which appears a story, "Red, White, and Blue." This also may be by him, for it has his exuberance and his clarity; but it is unsigned. During the war, and afterwards on his diplomatic travels, he often relieved his emotions in a poem. Several of these are sprinkled through his notebooks, the handwriting being almost illegible from the jolting of the train. That he sowed these in some of the magazines and papers of the time is possible, but I have been unable to trace any of them in print. To the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1869, he sent a paper on "The Mormon Prophet's Tragedy," a spirited account of the attack on Joseph Smith, and

his shooting in Carthage jail by a Christian mob, on April 27, 1844. Some of the participators in that crime lived in Warsaw, — Nauvoo, the Mormon settlement, was only fifteen miles to the north, — and as Hay was then five years and a half old, he may have remembered something of the excitement which filled the entire country.

He brought back from Madrid his bundle of Spanish sketches, and a portfolio of fugitive poems. The former he had no difficulty in placing with James R. Osgood and Company — a feather in the young writer's cap; for that firm were the successors of Ticknor and Fields, the publishers of the chief American authors of the century. A happy accident hurried his poems into print.

To the *Overland Monthly* for September, 1870, Bret Harte contributed "Plain Language from Truthful James," in which he introduced the Heathen Chinee to an international audience. The following month, during Hay's visit to his family in Warsaw, he is said to have written two poems, "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," in the supposed dialect of the unshorn Westerners. Some one reports that he was with Hay in the hotel overlooking the river at Keokuk when he dashed off "Jim Bludso." There have been other statements and counter-statements, and much speculation: but it is safer to accept Hay's own ac-

count, which appears below. Even the suggestion that the "Heathen Chinee" started him in this vein of dialect verse, needs confirmation; because that amazingly clever satire is not in dialect, nor is it imbued with the sentimental spirit peculiar to Hay's "ballads."

Whatever its origin may have been, Hay printed "Little Breeches" in the miscellaneous columns of the *Weekly Tribune*, on December 2, 1870, signed only by his initials.[1] It had an instant success, comparable to that of the "Heathen Chinee" itself. Its popularity soon led him to put forth "Jim Bludso," and then a third, "Banty Tim," which *Harper's Weekly* published. Later he added three more to the series.

In letters to friends, Hay tells of his dash into literature. To Nicolay, he writes on December 12, 1870: —

That ridiculous rhyme, "Little Breeches," of mine has had a ridiculous run. It has been published in nearly the whole country press from here to the Rocky Mountains. As my initials are not known and they generally get worn off on the second print, I have not been disgraced by it.

I met G. at breakfast this morning, who called me

[1] To the *Daily Tribune* of December 6 he contributed "The Surrender of Spain," one of the most stirring of his serious poems.

Nicolay and was very cordial. That reminds me of Madrid, where we were all called Sickles by the Señoritas for a week or two. . . .

Have you seen the first [1] of my "Castilian Days" which, by a Hibernicism of Fields, is a night? He seems greatly pleased with the stuff I have given him, and proposes to make a book of it next year. I went on there and spent a day or two very pleasantly among the *geistreich* of Cambridge and the Hub.[2]

To W. D. Howells

TRIBUNE OFFICE, December 29, 1870.

I thank you cordially for your delicious book.[3] I had a copy before and can now indulge in the luxury of giving it away. You are my delight and my despair. Where the demon did you find that impossibly happy way of saying everything? It is a thing that the rest of us blunder on, once in a while, but you never miss. It is no trick or fashion, and so we will never tire of it till we tire of living. You see the critics all notice this, and not knowing what else to say, they say Hawthorne and Irving, etc. . . .

I am plodding along, doing rather better than I expected. Have you ever seen a piece of dialect I

[1] "A Field Night in the Cortes."
[2] Other parts of this letter are printed in Chapter XIII, pp. 335, 336.
[3] *Their Wedding Journey.*

wrote, — "Little Breeches"? It has had an appalling run. It is published every day in hundreds of papers. Two political papers in the West have issued illustrated editions of it. I mention this to show what a ravenous market there is for anything of the sort. I can't do it — but you could. That Western novel of yours must not be much longer delayed.

When I said I can't, it was not measly but true. I wrote another one, and Reid says it is very bad — in which I agree, — so it is not to be published and I will do no more songs. . . .

To J. G. Nicolay

March, 1871.

. . . They send you the February *Atlantic*. The March number has nothing from me, and therefore it won't pay to buy it. The April number has a first-rate article on Spanish holidays by a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Item. The March *Lippincott*, which has a Warsaw story into it.[1]

I am rubbing along, doing my day's work daily — not entirely satisfied with myself but drawing my pay *regular*. The correct press and the unsuccessful critics pound me black and blue, but I eat my diurnal

[1] "The Blood Seedling," interesting because it displays in its treatment that unconscious conflict between realistic substance and a somewhat romantic spirit which was more marked in *The Breadwinners*.

hash with a good appetite, and get more than is right for everything I do. I have just sold a third dialect poem to *Harper's Weekly* for $50 to be published with a picture. It is called "Banty Tim" and touches the contraband. Have you seen "Jim Bludso"? I send you a copy. It has been more widely liked and denounced than "Little Breech."

Horrible power of drink! Last night I met —— at the *Tribune* door — you know him, the wittiest journalist of our time. He was covered with mud and plastering. Had been rolling in the gutter — was crying like a sick child — said they had kicked him out of the last place he was in, — begged me for twenty cents, and sobbed with joy when I gave him fifty. Some night he will die in the street. You and I have kept drinking company all our lives, and yet have never felt for an instant the claws of temptation. Let us thank God!

To W. D. Howells

New York Tribune,
December 24, 1871.

I am badly frightened about that article. I will do it to-morrow or next day if possible; but I am awfully worritted with many things, and need twenty-five hours a day.

Here is the paragraph of editorial to which you

refer. I am delighted with the success of your book, and was sure of it, though the delay of the second edition is infamous and shows little faith. I met an angry man this morning who went to Dutton's for the "Wedding Journey" and not finding it, had to buy "Castilian Days."

Mr. Howells, who was then managing the *Atlantic Monthly*, — although James T. Fields held the nominal editorship for a while longer, — joyfully accepted the Spanish papers, and advised printing some of them in the magazine before Osgood brought them out as a book. Five[1] appeared thus in serial form, between January and July, 1871; then they were all issued in the autumn under the title "Castilian Days." Almost simultaneously, the same house published "Pike County Ballads and Other Pieces."

To his friend, Albert Rhodes,[2] Hay wrote on June 19, 1871: —

"I am the creature of accident. I am not to blame for the absurd vogue of my doggerel. If you want to read something to purge your soul, some good,

[1] January *Atlantic:* "A Field-Night in the Spanish Cortes"; February: "Spanish Living and Dying"; April: "Red-Letter Days": May: "The Cradle and Grave of Cervantes"; July: "Tauromachy."

[2] Born in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1840; United States Consul at Jerusalem; later, at Rotterdam, Rouen, and Elberfeld; contributed to *Scribner's* and other magazines. Published, *Jerusalem As It Is*, 1865; and *The French at Home*, 1875.

honest, hard, horse-sense, read my 'Castilian Days' — when they come out, which will be next fall."

Hay did not simulate modesty. Being human, he could not fail to enjoy the reputation which his ballads brought him; but that he did not overestimate them appears from his reply to Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet and literary worker, who wished to include some of them in a compilation he was making:—

To R. H. Stoddard

THE TRIBUNE, October 5, 1871.

I hope you will not suspect me of affectation when I tell you I don't want to go into Griswold's book. I am no poet, — I make no claim whatever that way. There is hardly one educated man in my acquaintance but has written as much verse as I. By an unlucky accident I put a quaint story into rhyme and gave it to Reid, and the people who would n't read you or Tennyson to save your lives, read this, and guffawed over it and — *me voilà* a poet! Then Osgood came and tempted me, and the mischief was done.

Now, if I keep quiet a year or two, all that will be forgotten and will be as if it never was. I do not want the memory of it preserved in standard books which will go into libraries.

There is nothing I respect so much as the name of

a poet. If I had done anything like your work or Stedman's, I would be indifferently conceited over it. But I have never written a rhyme which deserved to be printed, — still less to be gathered up and kept as specimens of literature. I can do some things as well as most men of my weight, but poems are not of them. Let me up, and pass on to the next man in H.!

I also read with infinite delight Harte's savage article on Miller.[1] I don't agree with it. I think the wild cuss is a poet. But Harte did sling his scalpel in a most stylish way. I believe I would have enjoyed it if I had been the subject. . . .

Hay's "Castilian Days" contains many of the best pages he ever wrote — best, that is, in style. After nearly fifty years the book stands unapproached in English as a panorama of Spanish life and history, of Spanish legends and superstitions and landscape. Hay comes, an outlander from the New World, into that ancient Iberian country, where many centuries have petrified customs and beliefs, and the Past almost blots out the Present. Hay views all with keen eyes. His thirst for observing is unquenchable.

[1] Cincinnatus Heine Miller (1841–1913), who, as "Joaquin" Miller, had just published the *Songs of the Sierras*. Miller affected the flannel shirt and cowhide boots of a son of Nature and was fêted in London.

He can make you see things as he saw them — fixing, in the vivid sentence which remains, the play of light and shade, the flash of a momentary street scene, or the fleeting impression. He furnishes information, but not in the guide-book way; and as he never writes merely to instruct you, he is rarely dull. Perhaps a Spaniard would not accept Hay's judgments — what native ever accepts a foreigner's criticism of his own people? — but he could not fail to acknowledge the young American's general sympathy, or his enthusiasm for the undisputed noble monuments of Spain.

Those who accuse him of writing as a Protestant or as a Puritan, when he lays bare the bigotry and ignorance and lack of any religion which reveals itself in righteous conduct, misjudge him. His condemnation is unsectarian, — the verdict that a normal ethical nature, regardless of creed, would pronounce at the sight of degradation due to the long rule of Jesuits, and friars, and to the Inquisition, which survived, in a milder form, down almost to the time when Hay knew Spain. But that is only one feature of the book. The lasting impression it leaves is of variety, clear-sightedness, and candor; together with Hay's zest in observing and his exhilaration in narrating.

Among pen-pictures of travel produced by Amer-

icans, we may reckon only Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life" as a rival of "Castilian Days"; but Hay by his higher actuality surpasses that delightful minor masterpiece. Howells, the more practised and smoother writer, breathes through his pages a quiet almost wistful atmosphere which accords perfectly with his theme. But Hay employs a manner of treatment which suits his Spanish subjects not less admirably: for in Spain there is often no atmosphere, no mediating haze, only an air so translucent that you feel that you can touch the distant mountains, and there is no compromise between dazzling sunshine and cypress-dark shadow. Scarcely less praiseworthy is the balance which he keeps between vivid description and not less lively impression, between information and interpretation. The later literary landscapists — Lafcadio Hearn and Mr. Percival Lowell in Japan, and Mr. Henry James, for instance — tend rather to impressionism; so much so, indeed, that in some of Mr. James's sketches the objective fact seems only a text or stimulus to release in him a flood of subjective emotions and of reflections not always pertinent.

But, comparisons aside, "Castilian Days" holds its place in American literature. No book in its field is more exactly what it purports to be, and few display an ampler range of qualities — wit, irony,

enthusiasm, shrewdness, honesty, indignation, romance, charm. Free alike from the reserves and the cynicism of maturity, it speaks the perennially alluring language of youth. Having won favor while running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it at once received a more than friendly recognition on its publication as a book. A score of years later when, having passed through many printings, a revised edition was called for, Hay wisely decided to let the papers stand as he originally wrote them, in the first half of 1870.

"I have never gone back to Spain," he says, in a brief, model preface, "and I have arrived at an age when I begin to doubt if I have any castles there requiring my attention. I have therefore nothing to add to this little book. Reading it again after the lapse of many years, I find much that might be advantageously modified or omitted. But as its merits, if it had any, are merely those of youth, so also are its faults, and they are immanent and structural; they cannot be amended without tearing the book to pieces. . . .

"I must leave what I wrote in the midst of the stirring scenes of the interregnum between the secular monarchy and the short-lived Republic — whose advent I foresaw, but whose sudden fall was veiled from my sanguine vision — without defense or apology, claiming only that it was written in good faith,

from a heart filled with passionate convictions and an ardent love and devotion to what is best in Spain. I recorded what I saw, and my eyes were better then than now. I trust I have not too often spoken amiss of a people whose art, whose literature, whose language, and whose character compelled my highest admiration, and with whom I enjoyed friendships which are among the dearest recollections of my life." [1]

In 1893, the Spanish Princess Eulalia came over to represent Spain at the World's Fair in Chicago. Hay sends Mr. Adams this amusing note on meeting her at dinner.

CLEVELAND, June 9, 1893.

I dined with H.R.H. Eulalia at the R.W.; with a heart overflowing with kindness, R. introduced me to all the Castilians and Bourbons as the author of a book about Spain which they really ought to read, etc., — unconscious, the good R., that my unhappy little volume treats the august family of Spain as a set of *pas grandes choses* from Wayback, who have no place outside of penal and reformatory institutions. Still, if they can stand the Hymn of Riego at the British Embassy, they can stand an abusive book they have never heard of.

[1] Preface to revised edition, 1890.

In Hay's Diary, for November 1, 1904, there is an interesting entry in regard to "Castilian Days." The Presidential campaign, it should be recalled, was then drawing to a close.

"We had a brief cabinet meeting. I was somewhat chaffed on account of the story in the papers that the Irish had demanded of Cortelyou [1] my expulsion from the Cabinet, and that he had replied that he could not promise that, but assured them that a Catholic Irishman should be appointed First Assistant Secretary of State. They are evidently after me. I found on my desk to-day a pamphlet carefully printed, consisting wholly of extracts from 'Castilian Days,' showing that twenty-five years ago I had whacked with the freedom and irresponsibility of youth the Spanish Catholic Church from Torquemada to Padre Claret."

A book which is made a campaign document a generation after it was written is still alive; and this book will still live, not because sectaries, religious or political, once found in it stuff for controversy, but because it appeals to intelligent readers.

John Hay's poems fall into three classes. First, and most famous, are the "Pike County Ballads" —

[1] George B. Cortelyou, private secretary to Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt; subsequently, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster-General, and Secretary of the Treasury.

named from the Pike County where he spent much of his boyhood. There are six of these. "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" rolled out spontaneously; the others seem rather the product of the impulse, common in artists, to follow up a happy stroke by repeating it with variations. In the complete edition of Hay's "Poems," put forth in 1890, "Golyer" and "The Pledge at Spunky Point" have been added. They are good, and if the first two had not, in a way, exhausted the possibilities of their type, we should probably think more highly of them.

For one of the reasons why dialect poems capture the public is their novelty. Commonplaces which, if written in commonplace grammatical English, could bore us, seem strange, and therefore rare, when they come dressed in dialect, which serves to attract attention, just as the foreign costume does on the Italian, or Russian, or Japanese peasant. This is, of course, not all. A peasant may carry a precious load on his back, and the dialect poem likewise may be the vehicle of a very important message.

The best example of this in modern English literature we find in Lowell's "Biglow Papers," where the Yankee conscience expresses itself with characteristic irony and with surpassing wit, on questions of fundamental significance. In adopting the language of

the country folk, Lowell was able to score his points more effectively than if he had written them in polished academic diction: for we still have an instinctive belief that the old farmers, or village characters, speaking their racy vernacular, must be as honest as they are unsophisticated, and represent, somehow, the simple, ultimate ideals of the country. As Lowell uses them they are the Yankee equivalent of the Greek chorus, except that, instead of mellow wit, the Greek old men abound in moral platitudes.

After Lowell the two Americans whose dialect poems have attained a popular vogue almost equal to his are Bret Harte and John Hay: nevertheless, they are not in his class. For neither the California 'Forty-niners nor the Mississippi roustabouts and rowdies were involved in any epochal issues such as Hosea Biglow knew he was adjudicating. The heroism of Jim Bludso, however, is as genuine as that of Horatius Cocles, and Hay's skill consists in causing persons of all sorts to feel the genuineness of it. The dialect helps, because it introduces us without delay to the actors, the situation and the catastrophe; but the story itself becomes so pressing that we almost forget the dialect in our eagerness to learn the end. That is as it should be: bad grammar and slang cannot long hide absence of ideas. In one of the later ballads, "The Pledge at Spunky Point," however, we

are conscious that Hay lays stress on dialect for its own sake; as for example, in this stanza: —

> But Chris'mas scooped the Sheriff,
> The egg-nogs gethered him in;
> And Shelby's boy Leviticus
> Was, New Year's, tight as sin;
> And along in March the Golyers
> Got so drunk that a fresh-biled owl
> Would 'a' looked 'long-side o' them two young men,
> Like a sober temperance fowl.

Here the obvious effort of the writer is to collect dialect phrases; in "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," on the other hand, he rightly put the story first.

But besides the novelty of dress, and the intrinsic interest of the story, the moral sentiments proclaimed in these two ballads undoubtedly account in large measure for their hold on the masses. In long-settled communities, having their accepted laws and creeds, their customs and special proprieties, it comes to be tacitly assumed that virtues and vices follow the line of social cleavage; but in a pioneer social medium, like that which Hay describes, men are what they are. Hypocrisy, dissembling, and all the subtler forms of pretending to be what you are not, in order to stand well with the conventional system, are comparatively ineffectual. How can you conform, where all is in flux? The pioneer sees that good and bad do not follow creed: that it is not going to church, or say-

ing prayers, or listening to sermons that counts. He scouts at original sin, although, if you asked him why, he would probably say, "because he has seen virtues cropping out unexpectedly in the most unlikely persons." And then, deep down in the human heart lie the desire for equality and the conviction that most souls are "saved." Theological distinctions are a late product of human speculation. The rough-and-tumble frontiersman, deprived of every opportunity to "be good" in the traditional, church-going way, may, by a single act of heroism, exemplify the noblest ideals that are preached in any pulpit.

The moral of this attitude of admiration for the valiant, unselfish deed and of unconcern for the professed doctrine, Hay put plainly in the most famous of all his stanzas, that which concludes the ballad of "Jim Bludso": —

> He were n't no saint, — but at jedgment
> I'd run my chance with Jim,
> 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
> That would n't shook hands with him.
> He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
> And went for it thar and then;
> And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
> On a man that died for men.[1]

[1] After Whitelaw Reid died in 1913, *Cleveland Town Topics* printed an interview which Mr. W. R. Coates had with him in 1910. Mr. Reid said: "I was responsible for the last lines in 'Jim Bludso,' although I did not write them. Hay brought in the poem, having finished it on the train. I told him it would n't do, that there must be something

His summing up of "Little Breeches" is only a variation on this gospel — the gospel which the founder of Christianity preached, "By their fruits ye shall know them":—

> And I think that saving a little child,
> And fotching him to his own,
> Is a derned sight better business
> Than loafing around The Throne.

In regard to the much-debated origin of "Little Breeches" the following note, from Hay to J. T. Fields seems to me to be conclusive, unless it can be proved that the "bit of Western talk" to which he refers was not the "ballad" in question.

To James T. Fields

New York, Dec. 7, 1870.

Have you seen a bit of Western talk I wrote one morning in Boston and published when I got here? It has had a surprising circulation. The whole Western press has copied it, clear through to the Pacific. It is too flimsy for criticism of course, but the little touch of humanity in it has covered its sins.

besides the recital of an heroic act, some thought drawn from it that was vital and would live. He immediately sat down and added another stanza, closing with: —

> "'Christ ain't going to be too hard
> On a man who died for men.'

In that same way, I am responsible for the last stanza of 'Little Breeches.'"

As this note is dated only five days after the publication of the ballad in the *Weekly Tribune*, and as Hay was visiting the "*geistreich*" Bostonians at the time, the presumption is overwhelming that "Little Breeches" was born, not in his natural habitat on the prairie, but in Boston or Cambridge.

In time Hay came to loathe the mention of the poem which made him famous, as much as General Sherman loathed the sound of "Marching through Georgia." Everybody quoted it to him: wherever he went among strangers he was introduced as its author; the parodies on it were numerous. He used to say that the rattle of it dinned in his ears through life like a tin can tied to a dog's tail. When he republished his poems, he put "Jim Bludso" first in its place.

To E. C. Stedman, who wrote to consult him in regard to selections for "An American Anthology," Hay replied: "I do not want to interfere with your editorial conscience, but would like timidly to suggest that you do not use 'Little Br——' in your *recueil*. You would pardon the cheeky request if you knew how odious the very name of that hopeless fluke is to yours faithfully."

The first English edition, printed in 1871, was entitled "Little Breeches," and the *London Athenæum* commented on it in the tone of condescension then

typical of the English in their estimate of American publications.

"It cannot be denied," said the *Athenæum*, "that there is a quaint vigour in Mr. Hay's manner of telling these anecdotes, but there is nothing in the ballads to warrant the praise bestowed upon them by the American press." [1]

Nevertheless, following their habit of insisting that the outlandish or uncouth was essentially American, the English took up the "Pike County Ballads," and when Hay went to London as Ambassador he heard his lines on many British lips.

His mature feeling toward the two poems he expressed in this letter to one of his former colleagues on the *Tribune:*—

To Joseph B. Bishop[2]

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 11, 1889.

. . . I thank you very much for your kind letter and the enclosures, which I would not otherwise have seen. I thoroughly appreciate a good word spoken for "Jim," who is a friend of mine. I shudder and hide in the cellar only when the boy with the small Knickerbockers [3] is mentioned.

[1] *Athenæum*, no. 2291.

[2] Mr. J. B. Bishop was on the staff of the *Tribune* from 1870 to 1883; then he went to the *Evening Post*, 1883–1900.

[3] Referring to "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches."

A curious thing happened during that summer when we were holding up the Republican party by the tail.

On the first appearance of J. B., Mark Twain wrote to me, saying that I was all wrong making him an engineer, — that only a pilot could have done what I represented him as doing. This troubled me somewhat, though I thought I was right. During the summer of '87, a cotton broker of New Orleans, a son of my J. B. (whose name was Oliver Fairchild, by the way) came to see me at the *Tribune* Office, and absolutely confirmed my story, saying that his father was engineer of the *Fashion*, and died in just that way. But the case was of course uncommon — the pilot usually does the work — and Jim Givens comes again to discredit me.

I am afraid this is ominous of my fate, — to be right as a historian and wrong as an artist.

To a later correspondent Hay sent this final statement about the original "Jim Bludso."

To M. H. Slater, Colorado

WASHINGTON, February 13th, 1905.

I think your idea of the mistake arises from there being two Fairchilds in Hancock County. I knew Oliver Fairchild very well, that is as a child and as

a man grown who was generally on his boat and rarely at home. His son, Henry W. Fairchild, of New Orleans, was a schoolmate of mine. When I said I got the story from him, I merely meant that I got the details of the burning of the steamer *Fashion* and the death of his father from him. There is no mistake in the name.

We need not examine the rest of the Poems in detail. The volume contains a group of "Wanderlieder" inspired by a special occasion, or by scenery, or by legends and tales which captivated him. Best among them is "Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde,"[1] which passes very naturally from a sketch, delicate yet distinct, of the actual Place, to an imaginative review of the intermittent pomps and tragedies and heroisms which it had witnessed.

"The Sphinx of the Tuileries" is a fine example of political invective which is saved from being a diatribe by its righteous indignation. Napoleon III, he says, —

> is a Sphinx indeed.
>
> For the Sphinx with breast of woman
> And face so debonair,
> Had the sleek false paws of a lion
> That could furtively seize and tear.

[1] See Chapter IX., pp. 226, 228.

So far to the shoulders, — but if you took
The Beast in reverse you would find
The ignoble form of a craven cur
Was all that lay behind.

The closing lines lift the subject from the denunciation of a base individual to the affirmation of unyielding faith: —

The people will come to their own at last, —
God is not mocked forever.

In "Boudoir Prophecies" Hay plays sarcastically with the changed fortunes of Queen Isabella and Empress Eugénie — a piece apparently slight, yet having barbs which hook it into the memory. "A Triumph of Order," reminiscent of the horrors of the Paris Commune, is a bit of realism as unqualified as one of Manet's drawings. And yet, in the midst of almost photographic closeness to life, Hay interjects a stanza with this unusual figure: —

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed, gorged like a greedy snake,
From the Arch to Père-la-Chaise.

If we turn to some of Hay's narrative poems, we shall see in them the predominance of the spirit of Romanticism as contrasted with Realism. (These labels are, in truth, somewhat vague, and they smack of literary cant; but they will serve our pur-

pose here.) For Hay, like many another artist of his generation, was possessed by the two conflicting tendencies. Happily, in him there was no struggle, far less quarrel, between them: and so he was saved from the effort of deliberately choosing, as well as from the conscious partisanship, which troubled some of his contemporaries. When a subject kindled him, he wrote his poem on it, in whatever metre, style, or method he best could, never inquiring whether he was obeying the tenets of Realism or Romanticism. Therein, at least, he followed the practice of the world's men of genius instead of that of the world's doctrinaires.

The Poems faithfully represent John Hay's nature, not less than his gifts, in that they display versatility, manifold interests, a quick perception, responsive emotions, irony without malice, and an aptitude for the unexpected turn of phrase. The variety of his metres is remarkable. His ear was musical, although not always correct. Perhaps his lapses came from rapid composition, rather than from any real deficiency in his metrical sense; for he often seems to improvise, rather than to work over and polish his verses. To improvisation belongs the charm of freshness, which Hay's poems seldom lack: its danger lies in its uneven texture. At his best, Hay delighted in flowing metres and well-matched, sonorous

rhymes. Sometimes, especially in his earlier verses, we catch a musical sweep which might be thought Swinburnian were it not that the poem antedated Swinburne's first volume. He did not need to go in search of images, because they swarmed upon him unsought.

If Hay's general poems enjoyed less repute than they deserved, it was because they came at a time when the verse-reading public was engrossed in the finicalities of metrical forms — in the forgotten masterpieces of the Cherry-Stone Carvers, and the finds of the seekers after banal subjects and bizarre rhythms. Since their day has long since passed, it may be that now Hay's poetry, which springs from his genuine nature and not from a mere fad or fashion, will appeal to the grand-children of those who first read it.

I hesitate to assign subjective significance even to those poems which appear, on the surface, to be personal confessions. The real artist is a very elusive creature, who, by virtue of the intuition which makes him an artist, glides like Proteus into so many shapes that the critic may mistake the imaginary creation for the creator himself. Still, in such a poem as "Lagrimas" Hay seems to give vent to a personal mood, or, if not that, to a mood which waylays men of his temperament when they discover, poignantly,

that the momentum of youth has slackened and that the things which they had taken for granted would last them through life, were the perquisites of youth alone, and with youth have vanished.

LAGRIMAS

God send me tears!
Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain,
Give me the melting heart of other years,
And let me weep again!

Before me pass
The shapes of things inexorably true.
Gone is the sparkle of transforming dew
From every blade of grass.

In life's high noon
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,
And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun
That will go down too soon.

Turned into gall
Are the sweet joys of childhood's sunny reign;
And memory is a torture, love a chain
That binds my life in thrall.

And childhood's pain
Could to me now the purest rapture yield;
I pray for tears as in his parching field
The husbandman for rain.

We pray in vain!
The sullen sky flings down its blaze of brass;
The joys of life all scorched and withering pass;
I shall not weep again.

There, indisputably, is a sincere poem, welling up from a heart which knew that passion and suffering are two aspects of the same experience.

As if to round out his poetical expression, Hay wrote a cluster of epigrams, from which I cite half-a-dozen examples. Some of them have the tang of worldly-wisdom before it has soured into cynicism.

2

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going,
When they seem going they come: Diplomates, women, and crabs.

3

Pleasures too hastily tasted grow sweeter in fond recollection,
As the pomegranate plucked green ripens far over the sea.

5

What is a first love worth, except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

10

Maidens! why should you worry in choosing whom you shall marry?
Choose whom you may, you will find you have got somebody else.

11

Unto each man comes a day when his favorite sins all forsake him,
And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins.

13

Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns.
Utter the You twenty times, where you once utter the I.

17

Try not to beat back the current, yet be not drowned in its
waters;
Speak with the speech of the world, think with the thoughts
of the few.

18

Make all good men your well-wishers, and then, in the years'
steady sifting,
Some of them turn into friends. Friends are the sunshine of
life.

Thus when Christmas, 1871, greeted John Hay, he enjoyed the distinction of being the author of two volumes of poetry and prose, either of which made him a citizen of the republic of letters. Fortune, whose favorite he always was, welcomed him with both hands.

CHAPTER XV

FRIENDSHIPS

"FRIENDS are the sunshine of life." That might well be John Hay's motto, the maxim which, had he been one of the Seven Sages, he would have bequeathed to posterity. His genius for friendship showed itself early in childhood and never failed him to his dying day. His associates delighted in him because of his playful wit, the richness and variety of his conversation, his deep-rooted kindliness, his frankness, — a quality which does not always make for friendship, — and his sympathy. They did not think of him as the successful author or the brilliant editor; and later, when he walked on the highest levels of public life, he still remained for them — not Hay the Ambassador, not Hay the Secretary of State, but Hay the friend.

As it is by these intimate contacts rather than by external events, which often seem so casual as to be almost negligible, that we can best come to know him during his middle decades, I shall quote freely from his letters to his associates.

Above other American letter-writers, he had spontaneity — that quality without which a letter can

hardly escape being artificial, if not insincere. The notes which Hay dashed off on the spur of the moment reflect his passing mood; they tell news of his work and of family plans; they give his opinion of the book he is reading or of persons; they sparkle with the wit which comes to him as he writes; they are delightfully indiscreet. If his purpose is to send information, he states it, but without pedantry. So his best letters have that charm of unpremeditation which belongs to the best talk; and, in this respect at least, they come nearer than any others to Byron's, which are the best in English.

During his bachelor life in New York, Hay made many acquaintances outside of the circle of his *Tribune* associates. We hear, at one time, of a small coterie, composed of Whitelaw Reid, Dr. Richard H. Derby, and half a dozen other men, with their wives and sisters, where these existed; and this club, which met informally at the houses of its members to dine or sup, was a shrine of comradeship. By chance, a memento from it has come to me, which, though scarcely more than a bagatelle, is perhaps worth preserving; not so much because it displays Hay's sprightliness as because, through his jesting, we may discern his seriousness.

Those were the days of Mental Photograph Albums, and on February 25, 1873, Hay made this

portrait of himself for the album belonging to Miss Lucy Derby.[1]

1. Your favorite color?	Tri*color*.
2. Flower?	Buckwheat.
3. Tree?	Industry.
4 Object in Nature?	School girls.
5. Hour in the Day?	The Shepherd's Hour.
6. Season?	Currie-powder.
7. Perfume?	The odor of sanctity.
8. Gem?	Jem Brady.*
9. Style of Beauty?	The accessible.
10. Names, Male and Female?	Jack and Jill.
11. Painters?	Fresh air and sunshine.
12. Musicians?	Infants (aetat. 6 mos.)
13. Pieces of Sculpture?	The Sphinx.
14. Poets?	The unpublished.
15. Poetesses?	The Nine — (none since).
16. Prose Authors?	Lindley Murray.
17. Character in Romance?	George Washington.
18. Character in History?	Susan B. Anthony.
19. Book to take up for an hour?	"Jonathan Wild."
20. What Book (not religious) would you part with last?	Dante — (because there is no temptation to waste time in reading it).
21. What epoch would you choose to have lived in?	The Twentieth Century.
22. Where would you like to live?	Everywhere.
23. What is your favorite amusement?	Worrying the wicked.
24. What is your favorite occupation?	Sleep.
25. What trait of character do you most admire in man?	Luck.
26. In woman?	Pluck.
27. What trait do you most detest in each?	Undue prosperity.
28. If not yourself, who would you rather be?	Her second husband.
29. What is your idea of happiness?	A bad character and a good digestion.
30. Of misery?	Life.

* A prize-fighter.

[1] Now Mrs. S. Richard Fuller, to whom I am indebted for this find.

31. What is your *bête noire?*	A pen.
32. What is your dream?	Tiflis.
33. What is your favorite game?	"Woodcock's Little Game."
34. What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics?	Sweetness and light.
35. If married, what do you believe to be the distinguishing characteristic of your better-half?	Self-sacrifice.
36. What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable?	Waltzing.
37. What are the sweetest words in the world?	"It's early yet." (*Bleib ä Bisserl*).
38. What are the saddest words?	Too late.
39. What is your aim in life?	The Universal Commune.
40. What is your motto?	Love your neighbor, but be careful of your neighborhood.

After Hay's marriage, he and his wife lived for a year in New York, and then removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where they made their home for nearly ten years. During that time they were frequently absent, and on one occasion they spent two seasons in Washington. Still, Cleveland was home to them. Mr. Stone built a house for his daughter on Euclid Avenue. Hay opened an office, his theoretical duties being, it appears, to assist Mr. Stone in managing large financial interests; his main business, however, — the work which, in spite of many interruptions, gave continuity to his energy during this period and later, — was his collaboration with Nicolay on the Life of Lincoln. I shall return to this biography later, merely begging the reader to bear in mind that it lay in the background of Hay's thoughts, whether he

mentioned it or not, through all the years covered by the following letters.

If we except Mrs. Whitman and Miss Perry, the encouragers of his college poetic dreams, Mr. Howells was probably the first literary figure with whom he became acquainted. Although only a year and a half older than Hay, Mr. Howells commenced as author in 1860, when with John J. Piatt, he printed his first volume, "Poems of Two Friends." This Hay read in Springfield, and on his journey East, he stopped over at Columbus in order to greet and congratulate the unknown young poet — an indication of his enthusiasm. But Howells happened to be away, and it was not until a little while later, when Hay was in the White House, that they met.[1] Thenceforth, strong friendship bound them together; and Hay was one of the earliest and loyalest of the novelist's admirers.

A note to one of his European correspondents gives a glimpse of his early married life.

To Albert Rhodes

New York, January 28, 1875.

I was right glad to hear from you and to learn you thought of coming back to us. You have evidently

[1] Hay must also have known of Howells through his campaign *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, published in 1860.

had a good time, and I suppose you are now coming back, to let loose a brilliant book upon the university world. Come, and have the success you have so well merited.

I am leading a quiet life and shall be glad to have you *égayer* it somewhat with your French airs and graces. We are established for a year at 11 East-Forty-Second Street (wide street, you know, near 5th Avenue) in a pleasant house, and there is always something in the larder (I don't know what a larder is, but it is euphonious) wherewith to barricade your bowel against the wolf. . . .

To Whitelaw Reid

New York, April 29, 1875.

I can't walk, stand or sit — but by special grace I am still able to lie on my stomach. If you can think of a subject you would like to have treated from that point of view, send it over, and I will worry it.

Yours in Job-like dejection.

In the late spring of 1875 the Hays went to Cleveland, where they lived at 514 Euclid Avenue until their new house was ready. The following year, serious trouble with his eyes caused him to forego writing for several months. He seems to have suffered from what later oculists diagnose as eye-strain,

which caused head-aches, nervous dyspepsia, and depression. Prolonged rest benefited him; but the distressing symptoms recurred at intervals all his days.

Into the life of Cleveland he entered with his customary adaptability. Mr. Stone's position was a point of vantage in making Hay acquainted with the magnates of the city. His own interests introduced him to the political leaders, many of whom had known him in Washington days or through the *Tribune*.

Whatever social life Cleveland offered, the young couple had access to; and Hay had not been there long before he organized a dining-club composed of eight or ten men of various occupations, and at its dinners one heard the best that Cleveland had to give. Hay himself, according to the testimony of the most distinguished of their survivors, was the best after-dinner talker of them all.

To Albert Rhodes

514 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio, July 9, 1875.

Many thanks for your recollection. But Mrs. Hay saw your book at a store in this city and made *cadeau* of it to me. I have not read it yet, for Madam has been devouring it herself and occasionally reads a page aloud to me, which justifies my long-standing

opinion of your sparkling style and observant eye. Please accept our thanks for the pleasure the book has given us, as much as if we had got it for nothing.

I have been a little of everywhere since I saw you. First I went to Boston; then to Illinois, where I passed ten days at my father's and met all my brethren who are still alive.

To Whitelaw Reid

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 3, 1875.

Yesterday morning, after we had been here an hour or so, the corner of the new house was laid, and ever since my ears have been full of the muffled click of the chisels of some half hundred workmen on the soft yellow stone. Mr. Stone is much better than I had expected to find him. He is lame, and walks with a crutch, but otherwise he is much better than he was in New York. Of course he is far from well, but I feel as if there was a good chance for a steady recovery now. This removes a heavy weight from my mind.

We have had as yet no talk about our business plans. That will be postponed until after my return from Warsaw. If he is then decidedly better, we can come to some conclusion in regard to the winter.

I have felt a dozen times yesterday and to-day a sort of blind impulse to go down to Printing House

Square and write some brevier. The moment the obligation was removed, the desire to write began to be born again.

I hope you have endorsed the Ohio platform of the Republicans. It is almost perfect, and I suppose Hayes [1] to be a good sort of man. The Democrats have made so bad a use of their success in this State that there ought to be a show for Hayes this time.

To Whitelaw Reid

34 Public Square, Cleveland,
July 19, 1875.

I merely put that address there for the sake of grandeur, to let you know that we have at last got into an office and have carpeted it and set up desks and bought some note-paper and a waste-basket, and are now ready to skin the pensive Buckeye with neatness and dispatch.

. . . Don't think of sending me the Thiers autograph. I would have it prettily framed, if I were you. It is a very nice thing for your children. It is the thanks of the French Republic, *voyez-vous!*

. . . I never saw so many pretty girls as there are in Cleveland. Hurry along!

The *Tribune* is marvellously full and good. I can't

[1] R. B. Hayes, nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Ohio, was elected in October.

read it all nowadays, but I struggle through as much as I can stand. It is a far bigger paper than I thought when I was there in the kitchen helping to cook it. Only don't waste your nervous system altogether. Save Hassard and some of the rest, and you can keep it as good as it is for a lifetime.

Scattered through Hay's letters to Whitelaw Reid are references to the growing family. This, for example, is his unusual form of announcing the birth of the elder daughter, Helen: —

"Dear Reid: It is painful, but I must tell you. My wife says, when you come to the house, that you have got to hold the baby."

In another letter to Reid, on quite different matters, we light upon this amusing parenthesis: —

"(Mrs. Stone gave me to-day a portrait of herself with my wife (*ætat.* five months) sitting in her lap. It is the image of my infant to-day, which I hope disposes forever of the foul and widely-circulated calumny that the baby looks like me.)"

And here is probably his earliest description of his son Adelbert: —

"My *Tribune* commenced coming the day after I telegraphed. I suppose it may have gone wrong a day or two on account of there being no street number on the address, but it is all right now, and with a

boy and a *Tribune* in the house we are sufficiently furnished to feel comfortable. The young man's name is Adelbert Stone Hay, — no Jr. in mine, if you please, though I fought off the name single-handed against great odds. He is a fine little man-child, ugly and strong, lean and big-boned, with a boundless capacity for sleeping and eating, and as yet no music in him. Long may he fight it out on that line.

"There is nothing in which a bachelor's ignorance shines out so flagrantly as in his feeble-minded conviction that babies look alike. There is no family-likeness even, between my two. My little girl, who was quite ugly at first, has become very pretty. I do not think the boy ever will, from present appearances, but he looks already like a railroad maker and statesman. Mrs. Hay, the Lord be thank't, is very well. The babies take none of her health or good looks away from her."

In 1883 Hay writes from Cannes to Albert Rhodes:

"The children are all well and gay. The baby is three years old to-day and there are rumors of great doings in the nursery. A cake with three candles and an orgie with *sirop*.

"I too have a letter from P. His glory is not satisfying to his soul. He seems disconsolate. Where, my brethren, is happiness? In the dictionary."

Hay watched the *Tribune* with a former editor's special interest, and, being free from the drudgery of its routine, he often expressed regret for the pleasant hours past. "I wish I could drop in on you for an hour or so," he writes Reid. "When I am in New York I hardly ever go to anything — but now it makes one homesick to read the ads in the *Tribune*." (June 5, 1875.)

To W. D. Howells

536 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.,
February 20, 1877.

I send a few lines of vituperation for the Contributors' Club [1] as your wisdom may ordain.

I hear you are to write a "No Name" [2] story, but I do not believe a word of it. Your name is too valuable to veil. If you do, let me know, in strict confidence. I cannot afford to read the "No Name" books. I fear I might plunge into some such ditch of M. and water as D. Your comedy [3] is delicious. My wife reads it to me.

The last *Atlantic* has come, and we think that no magazine has a right to two things as good as you and James at once. Is not "The American" aston-

[1] A department of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

[2] The Boston publishing house of Roberts Brothers brought out a series of anonymous novels under this general title.

[3] *A Counterfeit Presentment*.

ishing, even to us who always believed in him? Of course not "æsthetically attractive" — but — well! well! let us be patient! Such things have always been.

In the spring of 1878 Hay's health was so seriously impaired that the doctor told him he must lie off all summer. As Mrs. Hay could not accompany him, he suggested to Nicolay to join him on a tour of recreation.

To J. G. Nicolay

ROOM 1, CUSHING'S BLOCK, CLEVELAND, O.
April 6, 1878.

. . . [The doctor] suggests — see how great minds jump together — what you did — Colorado. Only you suggested *taking* me. *Eh bien!* Can you go? If you can't, I am rather inclined to Switzerland instead.

If you can go, let me know, and when you can get off. It won't cost you much — all the extras I will stand, and you will come back to Washington so fat they will charge you double.

Let me know at once.

I think I shall go to Philadelphia about May 1st and consult Weir Mitchell before starting. So that all definite plans can be postponed till then.

To Whitelaw Reid

514 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.
July 5, 1878.

. . . I wish you could ever have as lazy time as I had for ten days at Warsaw, — though I suppose you could not have endured it. We were all together without our wives, and spent every precious minute of the time in loafing and remembering our childhood. I got acquainted with my brother Leonard over again, and liked him better than ever. If I had not been too lazy to take down his talk, it would have been all good copy, about life on the frontier. But as I was going to say, I wish you would take care of yourself in some way. It is getting to be a mania with me, . . . and I made myself a nuisance at Springfield by croaking at Charles Hay,[1] who works nearly twenty hours a day. I am grieved and ashamed to see that the *Tribune* is as good and better without me. Why can't you make up your mind to let it go a little while on the momentum you have given it! It is a tremendous paper. I see it more plainly than ever when I am away. Every one I meet says the same thing; it has fairly conquered criticism. If you would now learn to sleep and eat like a Christian, it would be all the better for you and your congregation. . . .

[1] John's younger brother.

Nicolay being unable to take the European trip, Hay invited his brother Leonard, and the two renewed their youth while traveling in England and on the Continent. John's memorandum book contains brief notes which show that he was not too worn out for sight-seeing. As usual, he listed the paintings and monuments which particularly attracted him. At Amsterdam the "towers are out of perpendicular. Read Zola, *Une Page d'Amour*. Black and bitter as gall."

At the station of Ehrenbreitstein Hay saw the Empress Eugénie: "bowed," is his laconic note; with what recollections on his part of their meeting thirteen years before, may be imagined. The brothers spent some time at Schlangenbad, where John took the baths and was assured by Dr. Bauman, who looked him over, that "there was nothing serious." At Schwalbach, Dr. Carl Genth examined his eyes and "saw no organic trouble whatever."

One other item reads: —

"Weight of J. H. July 26, 1878. Kilo 66, gr. 500; German pounds, 133; English pounds, 146½. Weight of L.H. Kilo 71, gr. 500; German pounds, 143; English pounds, 157¼."

In September the brothers came home.

To Whitelaw Reid

CLEVELAND, October 27, 1878.

. . . I don't see any good reason why we should not set December 7 as the Saturday night on which we shall beguile Howells down to New York, and I will come too. Only you are not to have any spread on that evening, for we shall want to go to the Century.

Howells's play, produced here Friday, is a translation of that pathetic Spanish tragedy, Yorick,[1] which you and I saw some years ago at the Fifth Avenue. Howells has greatly improved it. It is a beautiful tragedy now and Barrett[2] played it magnificently — but it is too sombre and heart-breaking to have much money in it.

I have not congratulated you on your great coup.[3] It is the biggest piece of intelligent journalism, as distinguished from mere enterprise, that has been done in the country. The leader-writing about it has been as good as the cipher-work, — can't say better, for obvious reasons.

I have not thanked you either for taking me to

[1] By Estébanez, whose play in Spanish is *Un Nuevo Mundo*.

[2] Lawrence Barrett (1838–91), actor who, during his last years, starred with Edwin Booth.

[3] Deciphering the Florida despatches which were held by Republicans to prove the corrupt practices of the Democrats.

Teaneck, that Sunday. I never had really talked with Walter Phelps [1] before, and I should not have felt like leaving the world without meeting so original and lovable a character. He is charming — mind and heart both, — one of the fellows that ought to live forever to help sweeten a brackish world.

To the playwright himself, Hay sent not only congratulations on *Yorick's Love*, but this fragment of dramatic criticism.

To W. D. Howells

CLEVELAND, O., October 28, 1878.

I went home last night moved and shaken to the core by your play,[2] and I woke up this morning with that vague sense of calamity with which a sorrow of the night before tinges the morning. I hardly know how to begin my report to you. If the theatre was merely a temple of art and poetry I could congratulate you on a great and glorious triumph. I am sure I never saw Barrett play as well, with such sustaining agony of expression. I went in to see him after the second Act, and he was haggard as a ghost and drenched with perspiration, but he showed no di-

[1] William Walter Phelps (1839–94) whose home was at Teaneck, near Englewood, New Jersey; he was a Congressman, 1873–75; Minister to Austria, 1881–82; and minister to Germany, 1889–93.

[2] *Yorick's Love.*

minution of energy in the last Act. The play throughout had a terrible clutch upon the feelings of the audience, in spite of the young man who played Edmund, who overdid his part and left the audience behind him with no inclination to catch up. In all Barrett's scenes the attention was painfully intense, only interrupted by quick and electrical storms of applause.

The audience was like your other one last year, an *Atlantic Monthly* crowd which crammed every inch of space. They appreciated the good acting and the good writing as well. The exquisite versification in the second Act, for instance, was remarked upon by a dozen people about me, who, I should have thought, would not care for such things. It was a great tragedy, nobly played, in short; and it had last night an honest and legitimate success. The success was yours, too, for it was a very different play from the one I saw at the Fifth Avenue Theatre some years ago, improved almost beyond recognition. It was the best written play I have heard for a long time.

Now shall I go on with the hateful candor of a friend, and tell you the further impression it made on me? I do not believe that, as the play stands, it will ever have great runs, or make you much money. The plot is so simple, the story so sombre and heart-

breaking, that after the play becomes known, few people will go to see it except those who enjoy the very best things in writing and acting. It is too concentrated, too intense. The five people in it are in such a profound agony that an ordinary audience would grow nervous. They must laugh once in a while, and if you do not give them the chance to do it legitimately, they will do it in the wrong places. I do not know how the Greeks managed with their awful simplicity and work, but Shakespeare had to throw in what I dare not call padding.

Perhaps I am croaking in vain, after all. The play is magnificent. I wonder how any contemporary Spaniard could have done it. Your part of the work, it seems to me, is faultless, and Barrett's is unquestionably the stoutest piece of work I ever saw him do. (You made an improvement in keeping Shakespeare behind the flies. He was almost grotesque in the original.) The applause was of the sharpest and most spontaneous kind and the people were roused and moved in a very uncommon way. Perhaps I am morbid and cannot look at the prosperous side of things, but I think you will prefer to have me say what I think, even if I am wrong. I am sure I never left a theatre feeling such a sense of tragedy as last night, except when I walked out of the Academy of Music one afternoon and felt that I ought to go and

tell the police that Salvini had smothered his wife and killed himself.[1]

Turning to brighter things, Mrs. Hay and I are just starting across the ocean with Miss Blood,[2] with the assurance of a happy voyage. The first number is delightful. It gives the pleasure we feel at the first note of Wilhelmj's fiddle; we know he can keep on doing it as long as he likes.

To J. G. Nicolay

CLEVELAND, O., January 11, 1879.

I think Colorado must be the thing after all. I went to Europe in July, had the quietest summer of my life. Spent a month or so in England, loafing in city and country; did not go to a single dinner-party or opera; then loafed through Holland and Belgium; up the Rhine to Schlangenbad, where we stayed a month; then a little of Northern Italy and Switzerland; then the [Paris] Exposition and Scotland, and a week's sleepy rest at Windermere, and home. In all this I was more quiet than I would have been in Cleveland. After I got back I imagined I felt better for a month or so, but the other day I had the most ridiculous attack I have ever had — thought I was

[1] Tommaso Salvini first acted *Othello* in New York at the Academy of Music in the autumn of 1873.

[2] A character in *The Lady of the Aroostook*.

dead for half an hour. The doctor said it was nothing at all serious — simply the effect of the cold. But I feel rickety yet.

I have been trying my best to get to work again, with very indifferent success. But I feel to-day as if I might make some headway for a while. I will write you later and tell you how I get on. Perhaps I can come to see you later in the season, but I can't say certainly yet. I won't come unless I can bring at least, say, 33,000 words.

In the autumn of 1879 William M. Evarts, the Secretary of State under President Hayes, succeeded, after much urging, in persuading Hay to be Assistant Secretary — a post which he filled until the installation of Garfield's Administration.

To Albert Rhodes

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, June 8, 1880.

I received your letter of the 22nd and the "Vie Moderne" at the same time. I thank you very much for sending it to me. I have always been greatly interested in Flaubert's work and am glad to know something of the man. I have read, I believe, all his works except the "Éducation Sentimentale," which I see you call in your admirable letter to the *Tribune* "the

weakling of his brain" — so perhaps I have not lost much in missing that.

I am always glad to hear from you. I have no news to tell you except that I have two daughters and a son — all healthy and happy — and that I have only one aspiration in life and that is two — to get out of office and to stop having headache.

To Whitelaw Reid

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, February 11, 1881.

MY DEAR WHITELAW REID:—

My heart is full of your happiness.[1] I give you a thousand congratulations. The best thing has happened to you that could happen. You will be at peace the rest of your life so far as the greatest of all questions is concerned. You will have a good wife — good through and through — and I can tell you what that amounts to.

I need not tell you how I have desired and hoped for this. I have rarely met a young lady whom I liked so much at first sight as Miss Mills; and Mrs. Hay sanctioned my judgment of her noble qualities by some feminine judicial process which does not require long acquaintance. . . .

[1] Mr. Reid had announced his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Mills.

The proposition on your last page takes my breath away. I suppose I shall decline it finally, but I shall take pleasure in thinking it over for a while. It is a great temptation.

I had a letter to you lying sealed on the table when this momentous missive was handed to me. But I tore it up — it was all about politics, new cabinets, and myself, and such small deer, not worthy of your present frame of mind.

Well! God bless you and yours, now and always!

The proposition which took Hay's breath away was that he should act as editor-in-chief of the *Tribune* while Reid spent his honeymoon in Europe. This was, in truth, a final token of the value which Reid set on his judgment. Hay's literary ability nobody questioned; but judgment and tact are the compass and rudder without which a newspaper can never make port, and Reid plainly trusted in him for both.

Hay accepted the offer, partly to assist his friend, and partly because he liked to try his hand at new and formidable undertakings. The Reids were married on April 26, 1881; and for six months Hay sat in the editorial chair which Horace Greeley had occupied.

To Albert Rhodes

CLEVELAND, O., February 19, 1882.

Many thanks for sending "Serge Panine." I should have written to ask for it, if it had not come. I am just now *alité* by an attack of diphtheria which will soon be over, I am told; and then we shall attack "M. Panine."

I have read all the stories in Halévy's volume and find them delicious. I suppose he is Jew by religion as well as by blood; otherwise his irreverence would never be so light and dainty.

To W. D. Howells

CLEVELAND, March 26, 1882.

Your letter had a powerful effect on Mrs. Hay and me. Our minds were in solution and your letter precipitated them in an eye-twinkle. We had been intending to go to Europe, but thereafter all was vague; — now we shall go to Florence. What larks! We shall sail in the White Star steamer of July 15; if you took the same it would be — butter upon sausage, as Josh Billings once said in an inspired moment. I have been working hard, and laying up great store of MS. I shall go down to Washington next week and talk with Nicolay and then be free, for a vacation of respectable size.

. . . I never promised myself that much of a spree in my life. I feel a little superstitious about it now — as if it were too good for the likes of me. But to escape the envy of the Gods I will take a lot of historical notes in my trunk, ostensibly to write a few chapters, but really to ballast me, and lower my spirits with the thought of duty unperformed.

. . . I am still not well, and the doctor tells me not to be worried if I take a month more to get well in.

> Man nennt das grösste Glück auf Erden
> Gesund zu sein;
> Sein grösseres ist gesund zu werden.

When I see you I will tell you what I think of it.

In 1882 the Hays went to Europe and passed the winter. Europe on the East, and the Rocky Mountains on the West — where Hay found simple quarters at Manitou Springs, or Colorado Springs — became henceforth his chosen resorts for recuperation; and as the children grew old enough to travel, they went too. To the many acquaintances whom Hay had already made in England, he added new ones at each visit, and some of these ripened into friends. The bonds thus formed proved later precious in ways he never dreamed of.

To E. C. Stedman

CLEVELAND, O., June 28, 1882.

Mrs. Hay has put a heavy load on me — in charging me to ask you to write some verses in her book. I know, better than most of the profane, what a *corvée* this is. But I begin myself to wish to see the book completed, and you are too important a victim to escape. You will see how worthy the company is of you: — Emerson, Longfellow, and others. Don't damn me too much, — say about half what I deserve.

To complete your kindness and fill up the measure of my imprudence — would you mind giving me a letter to Swinburne? I will not crowd upon him, but if ever I come in his way, I would like to be indebted to you for an introduction to him. . . . We sail from New York July 15.

To W. D. Howells

ACTON PARK, WREXHAM.
September 18, 1882.

Did you learn what Alma Tadema would ask, say, for one of those pretty little pictures of his, the one with two figures in it? If it were not too monstrous I think I would get Mr. Stone to buy it. Do not take the trouble to ask anybody about it if you have not

heard. I want also to impress upon your mind that if you ever make another bargain with an English publisher, you must talk guineas, not dollars, nor pounds. He will accept your numerals just as quick in guineas, and you will gain some six dollars in a hundred by it. It is the custom among artists and men of letters, so do not lower the standard.

Saturday last we drove from this lovely place (a seventeenth century house in which the vile Judge Jeffreys was born, now the seat of a family of baronets the most amiable conceivable) to Hawarden Castle, the residence of the Prime Minister. We were disappointed in not seeing the Grand Old Man, who was detained in London by a cabinet council; but Mrs. Gladstone was at home and very gracious. I say all this merely as an introduction to the weighty fact that I saw on the drawing-room table a much-thumbed copy of "A Foregone Conclusion," and the Prime Ministress authorized and requested me to say to you how much she liked it. We went to-day to visit Chirk Castle, a grand old pile of the date of the thirteenth century, still in perfect preservation and always continuously inhabited since it was built. It was a royal appanage until Elizabeth's time, who sold it to the family who now live in it. This is the first thing of the sort I have ever seen except Warwick, and this is in many respects far finer. . . .

To W. D. Howells

HOTEL BEAU SITE, CANNES.
December 20, 1882.

. . . After I wrote you in Paris I saw some doctors who told me without collusion that if I would stay in Paris forty days and take douche baths I would be well. They were both great swells and the coincidence of their views rather struck me. I remembered also that it took exactly the same time in Noah's day, to cure the world of most of its infirmities by the same method; and so, like an ass, I gave up, or rather, postponed, my trip to the South, and went through my douches, with, of course, no result whatever. I went back to my doctors and reported. One said: "Better stop your douches! go to Cannes and amuse yourself! You will soon be all right. Forty francs! thank you! good-bye!"

The other said: "*Eh bien!* instead of six weeks, take three months of douches. Take them in Cannes, if you like, or in Nice"; and with that he gave me an entire change of drugs; — "Forty francs! thank you, *bon voyage!*" There was nothing Noachian about three months, so I came away determined to do nothing he told me. . . .

P.S. After shutting my letter I looked at the Christmas *Harper's*, and found, *naturellement*, that

your farce [1] was the pearl of the collection. It made me laugh audibly which is *mucho decir*. I would give money to see it on the stage. There is a little woman at the Vaudeville who played in *Tête de Linotte*, who would be the best Mrs. Roberts on earth. But it would be impossible here, as a French sleeping-car is a sad parody on our glorious institution. It has no sociableness, no promiscuity, no chance for love or war.

By the way, how James is catching it for his "Point of View"![2] In vain I say to the Howling Patriot: "The point of view is clearly and avowedly the point of view of a corrupted mother and daughter, spoiled by Europe; of a filthy, immoral Frenchman; of a dull, well-meaning Englishman!" But they respond: "Miss Sturdy is James himself"; and as she says children are uproarious in America, and women's voices are higher than their manners, there is forgiveness for the writer. The worst thing in our time about American taste is the way it treats James. I believe he would not be read in America at all if it were not for his European vogue. If he lived in Cambridge he could write what he likes, but because he finds London more agreeable, he is the prey of all the patriotisms. Of all vices I hold patriotism the worst when it meddles with matters of taste.

[1] *The Sleeping Car.*
[2] *The Portrait of a Lady* was published that year.

To J. G. Nicolay

PARIS, March 8, 1883.

. . . I have been so inert and lifeless since I came over here that I have not written a letter except on the stimulus of receiving one. I have never been so idle in my life. It was of set purpose, and I think it has been wholesome.

To give you in a word our itinerary: — We arrived in England the end of last July; spent a few weeks in London, and then went north; saw Lincoln, York, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen; then went to visit a Baronet in the Highlands named Sir John Clark, passed a delightful week with him, then went to the shore of the Northern Ocean at Inverness. Thence down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, Staffa, and Iona. Then back to Hastings, where we had left the children during all these philanderings. We went up to London again after that; went to North Wales to visit another Baronet and M.P., Sir Robert Cunliffe. At his house we met the Judge Advocate-General in Gladstone's Government, Mr. Osborn-Morgan, M.P., who invited us to visit him, which we did, and passed a pleasant day or two in an Inigo Jones house in the mountains of Wales. Then we went on a regular debauch of English cathedrals: — Hereford, Worcester, Gloster, Wells, and Salisbury; and after

that, we broke for Hastings again; and after a week of rest by the summer sea we gathered up the whole caboodle and went over to Paris.

I was still rather miserable and at last went to two doctors, W. B., an American Egyptian, and the famous C., the same day. They both advised the same thing, douche baths, tonics, and bromides. I followed their prescriptions pretty faithfully, off and on, until now. In December we went to Cannes with the children, and that has been our home all the winter, — and a delicious place it is, — eternal June with an air loaded with orange blossoms. We made our little tour through Provence: — Nîmes, Arles, Aigues-Mortes, Pont du Gard, — and a longer trip to Florence and Siena, where we met Howells.

I am, I think, considerably better, though I have given up all hopes of being twenty-one again.

We sail for home on the 10th of May in the *Germanic*, and I hope to get to work immediately, or as soon as practicable after that. I saw the Comte de Paris at Cannes and he asked me to give you his Royal compliments.

Thanks for the scrap. King did not write "Democracy," nor did I.

In the next two letters, addressed to Mr. Stone, Hay wrote to interest his correspondent; for the

father-in-law was both sick in body and apprehensive in mind, at the signs of encroaching anarchy.

To Amasa Stone

PARIS, March 11, 1883.

DEAR MR. STONE: —

There is a feeling of deep distrust and anxiety in the public mind. A demonstration took place day before yesterday on the Esplanade des Invalides which might easily have become very serious. A few bakers' shops were pillaged and a crazy creature named "Louise Michel" tried to get the mob to march to the Élysées Palace, but the cuirassiers came on the ground and dispersed them. Another riot was feared for to-day, and the streets are full of soldiers riding in every direction. Commerce is in a great state of prostration. The laborers have had the mischief put into their heads by trade-unions, etc., and the consequence is that cheap merchandise is coming in from Germany and underselling the French on their own ground. Then the politicians in the Assembly are so eager for their individual advancement that no government lasts more than a few weeks and a painful impression of uncertainty has thus grown up throughout France.

. . . [Helen] has learned a good deal in the past year. She reads very well and has begun to write

and knows a good deal of French. Del is half a head taller than she and is getting along pretty well in his studies also. They are all lively, but have caught little colds in this harsh and damp air. Paris is a poor place to live in.

LONDON, May 2, 1883.

. . . I have been reading the life of Carlyle, and the other day I walked down to the little house where he lived and died and near which his statue now stands in bronze. At your age he suffered precisely as you do, deep, nervous depression, persistent indigestion and loss of sleep — a general disaster and irritation of the entire nervous system. His misery seems to have been of the keenest character. Yet he lived to be eighty-six years of age, and the last twenty-five years of his life were comparatively healthy and free from pain. I met the other day at dinner an old gentleman named H., eighty-two years old. He told me that between sixty and sixty-five his digestion seemed hopelessly impaired. He could eat and drink nothing and slept very little. Now he dines out every night and is the gayest of the company wherever he is. I rely on your strong constitution, your sober and moral life, the reserve of vitality you have about you, to wear out all your present troubles and to bring you to a healthy and happy con-

dition again. You have so much to live for, to enjoy the results of the good you have done and to continue your career of usefulness and honor.

Yours affectionately.

To Henry James

CLEVELAND, August 11, 1883.

MY DEAR JAMES: —

When I was in Florence, Larkin Mead [1] made for me a very admirable bronze medallion of Howells, and I write now to beg that if you find yourself soon in Florence again you will let him have a shy at your head also for me. I have written to him about it. It will give you almost no annoyance at all, as he works with great swiftness in such things, and if he succeeds with you as well as he did with Howells, the portrait will do you no discredit and will be a great ornament to my house.

I am nearly through my year's hard work, and am to start in a day or two with Nicolay to the Rocky Mountains for a few weeks' idleness.

I greatly enjoyed your Daudet in the *Century*, though demurring a little at your undue generosity. Your palinode was excessive, I thought. He *is* a "great little writer." The "Evangéliste" is dreary,

[1] Larkin Goldsmith Mead, born in 1835, American sculptor; brother-in-law of W. D. Howells.

the work of a genius smitten with locomotor ataxia; (if I had known that word was so long, I should never have begun upon it). There is no coördination in it. Besides, a man who is such an idiot morally can never sit down at meat with Shakespeare and you fellows. . . .

To W. D. Howells

In the Clouds, Rocky Mountains,
Colorado, September 9, 1883.

. . . Nicolay and I are in camp in a most beautiful and rugged eyrie 9000 feet high, sometimes called Crystal Park, not far from Manitou Springs, which is our P.O. address. If you were here, — but some day you will come. — I am looking about for a place to build a hut, which I hope you will share with me. The bigness of the beauty of the place is something I am not able to describe and shall not try. I came away from Cleveland pretty wretched and am already a good deal better. I will come earlier next year and stay longer. I expect to be here at least a fortnight more. . . .

Having seen some of Hay's friendships during the first ten years of his married life, and having learned to know him better, we may now turn to the beginnings of his political career.

CHAPTER XVI

POLITICS

DURING the half-century following the Civil War, American development refutes the common saying that war is good for a people because, in calling out their courage and requiring of them fortitude and self-sacrifice not less than valor, it puts them to the test of ultimate reality. In truth, however, though there have been wars through all the ages, none has ever yet cured the most intimate social diseases, but on the contrary, war causes these to flourish and it raises up other evils of its own.

The two benefits which resulted from the American Civil War were the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the geographical union of the United States. Among the evils it bequeathed were sectionalism, a diminished respect of the citizen for the State, the commutation of patriotism into pensions, the preferment of soldiers to civil offices for which they were unfit, the centralization of the national governmental power, and the unbridling of national extravagance.

Perhaps we should count as a third benefit the swiftness with which, in 1865, the Union and the

Southern armies dissolved. Yesterday, a million soldiers hot from battle; to-day, as if transformed by a magician's wand, a million farmers, clerks, merchants, laborers, operatives — busy again at their peaceful tasks. No military despotism; no truculence of Pretorian Guards; no Prussian war lord and his underlings compelling a nation to worship Moloch as the highest God. In the noblest qualities of a soldier, the Americans had never been surpassed; and yet they testified in disbanding that they knew that peace, not war, is the normal state, the ideal, of civilized society. Small wonder that their muster-out roused the admiration of the world!

But in subtler ways the Civil War harmed American Democracy. It filled every civic office — from president to hog-reeve — with ex-soldiers. Five presidents — Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley — came into the White House, directly or indirectly, because of their military record. The corruption of an institution begins when those who pilot it are chosen for qualities contrary, if not foreign, to its purpose. So, too, the desperate need of money to finance the war led to the adoption of a high tariff, which stimulated unhealthy production: and when the war was over, the beneficiaries of the tariff — like the fever-patient who, on his recovery, finds the morphine habit fixed upon him — demanded

higher protection and still higher. The Republican Party already ominously strong because of its prestige in the Civil War, made Protection the cornerstone of its creed; and it veiled the fact that it was the capitalists' party by claiming to protect American labor; yet it revealed its true spirit in encouraging unrestricted immigration, in order to supply capitalists with the cheapest labor.

The captains of industry, the manufacturers and mine-owners and promoters, controlled the Government in so far as they caused it to fix the tariff rates they themselves dictated — a denial of that principle of equality which is the sheet anchor of Democracy. They were numbered by thousands, or at most by tens of thousands. The multitudes who beset the Government for favor and support through the pension system reached a million or more. Dignity, self-respect, honesty itself, succumbed to the temptation of the pension-mongers. Frauds were so frequent that the Pension Bureau ceased to allow the rolls of its beneficiaries to be inspected — the most shameless official conniving at robbery this country has known.

With the pensioners as with the capitalists the primal harm was not the shocking waste of public money but the debasement of civic ideals. The four thousand million dollars poured out to the veterans

created a vast body of Americans who regard the National Treasury as fair prey for every rapacity. The conception that each citizen should defend public money from theft or waste even more scrupulously than he would a private trust, was dismissed as an iridescent dream. Another stab to Democracy, which cannot function perfectly unless every member is honest.

The influx of millions of foreigners raised further impediments. The aliens came mostly from countries where they had had little or no experience in self-government. They brought with them their tribal, their racial, their religious, and their international feuds. And as they transplanted to America the creeds of discontent and revolution which had long kept Europe alarmed, the word "proletariat" became naturalized here much sooner than many who bore it. They thrust the debate of the social revolution prematurely on the United States, and having never passed through the experience of constitutional methods, they saw no alternative to the Despotism from which they had fled except the Socialism or the Anarchism to which they would blindly leap.

On the surface, the half-century seemed prosperously given up to money-making. Expansion was bound to come, but the artificial stimulus caused its rate and its extent to be unhealthily exorbitant. To

watch a nation grow opulent is not necessarily more edifying than to watch the aurification of the individual plutocrat — and what that is the Greeks typified once for all in Midas. This process went on, however, just as surely in Europe as in the United States. Some countries, like Germany, combined the materializing pursuit of wealth with the brutalizing pursuit of militarism. All had their scorn of the vulgar American dollar, and all encouraged their parasitic nobles to marry the daughters of American millionaires, and Kings and Kaisers prudently invested in American securities. Great is cant.

These were some of the principles, unfavorable if not actively injurious, among which American Democracy had to maintain itself as best it could. In an industrial age, the government is inevitably controlled by the masters of industrialism. So the Republican Party, which was in power at the end of the Civil War, became by a quite natural metamorphosis the capitalists' organ.

Like millions of his contemporaries John Hay continued to be a Republican, not because that party fostered plutocracy in granting special privileges to capital, but because, first of all, it *had* saved the Union, it *had* put down slavery. In his youth, it kindled his conscience. He had seen Lincoln guide

its councils and direct its mighty forces to preserve Democracy on earth; his own associates had been chiefly Republicans. His instinct was, to suspect that the seeds of slavery and rebellion still lurked in the Democratic Party, although he did not question that individual Democrats were loyal and high-minded and just. That constitutional country cannot fail to suffer in which one party claims that it alone is patriotic. Such was the case in the United States for two decades after the Civil War.

Hay was keen enough to see that thick-and-thin partisanship appears illogical, not to say absurd, to the eyes of pure reason; he repudiated without demur this or that corrupt politician or party act: but he held that an institution must be judged by its essentials and not by its details, especially where these are unworthy. If, like most of us, he could not always escape from the fallacy of his zeal, yet he was so genuinely open-minded that the dominant friendship of his life was with one who looked with pitying irony upon political and other orthodoxies and those who professed them.

Except when Hay voted for Tilden for Governor of New York, his practice seems to have been consistently loyal. Republicanism, the creed of his youth, became the habit of his prime. It changed its principles; it drifted out of the old into the new; but it

still harped on the glories of its origin, and it was never so insistent on posing as Abraham Lincoln's party as when it put forth doctrines most opposed to those which he stood for.

Toward the end of the century, the Republican Party was avowedly the capitalists' party; and as such, because capital is timorous and wary and solicitous of self, it became the stronghold of conservatism. Thereby it drew to itself, not merely the rich, but many others whom the dread of a social upheaval turned into conservatives. In this aspect, too, it attracted Hay, an unwavering lover of liberty — but of liberty with order. He believed that the hope of the country, perhaps even of Western civilization, so far as this is based on property, depended upon maintaining the Republican Party as a breakwater against the rising tide of social revolution.

But enough of general outlines of his political creed and its background. Let us examine now his attitude in special cases. Generalities give us only theories about life; particulars are life itself.

During his career on the *Tribune*, Hay's knowledge of New York State politics, not less than his wide acquaintance with public men, led to his being called upon more and more for political editorials. He favored the Liberal movement of 1872, up to the time

when the Democrats appropriated it and forced Greeley upon the unnatural combination. Then he supported Grant, and, in the succeeding four years, his Republicanism was unshaken, although he could not fail to detest the revelations of corruption in high places which scandalized the country.

When the Greenback craze, the joint product of half-baked vagarists and professional demagogues, swept through the country, Hay saw clearly that, as this was not a party delusion, but a national menace, it was for the "honest money" men in both parties to unite and strangle it. His correspondence with Reid grows hot.

To Whitelaw Reid

CLEVELAND, OHIO,
24 September, 1875.

. . . I am in a profound disgust about the campaign here. These bellowing, howling hounds expect to carry the State, and I have not heard of any Democrats who will bolt. I had a talk with Mr. P. the other day. He is for Allen,[1] although he has kept quiet; if Allen is elected, he (Mr. P.) would be in favor of the repeal of the Resumption Law. The *Herald* here is an inflation paper. The *Leader* is as straight as a string — copies the *Tribune* every day.

[1] William Allen, Governor of Ohio, 1874–76.

I do not see that you are called upon to modify your attitude in the least in New York. Bigelow [1] is sure to be elected by a big majority, and the whole ticket. You can say this, and not weep over it, without saying anything against Fred Seward.[2] There have never been two tickets so absolutely irreproachable put before the voters of the State, and the platforms are about as good as they could be made.

Think of this State — with half the Republicans and all the Democrats inflationists at heart, and carrying on a campaign on the bald issue whether the nation shall be a liar and a thief or not.

I don't like the job you propose to me of skinning that skunk.

CLEVELAND, O., October 1, 1875.

. . . I think there is no trouble about the position of the *Tribune*. From now until election-day here, October 12, you can hold your present attitude. If Allen is elected, as I fear, it will then be advisable to make no bones about Pennsylvania, but say distinctly that there is not a ghost of a chance for Hartranft,[3] at the same time keeping up a hot fight against the inflation Democrats. There is really no

[1] John Bigelow, Democratic Secretary of State in New York, 1875–77.

[2] Republican nominee for Secretary of State in New York.

[3] John F. Hartranft, Governor of Pennsylvania, 1873–77.

Democratic or Republican Party left, and a man can with perfect consistency favor the one in one State, and the other in another. In case of the success of the Bill Allen crowd, the thing to work for is to strengthen the Tilden wing as much as possible, either to give them the control of the party, or to break up the party into the two natural fractions of honest men and thieves. The Republicans would then either follow suit or coalesce with the hard-money Democrats.

The bad sign here, and I suppose everywhere, is that the inflationists are loud and bold, and the hard-money men, Democrats and { Republicans / Inflationists } alike, are evasive and cowardly.

The election of 1876 was the first turning-point since the end of the war. Hay sympathized with the widespread demand for purification; but he thought that this could be trusted to the Republicans rather than to the Democrats and Independents; and he therefore voted for Hayes, who had made a good governor of Ohio, and not for Tilden, who had given his measure as a reformer by cleansing the Tammany-ized politics of New York.

In the spring of that year, before the party conventions had nominated, Hay wrote enthusiastically to Reid: —

"If anybody wants a better pair of candidates than Tilden and Blaine, the two most prominent politicians of the two parties, he must wait till he gets to heaven — and finds an absolute monarchy. Better men than these are not given to Republics." (April 21, 1876.)

Blaine was set aside by the Republicans, because of charges that he had used his position as Speaker to enrich himself. The proofs against him were his own letters; and although then and later he tried to explain away sentences which to posterity can have only one meaning, he never compassed his frantic desire to be President. In spite of proofs, however, many of his adherents refused to believe him guilty. Hay too was among the loyal; but in the campaign he gave his allegiance to Hayes, whom the Republicans chose in Blaine's stead.

He writes from Cleveland to Reid, on November 13, 1876: —

"I believe I won't say anything about election. I think the *Tribune* has nothing to regret except a few digs at Uncle Sam [Tilden] which were not quite fair, and your article on Wells, David A. Which — well — hold on — let bygones be buried with the decomposed past!

"Give my love to Taylor and Bromley, and tell them to sling a column and a half or so, in memory

of one who wishes he was back at his desk — *Quid rides?*"

In a letter to Mr. Howells, who had written a campaign biography of the Republican candidate, Hay speaks without reserve. His mention of Civil Service Reform reminds us of the beginnings of a movement for political purification of which David A. Wells, referred to in the preceding extract, was one of the bravest promoters. The "herd of wild asses' colts" were Republicans, hungry for office, a fact to which Hay's Republicanism did not blind him.

To W. D. Howells

CLEVELAND, O., February 20, 1877.

I thank you for my share of the "Life of Hayes." It cheered and comforted me a good deal. The Governor's conduct for the last year has been a complete confirmation of all you said. I liked Tilden very much, — voted for him for Governor,— the only Democratic vote I ever cast. I did not vote for Greeley; but I never allowed myself to expect as much from any man as I feel forced now to hold from Hayes. We are in a bad way. That herd of wild asses' colts in Washington, braying and kicking up their heels, is an unsatisfactory result of a hundred years of Democracy. Of course I do not expect from Mr. Hayes a reform of the Civil Service. It is too

much for any man to accomplish. Human nature and free suffrage are against it. But he can and will, I feel sure, chasten the outrageous indecency of the present system as much as any one could. . . .

To Whitelaw Reid

CLEVELAND, November 26, 1877.

. . . I do not envy your feelings when you see who the successor of S. will be. I have carefully considered your objections to him. You evidently don't believe the shoddy or gun-stories, — no more than I do. But you are agin him because he gives good dinners, and sometimes invites Democrats. This and the other infamy, that Mrs. S. once gave some private theatricals and reserved a few seats for the Diplomatic Corps, cooked his goose. Now this fixes you also. I have had good dinners at your house — there were Democrats present, — all the seats were reserved!! Good-bye, sweet prince, you can never be a foreign minister!

On the other hand, the *Tribune* can feel cocky no-end over Platt and Conkling,[1] and thank heaven that the unclean things have never had its good word. How Nemesis has been sloshing around during the last year or two! Only she will be off duty when Butler [2] takes his seat in the Senate.

[1] T. C. Platt and Roscoe Conkling, New York politicians.
[2] Matthew C. Butler, of South Carolina.

Hay's regard for President Hayes deepened as he watched that conscientious chief magistrate — too often set down as mediocre, but conscience in high public station is never mediocre — strive to give the country a worthy administration. He himself was becoming the confidant of some of the leaders of the party, and as his acquaintance was equally extensive in both Ohio and New York, the two States which carried more politics *per capita* than any others, he enjoyed the best opportunity for observing what was going on behind the scenes. His frequent visits to Illinois extended his political knowledge to the third pivotal State.

During the campaign of 1879 he spoke several times in behalf of the Republican candidates. Speech-making, even when he had his manuscript before him, was always an ordeal. In composing, he alternated between buoyancy and depression: first, the hot fit, when ideas flamed into his mind; then, the cold fit, when he read over what he had written and the words seemed gray and bleak and cold. He suffered by anticipation the misery of stage-fright. But once on the platform, although nervous to the end, he rarely failed to win his audience. This success came always as a surprise to him, and he used to chronicle it in his notes to his friends, not out of conceit, but as a bit of unexpected news which might

surprise them too. "Luckily," he once said, "the shakes go to my knees and not to my voice."

To Whitelaw Reid

CLEVELAND, O., August 20, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE: —

Into whose hands these lines may fall, greeting:

If it is Mr. Reid, hail! and welcome back to civilization!

If it is Lloyd or Nicholson, or some other d—d literary feller —

I wish you would help our Shermanizing a little by sticking into your able and leading pages somewhere the ¶ between the red lines.

I made this speech last night in the strongest Democratic ward of Cleveland to an audience nearly half Democrats, and there was nothing but approval manifested.

Yours in humble expectation,

HAY,

Reformed *Tribune* Man.

August 25, 1879.

. . . As you never read anything but proofs, perhaps the form in which this oration is printed may induce you to cast your eye over it. I am going to say it to a big crowd at North Solon day after to-

morrow — *the* Pioneers' Reunion, — all others are spurious.

We are having a red hot canvass, — our side especially; I am invited to make four speeches this week, and am not on any Committee's list either. I shall try it a little — slowly and gently at first, and find out whether I can. I don't call it making a speech unless a fellow can bore his audience heartily and thoroughly for an hour, without having written a word of it beforehand — like William Allen and sich.

October 6, 1879.

. . . I am making a speech nearly every night. Here is my last, made on the Square Saturday night to 5000 people, by the Brush light. Tell Mr. Phelps he bullied me into it last spring.

October 15, 1879.

. . . I left the house early last night, and spent the evening at the Globe Theatre, hearing the returns [of the Ohio election]. . . .

Is n't it a frightful thing to think of, that half the people of Ohio vote so wickedly and blindly in favor of inflation and ruin, not to speak of nullification and other things? With all our tremendous work this summer, we have only a majority of two per cent. On such an issue we ought to have had a hundred

thousand. But I suppose the Democratic Party is our Evil — our virtue is developed by fighting it.

The next extract is interesting.

To Whitelaw Reid

November 3, 1879.

. . . Mr. Evarts has written me a most urgent and kind letter — but I have declined the place.

It now looks as if I could get the nomination for Congress, and I find, to my amazement, that I don't want it. This discovery strikes me dumb.

Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State, had, in fact, invited Hay to become Assistant Secretary. The offer was unexpected, the position attractive, but Hay decided that he ought to decline.

To William M. Evarts

506 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.,
October 28, 1879.

Dear Mr. Evarts: —

I have your letter of the 24th and I cannot express the sentiments of gratification with which I have read it. To be offered the privilege of succeeding Mr. Seward [1] as Assistant Secretary of State is an

[1] Frederick W. Seward, son of Lincoln's Secretary of State.

honor as far beyond my ambition as it is beyond my merits, and the generous courtesy with which you urge my acceptance of it, doubles the value of the offer. It is therefore with the greatest reluctance and with positive pain that I bring myself to say that I cannot assume the duties of this position which would otherwise be to me the most agreeable in the gift of the Government. Interests which I cannot disregard, make it impossible for me to be away from Cleveland this winter.

I hope you will permit me to say that the keenest regret I feel in declining this position, is for the loss of the pleasure and benefit which I should derive from daily association with yourself.

Begging that you will convey to the President my profound appreciation of the honor he and you have conferred upon me, and my sincere regret that it is impossible for me to avail myself of it,

I remain, my dear Mr. Evarts,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN HAY.

Mr. Evarts, however, was not to be gainsaid. Reinforcing his own urgence with that of Whitelaw Reid and of other friends, he soon had the pleasure of seeing Hay installed next door to himself in the State Department. There is little to record of Hay's

specific work as Assistant Secretary, and the diplomatic questions then up do not concern us here. He performed his duties satisfactorily to Mr. Evarts, for whom he kept through life an affectionate admiration. It was diamond cut diamond when they had a friendly interchange of wit.[1]

In Hay's development the main thing to notice is that the year and a half he spent in the State Department taught him the routine of that office, familiarized him with the methods of diplomacy, and introduced him to new groups, native and foreign.

At the same time with Mr. Evarts's invitation came the suggestion from Hay's friends in Cleveland that he should enter Congress. No doubt he had cherished that idea; but being both temperamentally shy and too dignified to pound his way into any office, he hesitated.

"The Congress matter," he wrote Reid on October 21, 1879, "is not so simple as my high-toned friends think. All Euclid Avenue[2] says with one accord that I am the man, but E. A., with all its millions and its tone, does not influence a single primary, and there are four or five other candidates, who are all more

[1] I am assured that it was Hay and not Evarts who replied, when an English visitor at Mount Vernon asked, "Really, now, George Washington could not have thrown a dollar across the Potomac, could he?" "Why not? He threw a sovereign across the Atlantic." I have no means of verifying this.

[2] The fashionable street of Cleveland.

or less strong with the 'boys.' I have not yet made up my mind whether to try for it or not."

When it appeared, however, that the Republican managers favored him he consented to enter the lists. The district in question was so solidly Republican that a nomination meant an election. According to the simple system prevailing there, — and still in happy operation elsewhere, — for providing a docile people with mayors, governors, judges, and congressmen, the candidate needed only to pay to the party managers the price they demanded, and they relieved him of further anxiety. After election, while they divided and spent the spoils, he did his patriotic duty, care-free, in the office which they delivered to him.

The assessment levied on Hay was, apparently, twenty thousand dollars, an amount which he could not pay himself and which, if he had had it, he might have felt scruples against paying: for the transaction, no matter who acquiesces in it, comes down to the bald purchase of office. So the committee visited Mr. Stone, and after congratulating him on the shining honor about to grace his son-in-law, they hinted to him that nothing remained to close the bargain except a check.

"Not a dollar shall you have of me" — or words to that effect, put even more emphatically — was

the old gentleman's uncompromising reply. Perhaps the shrewd millionaire suspected that the whole affair was a ruse for tapping his barrel rather than for honoring his son-in-law. In any case he could not be moved, and no other friends or political admirers came forward. The project simmered through the winter; then the managers discovered that Hay was unavailable, and he withdrew.

To Whitelaw Reid

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1880.

I ought to let you know as soon as any one else that I have definitely resolved not to run for Congress. I do not want it, and at last know that I do not.

I think I could be nominated, and the nearness of the prospect set me to thinking of it harder than ever, — with this result. I have written to my friends to put an end to the matter.

We must regret that he was deprived of experience in Congress, the only field in his apprenticeship as a statesman in which he lacked first-hand training. A few years' service in the lower House, or a single term as Senator, would not only have rounded out his otherwise extraordinary equipment, but would have given him the understanding which comes only

from fellowship with the very men who were later to sit in judgment on his statecraft. Journalism teaches its practitioner policies, party methods and interests, and the ways of individual politicians; but the commanding editor is, properly, a critic. Between the critic and the doer a gulf, wide and rarely bridged, is set. So, too, the ambassador or the cabinet officer, far from sympathizing with the Congressman's point of view, is unavoidably, from his position, in danger of misjudging it. The executive branch regards the legislative as meddlesome if not actually antagonistic. To his detriment, therefore, was Hay shut out from legislative training.

If he felt chagrin at being dropped, he soon got over it, as this letter to Mr. Howells testifies.

To W. D. Howells

WASHINGTON, D.C., May 24, 1880.

Thanks for M.'s letter, which I return. His idea is as judicious as it is daring. A club which would hold him and you and me, and then reach out for H. etc., — and still keep modest, — staggers and fatigues the faculty of wonder. I wish he and you would come down here and hold the first meeting of three at my house.

I feel what the French call a deaf rage when I think of your having spent a week in Washington, and

my not having seen Mrs. Howells at all, and you only a minute. If I were a saint, it would be enough for me to know that you had a pleasant visit yourselves; but I cannot help feeling like the Dutchman who, when he was in the calaboose and heard from a later arrival of an uproarious spree the night before when hogsheads of lager were drunk and two men killed, — sighed with soft regret — "And I was not dere."

I did not get the chance I wanted to avow my sin and ask absolution. I have positively and definitely given up Congress, and I shall hold no more office after next March. I think there is no such Apples-of-Sodom fruit in the world, and I am out, finally, as soon as I can get away. I would give a pot of money to get out to-day, — nothing but my personal regard for Mr. Evarts keeps me through the administration. Yet this is the pleasantest place in the government, and I like and respect the principal people in office, — which makes an *a fortiori* case against anything else. . . .

The contest between Garfield and Hancock in 1880 should have been fought on the issue of Protection, but the Democrats resorted to strategic retreats which landed them far in the rear. Hay of course supported General Garfield, and how great

a value the candidate set upon his advice is plain in the following letters: —

To General James A. Garfield

1400 Massachusetts Ave., Washington,
Oct. 18, 1880.

Dear General Garfield: —

I did not come down on you while I was at Cleveland, simply because I felt that the truest service I could render would be to stay away — but as it will not take a minute of your time to read this note, I write it to offer my congratulations from the bottom of my heart. I believe that you will carry every Northern State and will go into the Presidency with the most magnificent moral backing any one has had in our time. I know you will feel no selfish gratification in this, but your opportunities for good will be incalculable. Great things are to happen under your administration. It would be an impertinence for me to intrude upon the high subjects that must now be occupying your mind. But even at the risk of seeming presumptuous I will rid myself of this word which has positively haunted me for a week. Beware of your own generosity! On the 2d of November, *you* ("not Launcelot nor another") are to be made our President. I believe it is to be an administration full of glory and benefit to the country — and it will

be glorious and fruitful just in the proportion that it is your own. You do not need the whispered admonition of the ancient monarchs, "Remember thou art mortal." It will pay you to keep a cheap friend to drone continually in your ear, "It was *you* who were nominated at Chicago and elected by the people."

Soon after his election, General Garfield proposed making Hay his private secretary and assigning to the post a greater distinction than it had had, so that he would have ranked with members of the Cabinet. Having deputed Whitelaw Reid to sound him, and having had no answer, General Garfield wrote direct. To this letter Hay replied: —

To General Garfield

1400 Massachusetts Ave.,
Christmas Day, 1880.

I received several days ago from Whitelaw Reid an intimation of what you were thinking of for me, and I immediately wrote to him expressing my deep sense of the honor done me by such a thought, and the sincere regret I felt that it was not in my power to take the place. I agree with you in regarding the position as one of the greatest importance and shall always be proud that you thought of me in connection with it.

Although my letter to Reid was confidential, I thought he would communicate to you the purport of it, but I infer from yours of the 20th that he has not done so.

I have carried your letter in my pocket and the contents of it in my head and my heart, for several days, with the most earnest desire to catch myself in such a state of mind that I might write and tell you I would undertake the important and honorable duty you offer me. But I cannot delay my answer any longer, and so must say how sorry I am that I cannot see the way clear to doing it. If I could share your own view of my fitness for the place I should be inclined to sacrifice all other considerations and go to work. But I am not.

To do a thing well a man must take some pleasure in it, and while the prospect of spending a year or so in intimate relations with you and Mrs. Garfield offers a temptation which is almost more than I can resist, the other half of the work, the contact with the greed and selfishness of office-seekers and bulldozing Congressmen, is unspeakably repulsive to me. It caused me last spring to refuse, definitely and forever, to run for Congress. It has poisoned all of the pleasure I should otherwise have derived from a conscientious and not unsuccessful discharge of my duties in the State Department. The constant contact

with envy, meanness, ignorance, and the swinish selfishness which ignorance breeds, needs a stronger heart and a more obedient nervous system than I can boast. I am not going back on Democracy. It is a good thing — the hope and salvation of the world. I mean simply that I am not fit for public office. You will find some one, I am sure, who can do these things much better than I could, and will take pleasure in them as well.

All through the heats of last summer I looked forward to the 4th of March as the day of my deliverance. I promised my family, I promised Mr. Stone, who at considerable inconvenience has taken care of my affairs, that I would come home at that time — and although I know that he would acquiesce cheerfully in anything I should do, I should feel some remorse in breaking up the family arrangements for the coming summer. I do not know that I have much hope of ever improving my health, but the doctors give me the usual futile assurances that I will be better out of Washington in the summer time.

I did not mean to make a long letter of this, but the signal honor you have done me in selecting me for the place of the Government nearest yourself, has deeply touched me and I could not acknowledge it by a simple refusal. I felt that I ought to tell you some of my reasons for declining, although they are

of a sort that a man of your firm and even character may think trivial and not entirely creditable to me.

There is work for all of us during the next four years, and though you are to have the great rôle, all men of good-will can help more or less. I shall do my share in Cleveland, and now that I am cured of my momentary error about going to Congress, I can do better work than I have ever done before. I shall have a good deal of leisure and shall always be at your service for anything — "except these bonds."

Mrs. Hay sends her regards to Mrs. Garfield. I have of course talked fully with her. She saw both sides of the question, but resolutely refused to assist me in the decision.

Sincerely and gratefully yours.

Evidently General Garfield continued to urge: for Hay soon sent this second letter: —

WASHINGTON, D.C., December 31, 1880.

DEAR GENERAL: —

I have given strict and earnest thought to the matter of your offer all this week, but I cannot see any reason to change my mind. Every word I have heard was in favor of accepting, at first, but in every case, — Reid, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Stone and my wife, agreed with me in the end. Even Nichol — that

Justus et tenax propositi vir — gave up the fight this morning after a campaign of as faithful work as I ever saw. I have myself been on the affirmative side in all my wishes and desires — but the reason, I feel sure, is on the other. I *know* I should not be the help to you which you have thought, but I should be, in the White House, the source of many embarrassments and complications.

I deeply regret that I am compelled to decline this most agreeable and honorable service. I wish I could make you see that I do it in your interests more than in my own. I have had to resist constantly the temptation offered by the pleasures and enjoyments which such a position promises. But regretting all this as I do, I know that my decision is right.

There are many things in which no man can serve you. There are paths which you must traverse absolutely alone. The solitude which seems to you a penalty of your high office, you will find a blessing which can only be gained by wrestling. The footpad, the cut-purse, and the sycophant will always be ready to crowd their company on you. You will find reserve only among honest men.

I wish I could save you one moment of annoyance or perplexity but it is hardly possible that anyone can do that. It is a comfort to know you go into the Presidency with the best equipment possible.

Besides the qualities which are personal to you, you know more of the past and present of government, more history and more politics, than any man since the younger Adams, and you are free from his peculiar infirmities of temper, which so narrowed and distorted his views. "One thing thou lackest yet"; and that is a slight ossification of the heart. I woefully fear you will try too hard to make everybody happy — an office which is outside of your constitutional powers. Confine your efforts in that direction to Mrs. Garfield and the children. As for other matters, do as you think right, and it will be right nine times in ten and not far wrong the tenth time, though the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.

Mrs. Hay joins me in wishing all good things for you and Mrs. Garfield.

Faithfully yours.

The President-elect ran into foreboding squalls in attempting to form his Cabinet. The penalty which a party long in the ascendant must pay is discord: and the Republicans were now split into several factions which either professed mutually conflicting principles or rallied to the standards of rival leaders. Blaine and Conkling captained the two largest divisions of the party; but several of the States — New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, to

name no more — boasted their local heads, as proud and as grasping as chieftains of Scottish clans. It was Garfield's business to endeavor to harmonize the dissidents: but harmony could mean only the preference of one faction to the other; and as he had been elected by the forces which united to defeat Grant's nomination for a third term, — the forces led by Blaine, — he unavoidably promoted Blaine, and, in order to requite the Independents who had contributed to his victory, he appointed two of them — Wayne MacVeagh and Thomas L. James — to his Cabinet.

Stung at being passed by, Conkling and his faction swore vengeance, which they believed they were strong enough to carry out. Garfield, the good-natured, still sought to temporize, in the hope of making everybody happy; and besides the sullen "Stalwarts," he had to appease the usual party war-horses — privateers in quest of any office, who were braying lustily for fodder.

To President-Elect Garfield

1400 Massachusetts Ave.,
February 20, 1881.

Dear General: —

The rumors of the last day or two have been very disturbing — but I have no doubt that we will have "clear or clearing weather" next week.

I write because you told me to — not because I think you need this continual buzzing. I suppose no man in America saw more clearly than you did the prodigious importance of the omens in the Philadelphia and Pittsburg elections. The Ring is broken; it can still nominate, but it cannot possibly elect. The course you hinted at will satisfy every exigency in Pennsylvania. Illinois and the great "Stalwart" influence of the Northwest is already as good as secured, I imagine. Your enemy is only threatening in one direction, and only threatening there so long as his hostility is masked.

It is again reported from Ohio that Foster[1] is to go into the Cabinet or abroad. I think all the most judicious men in the State would regret either course. This restlessness of our leading men is a great evil. It seems impossible for a leading Republican ever to stay where he is put, or to go into private life. I speak only as an Ohio Republican, without any wishes for myself or any other man, desiring only the success of your administration, when I say it seems to me impossible that any Ohio man should *now* go into your Cabinet — unless you should think it necessary after all to retain Sherman.[2] And you know what that would be.

[1] Charles Foster, an Ohio politician; later Governor of the State.
[2] Senator John Sherman.

Every other consideration is unimportant compared with the advantage of having a Cabinet of good men. That recommends itself. Factions and localities are of infinitely little moment compared with that single consideration.

But I am wasting your time with platitudes. You are walking with your "head in a cloud of poisonous flies," and we cannot resist the temptation of taking a flick at them now and then.

Our hearts, our hopes are all with you. We are eager to see you here, and the administration launched.

Yours with respect and affection.

John Hay went from the State Department to the editor's office of the *New York Tribune*. Under any circumstances to plunge into such work would have been formidable; for Hay the task was doubly hard because he took it up at the time when the Republican tempest broke. Conkling resigned his United States Senatorship in rage because Garfield ignored his candidates. His colleague — Thomas C. Platt, then a political cipher — nicknamed "Me Too" Platt for his apery — followed suit. But, contrary to Conkling's expectations, the sun rose as usual the next morning, the Government at Washington pursued its diurnal routine, and even in New York

State there were few who lost either sleep or appetite over the theatrical resignations.

The open warfare between the factions laid an additional burden of responsibility on Editor Hay. He could not be sure that he was running the *Tribune* in each crisis as Whitelaw Reid would have done, and therefore he wisely concluded to run it as seemed best to himself. By common consent the editorial page was never more vigorous. Somebody with a taste for epigrams said: "The rule of the paper under Reid was that of whips, while with Hay it was that of scorpions." Assuredly, Hay did not spare the enemies of the Administration, and among his many talents that of invective was not the least. The members of the editorial staff found him strict in requiring punctuality and in judging the quality of their work, but always friendly and reasonable. An eminent journalist wrote of him after his death, that "he was like father, brother, philosopher, guide, and friend, all in one."

To Whitelaw Reid

NEW YORK TRIBUNE
NEW YORK, May 26, 1881.

So you are married one month from to-day and I am Editor of the *Tribune ad interim* the same length of time. I hope your experience has been less

stormy and more amusing than mine. What a time we have had![1] I do not regret it in the least — as a fight like this has been a godsend in what would otherwise have been a dull season. I think we have got on very well — behind none of them in news and out of sight in editorial. I will not indulge in prophecy with half a dozen cables between us, but to speak of certainties, Roscoe [Conkling] is finished. That Olympian brow will never again garner up the thousands of yore. Of course we shall have a bad state of things for a while and shall almost certainly lose the State next fall. But that will be after your return, and I can charge it to *my* leaving the *Tribune*.

The whole thing has been a freak of insanity on the part of a man who has lost sight of his true relations with the rest of the world. It was the logical result of the personality of Conkling and the workings of the Boss system.

Schurz[2] begins his editorial work on the *Post* to-day with a long, serious leader on civil service reform.

Miss R. is, I think, looking better than when you left. She plays the banjo and piano — rides and receives visits and seems very gay and happy.

[1] The fight over the appointment of a Collector of the Port of New York.

[2] E. L. Godkin, Carl Schurz, and Horace White were joint editors of the *New York Evening Post*.

So far nothing has happened over here to disturb your equanimity or cloud your honeymoon. Enjoy yourself as much as possible. I think we can keep the ship off the rocks.

To Whitelaw Reid

New York Tribune, N.Y.
June 29, 1881.

. . . I think there is nothing over here which need trouble you. The *Tribune* seems to suit everybody but the ungodly. Hugh Hastings goes for me every day in eight or ten places, but as it amuses him, and I have adopted my great patent remedy of not reading him, I only know it from Bishop and Miss Hutchinson, who come in to console me when he is unusually violent, — and so I do not object to it. The *Chicago Tribune* had a lot of filthy little digs at both you and me, till I frankly asked Joe Medill to put a stop to it, which he did. It was the volunteer malignity of some "funny man" who wanted a "shining mark." That is to me one of the most curious things in our journalism — the way a man who has never seen you and knows nothing about you, will take a furious antipathy to you and blackguard you for months together, without letting up.

On July 2, President Garfield was shot by the half-crazy Guiteau. Throughout the summer he hung

between life and death. Outwardly, there was more moderation in the virulence of the political quarrelers; but they knew that at the President's death the flames would burst out afresh.

To Whitelaw Reid

New York Tribune, N.Y.
September 14, 1881.

I am glad to hear from you once in a while, and the long intervals only serve to convince me that you are having too good a time to bother about writing letters. Enjoy every moment of the time, for it will never come back again, and though you are, I trust, to have many long years of married happiness, you will never have the first year over again. Mrs. Hay and I are very anxious to go to Europe next year, but we hardly dare promise ourselves that we will go, because of the three small people whom we cannot leave behind, and to take whom will be a constant source of anxiety.

I am getting on so far toward the end of my interim-ity that I am comparatively easy about the rest of it. I do not see that I have made any serious mistakes. Thurlow Weed paid me the high compliment the other day of saying that he was a little afraid at first I would not know the State well enough, but that he had long ago forgotten that I was not a New

Yorker. Of course the credit of it is mostly due to the staff — but I have paid great attention and killed a good deal of matter which might have been embarrassing. I have as far as possible steered clear of rows without making the paper seem feeble. If it had been my paper I would have taken the hide off two or three blackguards — but I did n't want to commit you to new quarrels. If Garfield lives, I think you will find the paper in excellent position, when you return, to give it any direction you see fit. That has been my special object for the last half of my time.

President Garfield died on September 19. When the Reids returned in October, Hay retired from the *Tribune*.

That the friend and adviser of presidents, the intimate of cabinet ministers and party managers, whose fitness no one denied, should be habitually shut out from public service excites our wonder. When Mr. Evarts sought the most competent Assistant Secretary of State he could think of, he asked John Hay. When the editor of the chief Republican newspaper in the United States sought a substitute for himself, he chose John Hay. Why was no permanent office opened to him?

The hints given in this chapter should help us to a clue. Hay's own remark, in a letter to Whitelaw

Reid, who had been offered and had declined the Berlin mission, will further enlighten us. Apparently, when Reid declined, Hay was "mentioned" for the place.

"I thank you for what you said of me, but — don't grin at this! — Mr. Evarts was right about it. I have not the political standing necessary for the place — neither had Taylor.[1] I tried to say a word to Taylor about it when he was here, but he was deaf to any such considerations. Now you may believe it or not, but I would not accept the mission to Berlin if it were offered to me. I know I am not up to it in many respects. At the same time I am free to say I would like a second-class mission uncommonly well. I think White's [2] appointment an excellent one, though I imagine you don't agree with me on that." (March 30, 1879.)

Hay turned now in earnest to the "Life of Lincoln," on which, as on a giant obelisk, he and Nicolay had been hewing at intervals for a long time past.

[1] Bayard Taylor, appointed Minister to Germany in 1877; died the next year.

[2] Andrew D. White, just appointed Minister to Germany.

END OF VOLUME I

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY

VOLUME II

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY

CHAPTER XVII

"THE BREAD-WINNERS"

WHILE Mr. Stone spent the summer of 1877 in Europe, Hay took charge of the financier's business affairs. That was the season when the employees of several of the great railroads organized strikes, which quickly turned into riots and created for a short time the most alarming condition of its kind which the country had known. The worst excesses were committed at Pittsburg, but other large cities, particularly the railway centres, passed through the ordeal. Among them was Cleveland.

With what emotions John Hay watched the explosion appears in his letters to his father-in-law.

To Amasa Stone

ROOM 1, CUSHING'S BLOCK,
CLEVELAND, O., July 24, 1877.

. . . Since last week the country has been at the mercy of the mob, and on the whole the mob has behaved rather better than the country. The shame-

ful truth is now clear, that the government is utterly helpless and powerless in the face of an unarmed rebellion of foreign workingmen, mostly Irish. There is nowhere any firm nucleus of authority — nothing to fall back on as a last resort. The Army has been destroyed by the dirty politicians, and the State militia is utterly inefficient. Any hour the mob chooses, it can destroy any city in the country — that is the simple truth. Fortunately, so far, it has not cared to destroy any but railway property.

I saw Mr. Porter this morning. He says there are some 2000 men at Collinwood with revolvers. The freight men here will not let the merchants have their goods, which are spoiling at the Depot. Mr. Newell has no authority to act, and Mr. Vanderbilt has as yet given no orders.

All day yesterday a regular panic prevailed in the city. But the Rolling Mill resuming work helped matters somewhat, and to-day the scare has subsided. I was advised to send my wife and children out of town to some place of safety, but concluded we would risk it. The town is full of thieves and tramps waiting and hoping for a riot, but not daring to begin it themselves. If there were any attempt to enforce the law, I believe the town would be in ashes in six hours. The mob is as yet good-natured.

A few shots fired by our militia company would ensure their own destruction and that of the city. A miserable state of things — which I hope will be ancient history before you read this letter. Of course, if things get worse, I shall send Clara and the babies away out of danger with George Dudgeon, and keep house myself.

July 25. Things look more quiet to-day. Passenger and mail trains will begin running as soon as possible, Mr. Couch says, and it is probable that the strike may end by the surrender of the railroad companies to the demands of the strikers. This is disgraceful, but it is hard to say what else could be done. There is a mob in every city ready to join with the strikers, and get their pay in robbery, and there is no means of enforcing the law in case of a sudden attack on private property. We are not Mexicans yet — but that is about the only advantage we have over Mexico.

July 27, 1877.

We have passed through a week of great anxiety, which has brought us, as it now appears, nearly to the end of the gravest danger. It is not worth while to recount details to you, and there are some things which I prefer not to put on paper. But I feel that a profound misfortune and disgrace has fallen on the

country, which no amount of energy or severity can now wholly remedy.

One astonishing feature of the whole affair is that there has been very little fall in stocks. In the agony of the riots Rock Island went down a little, but recovered yesterday, before it really looked safe to buy, while a mob was still rampant in Chicago. Until the troops arrived, there was no safety in buying, for the rioters might destroy millions of property in an hour. . . .

The Democrats have nominated Bishop [of] Cincinnati for Governor. I do not know or care anything for him, but I am very glad that Converse was defeated. . . .

I cannot feel at all sure yet as to the result of these troubles on the election. The Democrats will of course try to throw all the blame on the administration, but it is possible that the law-and-order men may rally to the party which is unquestionably the law-and-order party. The Democrats have tried to curry favor with the rioters in their platform, without however daring to approve the outrages — and the Republicans will also have a milk-and-water resolution in favor of law and order, without daring to condemn the strike. These are the creatures which manage our politics.

August 17, 1877.

I am profoundly disgusted with our candidate West. He has made a speech, modifying a little his idiotic talk here, but it is still bad enough. All his sympathies are with the laboring man, and none with the man whose enterprise and capital give him a living. He condemns the use of force against strikes and opposes the increase of the army. He is a little mixed on finance, but is better than the common run in that respect. I suppose I shall have to vote for him, but it is a pill.[1]

August 23, 1877.

. . . Do you read the American news? If so, you must be sickened at the folly and cowardice of public men on both sides. Everything to flatter the mob. The one splendid exception is John Sherman's speech at Mansfield. I don't agree with everything he said, but it was a speech of ability, honesty and courage. . . .

The prospects of labor and capital both seem gloomy enough. The very devil seems to have entered into the lower classes of working men, and there are plenty of scoundrels to encourage them to all lengths.

[1] Richard M. Bishop, the Democratic candidate, was elected.

September 3, 1877.

. . . I am thankful you did not *see* and *hear* what took place during the strikes. You were saved a very painful experience of human folly and weakness, as well as crime. I do not refer to the anxiety, etc., for you are not a man who would be overanxious even in a general panic; but you would have been very much disgusted and angered, I am sure. . . .

Those riots of 1877 burnt deep into Colonel Hay's heart. Like the rest of the world, he had theorized on the likelihood of war between Capital and Labor; but he had reassured himself by the comfortable assumption that under American conditions — equal opportunity for all, high wages, equal laws, and the ballot-box — no angry laboring class could grow up. The riots blew such vaporing away: for they proved that the angry class already existed, that the ballot-box instead of weakening strengthened it, and that not only the politicians of both parties but also the constituted authorities would avoid, as long as possible, grappling with it.

The event was too large to be dismissed as an outburst of temper: it must be accepted as a symptom, a portent. Did it mean that a cancer had attacked the body politic and would spread to the vital organs?

Was Democracy a failure, — Democracy — for more than a century the dream of the down-trodden, the ideal of those who loved mankind and believed in its perfectibility, the Utopia which good men predicted should somehow turn out to be a reality? Hay had sung his pæan to liberty; Hay had throbbed at the efforts of patriots in Spain and in France to overthrow their despots; he had even exulted over the signs of democratization in England. Had he been the victim of mirage? Was Democracy not the final goal of human society, but only a half-way stage between the despotism of Autocracy and the despotism of Socialism?

These questions he could not evade; no more can you who read or I who write. The solution was not for his day; nor is it likely to come in ours. But he held, as did many of his contemporaries, that the assaults on Property were inspired by demagogues who used as their tools the loafers, the criminals, the vicious, — Society's dregs who have been ready at all times to rise against laws and government. That you have property is proof of industry and foresight on your part or your father's; that you have nothing, is a judgment on your laziness and vices, or on your improvidence. The world is a moral world; which it would not be if virtue and vice received the same rewards.

This summary, though confessedly crude, may help, if it be not pressed too close, to define John Hay's position. The property you own — be it a tiny cottage or a palace — means so much more than the tangible object! With it are bound up whatever in historic times has stood for civilization. So an attack on Property becomes an attack on Civilization.

After revolving these things for several years, Hay decided to embody them in a novel, which should serve as a warning to those sentimentalists who were coquetting with revolutionary theories, and to those responsible officials who, through cowardice or self-seeking, were tolerant of revolutionary practices. He wrote his novel, apparently in the winter of 1882–83, called it "The Bread-Winners," and sent it to Mr. Howells, who, although no longer the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was in close relations with his successor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Howells read the manuscript with enthusiasm, and urged Aldrich to accept it. This Aldrich, after a slight inspection, was eager to do, provided the author would let his name be published. But Hay clung to anonymity, and gave the book to Mr. Gilder of the *Century Magazine*.

It ran through six instalments, — the first appearing in the *Century* for August, 1883, — caught the public at once, and became the novel of the year.

Although the secret of its authorship must have been shared by eight or nine persons, it was never so authoritatively divulged that curiosity ceased. Any one familiar with Cleveland could not fail to recognize that city as the scene of the story; further reasoning might have reduced the number of Clevelandites capable of writing it to one — John Hay; but he, of course, denied, or gave an evasive answer, when the accusation was made to him point-blank. Perhaps he remembered Seward's excellent formula, jotted down in the White House Diary: "If I did n't know, I would gladly tell you." So to the end of his life Hay never acknowledged "The Bread-Winners."

The success of "The Bread-Winners" during its serial publication outran that of any previous American novel. Three things contributed to this — the cleverness of the book, the timeliness of the subject, and the mystery as to authorship. Readers and critics alike set themselves to guessing. The literary journals devoted columns to correspondents, some of whom proved that the author must be a man, while others insisted that only a woman could understand the heart of Woman as the unknown writer had done. The name of pretty nearly every literary worker was suggested.

One lady in Madison, Wisconsin, wrote that, having "barely escaped a siege of brain fever in endea-

voring to pin it on to the *guilty one* by an analytical process," she would "save others from the calamity which threatened " her, by suggesting that the culprit "may be, and perhaps is, the Rev. Washington Gladden." A Western Doctor of Divinity insisted that, although he was the author, the publishers had never paid him. A high-school pupil of Worcester, Massachusetts, celebrated her sixteenth birthday by writing to express surprise that the heroine's name — Alice Belding — was hers also, and she begged the author to give pleasure to her and many friends — "among whom are my teachers" — by telling her whether he had known her father — "a business man of an extensive acquaintance."

From Kansas came the criticism of a local bluestocking, who felt it her duty to point out to "Dear Madam" lapses in taste or rhetoric, and concluded: "I am a little acid, perhaps, because you are successful, while, so far, I am not. So be it, but I will say that my whole expectation will be more than gratified if I ever write anything that receives half the favors yours has done." As was to be expected, a New York lady in East 27th Street made a truly metropolitan proposal, without evasion. "Mr. Hay," she writes, "I understand that you repudiate the parentage of that clever and brilliant story 'The Bread-Winners.' As it is now a foundling thrown upon the

world without father or mother, would you object to my adopting it as my own child and giving it my name? If you are willing to resign all rights and title to it, I shall be most proud to give it a permanent home and standing."

But anonymity has its annoyance as well as its humor. A literary item went the rounds of the papers purporting to give an interview with Mr. Roswell Smith, the President of the Century Company, who was thus quoted: "By the way, that story was rejected by the *Atlantic* before it was brought to us. Then we rejected it — probably for the same reason. But in returning it, our editors gave the author the result of their critical judgment as to desired modifications, and he was given to understand that we would take it if he should see fit to conform. He did so. Without those changes we should have been compelled to reject it — any firm would."

These false statements nettled Hay, but he made no public denial. In a private note to Mr. Smith, he poured his grievance into friendly ears.

"I have seen this . . . in several papers. It comes, of course, not from you, but from Aldrich. You know, perhaps, that Howells read the book and tried to get it for the *Atlantic*. Aldrich offered a higher price for it than the *Century* paid — but wanted my name with it. He only saw two chapters

of it. After it began to be printed his restless vanity induced him to say he had refused it — and when people told him he had made a mistake, he [pretended] that it had been essentially changed since he read it. The fact is there were never any changes, of any consequence, made in it. It was printed exactly as *first* written — with the exception of *5 or 6 lines — which were added.* Not a single page was struck out, though two or three phrases were omitted at Mr. G[ilder]'s request, in the magazine and restored in the book. . . ." [1]

Mr. Smith at once exonerated Mr. Aldrich and shifted the blame to himself, saying that he had given a reporter named Croffut an interview, in which, when printed, colorless suggestions of his appeared as downright statements.

The satisfactions of success, however, far outweighed these vexations. The book had not been long in print before Mr. Gilder wrote that the *Century* would welcome another novel or a sheaf of short stories. "It is curious to see," he wrote, "how many people are offering us 'anonymous' novels. What more likely than that the *Century* should come out with a new anonymous 'novel' or 'story?' If it were not said to be 'by' the author of the B.W.,

[1] As Roswell's Smith's letter is dated November 5, 1884, Hay's was probably written a day or two earlier.

people would be off the scent, for no one would suppose we would miss such a good 'announcement.' Or a *nom de guerre* might be taken — perhaps a feminine one." (March 10, 1884.)

Hay probably smiled at the suggestion that he should disguise himself in a woman's petticoat; but henceforth he permitted himself no further literary digressions until the Lincoln History should be completed. The English read "The Bread-Winners" with enthusiasm, and their critics gave it unusual praise.[1] It was brought out in French, serially and in book form, under the title "Le Bien d'Autrui." Tauchnitz lost no time in reprinting it; there were translations into German and other foreign languages, besides various replies to it, one of which, "The Money-Makers,"[2] achieved notoriety.

[1] The *Saturday Review* of February 2, 1884, sums up its long favorable notice in these terms: "The book is not without faults, frequent and evident enough. The basement is too big for the roof for one thing; the promise of the earlier chapters is not quite fulfilled; there are rankness and crudity; there are many signs of inexperience as a novelist; for, although the anonymous author is beyond question a writer of experience, he is obviously enough a novice as a novelist. But, after making all deductions, there remains a substantial balance in his favour. *The Bread-Winners* is emphatically a book to be read. It is a very strong story, but its brutal force has no flavour of the muscular paganism of Ouida and her fellows; it is rather the reaction of a highly-cultivated gentleman familiar with camps and courts, and tired of the prettinesses and pettinesses of most modern fiction." Professor Brander Matthews tells me that he wrote the review, which accounts for the hints that the reviewer suspected who the author was.

[2] By Henry F. Keenan.

Read today, "The Bread-Winners" still holds its rank among remarkable novels. The skill with which typical persons in various social classes are brought upon the scene and the consistency with which each moves forward to his catastrophe, are as evident as is the author's success in causing the several plots to converge on the central situation. The men and women are clearly individualized; much of the conversation flashes; and the atmosphere is fittingly sultry and oppressive, as before an electrical storm. But more important than the love story which runs through it, is the sociological drama. You become almost too absorbed in the issue of the struggle between Labor and Capital to care whether Farnham and Alice marry or not.

That indicates Hay's skill as an advocate. Convinced himself, he argues convincingly that the right lies nearly all on one side. He does not deny that Capital has its faults; he paints individual Capitalists in dark colors: but he instills into you the belief that "honest" Labor has nothing to complain of; that socialistic and anarchistic panaceas, instead of curing, would poison Society; and that those persons who engineer a social war are either actual or potential criminals, having the gullible masses for their dupes. The moral is obvious — Society must protect itself against the faction which plots its destruction.

Remembering the date when "The Bread-Winners" was written, we must regard it as the first important polemic in American fiction in defense of Property. But to-day, even conservatives have moved beyond Hay's outposts. If the book does not belong in the little group of other social polemics, like Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," it is because Mrs. Stowe and Hugo spoke to free the downtrodden from misery and injustice, whereas Hay pleads in behalf of preserving the rights of the fortunate in the battle of life. His motive is as honorable as theirs — for he aims at saving civilization by saving the law-and-order classes on which civilization rests — but it lacks the emotional appeal.

CHAPTER XVIII

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY"

VERY soon after they reached the White House in 1861, Nicolay and Hay began to collect memorabilia for a possible history of Lincoln's administration. They perceived its epochal significance; they divined his singular greatness. Nicolay was the more systematic gatherer, but Hay's Journals, which he kept only too casually, stored up much good grist. After Lincoln's death, the secretaries felt that, sooner or later, they ought to tell to posterity their story of their martyred chief; fortunately, they could not find a responsive publisher, when Hay, on his return from Paris, made inquiries in New York. That would have been premature, because many essential documents were then out of reach.

The largest body of material, indispensable in every respect, belonged to the President's son, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln; and in due time he put it at their disposal, with the proviso that, before publishing, they should submit their work to him. The earliest record that has come to hand is a letter dated March 3, 1874, in which Nicolay reports to Mr. Lincoln

that he is examining the Lincoln manuscripts. The following year, Hay having resigned from the *Tribune* and settled in Cleveland, the collaborators began in earnest.

"My dear Hay," Nicolay writes on November 16, 1875, "I send you to-day by express the first instalment of material."

Being Marshal of the United States Supreme Court from 1872 to 1887, Nicolay resided in Washington, where he was near the official archives. His library was the central storehouse of material; but Hay collected also, and, as the work went on, he bought many manuscripts and documents and rare books for their joint use. Nicolay blocked out the schedule of chapters, which they then discussed together, and, after coming to a decision, each chose the topics he preferred. As fast as these were written, they passed to the other partner, for criticism, trimming, verification, and additions.

After a while, when publishers learned that this work was in progress, they made offers for the copyright; but Nicolay and Hay declined them all until they saw the end in sight. Finally, in November, 1885, they signed a contract with the Century Company, selling to it the serial rights in the history. The price agreed upon — fifty thousand dollars — was the largest any American magazine had paid.

Their first installment appeared in the *Century* for November, 1886; their last, in May, 1890.

On this frame of bare facts, let us now weave extracts from Hay's letters, which will disclose their methods of composition, the apportionment of subjects and, very often, the serious handicap of ill-health against which both of them, but more especially Hay, labored.

To J. G. Nicolay

514 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, O., Dec. 4 [1875?].

I am established here comfortably in winter quarters. I have received your box, and as soon as a little preliminary business is over and Mr. Stone has started for San Francisco or thereabouts, I shall go seriously to work upon it. I hope to be able to make considerable progress by next spring. . . .

Have I told you that Colfax sent me a copy of his letter to Arnold giving his last interview?

I read Count de Paris' last chapter yesterday and got a big disgust. It is a sincere and stupid attack on Lincoln in McClellan's interest. I had an angry talk of ten minutes with Lord Houghton about it in New York. He began it and I had to intimate to His Lordship that he was talking too much . . . on insufficient information.

CLEVELAND, O., June 23, 1876.

I have been dreading and postponing for some time the writing of this letter. I hate to tell bad news — and my news is bad. I went industriously to work last winter. Got a fine start on my material and commenced putting it in shape. I had even written a few pages when I was struck with partial blindness. I have had numerous doctors at me almost ever since, but the trouble is not yet over. During the last month my general health has been completely restored, and I think I see the case more clearly than before and hope by taking it easy this summer to be well next fall. That is the whole story, and I have never had the heart to write it before. I write now because I am greatly encouraged and begin to think I shall soon be all right again.

CLEVELAND, O., August 9, 1877.

I have hardly dared to write to you for some little time for fear of making illusory promises; but I think I can say now that I am started and can keep at work. If nothing happens adversely, we can have Lincoln inaugurated by the 4th of March, 1878. I have been very hard at work for a month or so, and sat down some weeks ago to writing. I have written

from nine to ten thousand words (that is the only definite way of stating it) and have brought up to 1830. I do not anticipate any bad delays unless my health should give way again. My old foe, the headache, is lying in wait for me, but I hope to get free. I write with great labor and difficulty — my imagination is all gone — a good riddance. I shall never write easily and fluently again. . . .

To Robert T. Lincoln

506 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, O., February 14, 1878.

My dear Robert: —

I have been spending a fortnight in Washington with Nicolay and am very much gratified at the work he has done in arranging your papers and in preparing for our history. Besides putting the MS. in admirable order, he has made a first-rate beginning at the chapters allotted to him. I also have had pretty good luck during the last season and we now consider the big job well begun. It will take a long time yet, but we are in no hurry and I presume you are not. We have made such arrangements that in case either of Nicolay's death or mine your property is safe and the work as far as done is available for the survivor.

On the way home I heard of the death of our old

friend Mr. Welles.[1] It is of great importance to us that we should get access to his diary and other papers. I know how much Edgar thinks of you, and he probably knows the interest which his father took in our work. As soon as you think proper I would like to have you suggest to Edgar that he should put the diary in our hands; we should, of course, pledge ourselves to regard it confidentially until our history is published, and even then to be guided by his wishes in regard to what should be used. I wish I could see you here sometime. Could you not run down for a few days. We could show you and Mrs. Lincoln a pretty town and plenty of sleigh-riding, although in other amusements we are rather deficient.

Yours faithfully.

I saw the President in Washington. The only thing of any importance he talked about was you. You evidently made a great impression on His Excellency.

To J. G. Nicolay

CLEVELAND, O., February 27, 1878.

I have devoted a day or two to looking over my notebooks, and am prepared to sit down on you with some force. I have a large amount of valuable

[1] Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy. Edgar, his son, died in 1915.

notes — made on the spot, the extent of and value of which I had quite forgotten. They are weak in 1861, not very good in '62 except in respect to Second Bull Run; but quite full and valuable for '63 and '64. They are not in good shape. I do not know but that I may try to have them copied by typewriter. . . .

Do you understand Mr. Welles's reference to a "Memorandum," written by Lincoln in 1864 in anticipation of defeat, in [the] *Atlantic?*[1] I have the original Memorandum; he gave it to me, in the presence of the Cabinet, after his reëlection. I have the whole occurrence in my notebook. As I was leaving the room with it, Judge Bates asked me for a copy. I cussed silently — then Welles asked for one, and then everybody. Charlie Penfield made the copies, and I have been dreading their reappearance, and felt a little relieved that our old friend had finished his work without an allusion to this matter — when, lo! in the very last article he refers to it. If he has not left other articles in MS. we are still safe; but if he has, he will be sure to copy this precious document in full in the next one. . . .

[1] The article by Gideon Welles to which Hay refers appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1878, and was entitled "The Opposition to Lincoln in 1864." Lincoln's "self-denying pledge" is given above, vol. 1, pp. 216–17.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 20, 1879.

I have had good luck for a week or so, and have made considerable progress. I have almost got to the Shields duel time. Have you any original matter not included in the Lamon book? . . . I wish I could see you for a week in regard to two or three matters — but I dread journeys more than I can tell you. I get along well enough from day to day, but a change upsets me and gives me colds and insomnia.

Where does your work begin — that is where is my work to join yours, *quoad* Lincoln? How far am I to write his biography before reaching your history of the g-r-r-eat conflict? Write as soon as you get this. Send me all the Shields' stuff you have, and any suggestions you want to make about Lincoln's marriage, the use of the Speed letters, etc. . . . If I keep my health, I expect to work steadily on this business henceforward.

Interruptions besides those due to ill-health kept retarding his progress: chief of these being his service under Mr. Evarts in the State Department.

CLEVELAND, O., March 30, 1879.

I saw to-day in the *Graphic* (?) a paragraph by T. on the authority of Frank Mason of Cleveland, that I alone had finished the first volume of our History.

I can't think Mason could have made such a mistake. T. must have misunderstood him. Both the papers here have tried to interview me on the work. I requested them to say nothing, as we were not ready for any announcement; and they complied with my request. But it is useless to try to stop up all the possible leaks, and some of these times we will have to let something be said, — in the *Tribune*, I should say, — so that the truth may be known. Think of it a little, and when I see you, give me your views. When am I to see you? It looks now as if I could not get to Washington this spring. My poor mother has had a dreadful accident, breaking her thigh bone at the hip. I have been in Warsaw for three weeks, hardly expecting her to live from one day to another — but last week she began to rally and now we have strong hopes of her recovery.

. . . I was getting along splendidly when this disaster happened. It throws me out, and I shall require some time to get in running order again. I have written now, in all, over 50,000 words. . . .

To R. T. Lincoln

CLEVELAND, O., January 27, 1885.

DEAR BOB: —

Nicolay tells me he has laid before you or is about to do so, the first volumes of our history, containing

the chapters in which I have described the first forty years of your father's life.

I need not tell you that every line has been written in a spirit of reverence and regard. Still you may find here and there words or sentences which do not suit you. I write now to request that you will read with a pencil in your hand and strike out everything to which you object. I will adopt your view in all cases, whether I agree with it or not, but I cannot help hoping you will find nothing objectionable. I do not think I have told you we have a new boy-baby,[1] born Christmas time. . . .

Faithfully yours.

By 1885 the collaborators had so far mastered their material, that they were already thinking of publication. Hay's correspondence of this year lets us see the work in the very process of becoming.

To J. G. Nicolay

CLEVELAND, O., April 13, 1885.

I have got to the 8th of March, 1862. What provision, in the schedule, has been made for the fight of the *Merrimack* and *Monitor?* Shall I do that? If so, all the material necessary is in the *Century* articles,[2] I suppose.

[1] Clarence Leonard Hay.

[2] The *Century Magazine* had been publishing a valuable series of articles on the Civil War.

I am kept riled constantly by the lies of McClellan, Joinville, and Paris. They have built up an impudent fiction which I fear the plain truth will never destroy. And the *Century* is going to give McC. the vast influence of its million readers.

CLEVELAND, O., April 22, 1885.

I have been going over your schedule with some care in connection with the work I am doing and I can't help seeing a radical difference of view between us as to the extent of treatment to be given to each topic. For instance: You indicate as separate chapters, The President's War Council. — Stanton. — President's War Order. — President's Plan. — McClellan's Fiasco.

I have put all these into one chapter! to be called, say, "Plans of Campaign."

Again you have "Manassas Evacuated" and "To the Peninsula." I shall make one short chapter of both. My idea of the McC. business was something like this: —

1. Army of Potomac. McC. Commander in Chief.
2. Plans of Campaign.
3. Evacuation of Manassas. Off for Peninsula.
4. Yorktown.
5. Chickahominy and Jackson's Raid.
6. The Change of Base.

7. Harrison's Landing.
8. Pope and Porter.
9. Antietam.
10. After Antietam — Burnside.

You make 15 chapters of the above.

Now there is certainly matter enough to make 15 or 50 chapters of it — but I judge from my own weariness of the subject that no living man will read more than I am writing. We will be happy if they read as much.

I saw young Harper in New York. They *want* the book, say they *count* on it. I put them off for the present.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 17. [No year.]

Your package of doc's is received and I regard it with dread and terror — like a magician contemplating a demon that he has raised and cannot lay. I will try to tackle it next week. I don't know where or how to begin — but will sail in anyhow and we will "put a head on it" when we come together. It looks to me awfully full for one chapter — but it must be squeezed in. If we give every incident a chapter we will have a hundred volumes.

The two preceding letters lead us to infer that there was a recurring need of compromise between Nicolay's desire for thoroughness and Hay's artistic

craving for proportion. The next note broaches the *Century* project.

CLEVELAND, O., June 16, 1885.

. . . The offer of the *Century* is certainly very tempting. Of course we could cut down a good deal and present what would be a continuous narrative in about half the space we have taken for our book. It is not to be hastily refused — and yet, how would we feel if tied up to it?

CLEVELAND, O., July 6, 1885.

I have finished Jackson's raid and shall commence on Seven Days' Fight this week.

Good luck and good health at Bethel. I do not believe Gilder will want the stuff for his magazine. It is not adapted for that. There is too much truth in it.

I have now several chapters — call it half a volume to sound liberal — which you can flourish before him as a reserve.

If I can keep well, and I am not very much encouraged about it — I can write a volume in a year.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 20, 1885.

Gilder wrote to me some time ago saying he wanted to see us both. . . . I have to go to New York

again in the first half of October and we had better have our talk then. . . .

I have just finished Comte de Paris' 6th volume. It is all about Gettysburg and Mine Run. In spite of my prejudice against him — and his outrageous unfairness to Lincoln — it is a splendid piece of work. He cares no more for time than McClellan himself. He goes plodding peacefully along and tells everything. His chapters average 150 pages. He makes me ashamed of my feverish anxiety to boil down and condense — but when your job is to get the universe into 8 volumes, you must not make two bites of an atom.

I am "complaining," but I do not know that I am any worse when I work than when I idle. I feel woe is me! if I write not my stint daily.

The next note is penciled on the back of a letter from a Philadelphia publisher, who promises a large sale for the book, if they will give it to him.

July 18[?], 1885.

"Children cry for it." . . . I am working like a Turk. I have done my 7 Days' Battle and Harrison's Landing since I last wrote you. I am impelled by a fiend of hurry who yells in my ear, "Finish! finish! and get it off your stomach!" If I could keep my

present pace without breaking down we should be through easily in two years. I would like to show you what I am doing — that you may see whether it is as bad as it is rapid. But the rapidity is only in the writing. The study has taken years.

Now comes the most important letter of the series: in it Hay gives his creed as an historian.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 10, 1885.

I have just received your letters of the 7th and 8th. I herewith return the Gilder correspondence. There will be no difficulty whatever in beginning the series — if ever — next fall [1886]. The only contingency in which we should not be able to keep up would be death. If we live we can do it.

The reason why I wanted you to criticize the chapter with the greatest severity is this — I dictated every word of it. I found myself breaking down with the nervous fatigue of writing and copying. I therefore hired a stenographer. . . . I always thought I could not dictate — but I found the only thing was to take time and not hurry, to go back — erase, start fresh, etc., just as if I was writing — and not much faster. It is a great gain. . . . After he writes out the notes I go all over them again with great care.

As to your criticisms, you can put in all the things you think lacking, or make a note, and I will do it next fall, strike out or reduce to footnotes whatever you think superfluous. Do this without hesitation and I will do the same with you. An outside judgment on these points is almost sure to be right.

As to my tone towards Porter and McClellan — that is an important matter. I have toiled and labored through ten chapters over him [McC.]. I think I have left the impression of his mutinous imbecility, and I have done it in a perfectly courteous manner. Only in "Harrison's Landing" have I used a single injurious adjective. It is of the utmost moment that we should *seem* fair to him, while we are destroying him. The Porter [1] business is a part of this. Porter was the most magnificent soldier in the Army of the Potomac, ruined by his devotion to McClellan. We have this to consider. We are all alone in condemning him. I don't count John Logan as company for historians. Even Palfrey, who takes the hide off McClellan, speaks of "Porter's perfect vindication at the hands of the Board." A big majority of the American people believe him innocent: all the Democrats, all the Mugwumps, which means all the liter-

[1] General Fitz-John Porter, court-martialed after the Second Battle of Bull Run; subsequently exonerated.

ary folks, all the Southerners, and half the Republicans of the North. We believe him guilty; but I don't think we need go further than say so dispassionately. A single word of invective, I think, would be injurious to us, rather than to him. It would be taken to show that we were still in the gall and bitterness of twenty years ago.

Gilder was evidently horrified at your saying that Lee ought to be shot: a simple truth of law and equity. I find, after a careful reading of a dozen biographies and all his own reports, that Stonewall Jackson was a howling crank: but it would be the greatest folly for me to say so. I am afraid I have come too near saying so, in what I have written about him. He is a "saint and a hero," Gen'l Black said so in a speech the other day. General Black, of Illinois, Commissioner of Pensions.

The war has gone by. It is twenty years ago. Our book is to be read by people who cannot remember anything about it. We must not show ourselves to the public in the attitude of two old dotards fighting over again the politics of their youth.

I confess I learned something from the criticisms of your book. All the reviews acknowledged its merits of style, accuracy, and readableness — but nearly every one objected to its tone of aggressive Northernism. This was a surprise to me. I read it in

MS. and thought it perfectly fair and candid — but I am of that age and imbued with all its prejudices.

We must not write a stump speech in eight vols., 8vo.

We will not fall in with the present tone of blubbering sentiment, of course. But we ought to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels who know everything, judge everything, tell the truth about everything, and don't care a twang of their harps about one side or the other.

There will be one exception. We are Lincoln men all through. But in other little matters, let us look at men as insects and not blame the black beetle because he is not a grasshopper.

Salmon P. Chase is going to be a nut to crack.

So is Stanton.

I am sick abed — but the Doctor thinks I am gaining on him, and will be out of his hands this week.

"Destroy this letter," Hay adds in a postscript. "It would be too great a temptation to any reporter who should pick it up." I am aware that I may be accused of indiscretion in printing criticisms so frank, written for Nicolay's eye alone. But a biographer's first duty — and his last — is to Truth; and if his subject cannot bear the light of truth, the biographer should not waste time over him. In this case, it is of

great importance that we should know in what spirit Nicolay and Hay wrote, because their history concerns Abraham Lincoln, and who can set a term, in centuries, to the longevity of Lincoln's fame?

That the two secretaries should carry into middle life the supreme enthusiasm of their youth, that their judgments should be tinged by past prejudices, that they should even feel it to be a duty to show up delinquents who had escaped exposure during the war, was inevitable. "We are Lincoln men all through" — that fact they never dissembled; and with that exception their aim was "to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels." How nearly they succeeded, the reader can determine by turning to their book. If he finds bias in it, this letter will inform him how far that bias was intentional, and how many times Hay, for one, in his endeavor to seem fair, curbed his impulse to speak out.

The endlessness of their task sometimes staggered them.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 17, [1885?]

I find *Murfreesboro* can be done concisely in less than a chapter. Are you doing Buell's "*Perryville*" Campaign? If not, I could sketch it in as an introduction to Murfreesboro and save that much space.

We shall never get through in a million words, I fear; and so must seize every chance to condense.

MERCANTILE BANK BUILDING, ROOM 10.
CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 29, 1885.

I received the schedule this morning and have been studying it all day. With what subjects you gobbled for yourself, the Vth volume is practically finished. There is Mexico and Diplomacy — but until I have read what you have done I do not know how to tackle those. I had thought of doing Mexico and Maximilian in one — beginning with a long retrospect — but I have not the material here. I cannot begin in the middle of the Western Campaign without reading your articles on the earlier incidents.

If *all* the Seward and Chase material is in Warden I could do that. There is enough in Chase's letters abusing Lincoln behind his back for a quiet scorcher — but think of Mrs. Hoyt,[1] if you please. There is some difficulty about the sea-coast subjects — you have begun them and I must first read thoroughly what you have done.

I might take Grant at Washington and do the Wilderness — though that is a great way ahead. I find a good many things to talk about — condensing of two or three into one.

[1] Chief Justice Chase's surviving daughter.

I have written Hooker and Meade. They make four chapters — Chancellorsville; The Invasion of Pennsylvania; Gettysburg (a long one); The Line of the Rapidan. I do not think Kilpatrick's Raid is worth a chapter. You could spin out a hundred pages of incidents, but they are all *aliunde*. I give him a ¶ in the Rapidan. The same with Stoneman's Raid.

You give the Gettysburg Oration a chapter. The Oration itself fills half-a-page. I thought of tacking it on to the end of the battle chapter.

For the Grant in the Wilderness we have a lot of material and I think might go on without Bob Scott. We have Badeau and Humphrey's elaborate work and Grant's report: then there is Swinton and the Rebellion Record.

Do you not make too much of — The Conscription Act; the Draft; The Riots; Lincoln-Seymour? I think there is a chance there for a judicious squeeze.

I wired you to send me the MS. I will, I think, have another full copy made — to use for the book MS. in case extensive excisions are made by the Editor.

Dec. 14, 1885.

I have been toiling for a week on the Lincoln and the Churches chapter. I am brought to a stop for lack of Lincoln's own letters in the matter. If it is

perfectly convenient for you to get them out and send them to me, please do so.

As soon as the instalments of the History began to appear in the *Century*, the collaborators held frequent consultations, by letter or in person, with Mr. Gilder, the editor, or with Mr. Buel, the assistant editor. Generous though the *Century* was in allotting space, it could not undertake to print more than a third of the huge work. Hence, the need of selecting, condensing and trimming, over which the authors and the editors frequently disagreed, but not to the point of a serious break.

Three citations may interest readers who like to dissect an author's diction.

To R. W. Gilder

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 22, 1886.

On galley 39 you will find a phrase, "mopped the floor with him." When I first heard it, years ago, it seemed very racy. Since then it has got to be a regular bit of newspaper slang. If it has grown banal to your ear, strike it out.

To J. G. Nicolay

CLEVELAND, O., May 26, (No year.)

You use continually a form of speech like this — "to immediately begin," "to promptly choose,"

etc. I think this is condemned by all the authorities. Lincoln used it, I know, but I don't think it wise for us to. I have marked a few instances, out of many in this number.

To Henry Adams

MANITOU, COLORADO, July 14, 1888.

. . . I take note of your criticisms. I have not the magazine in reach, and do not remember wherein I have sinned. I agree with you about the historical present, and would have sworn I never used it, — except possibly of writing. Do you bar that? May I not say, "Pliny observes," or "McClellan writes under the date of —"? I share your detestation of "now." In fact, I consider it horribly obscene — but I may sometimes have fallen into that crime.

Hay himself, like many Southerners and Westerners, including Lincoln and Lanier, confused "will" and "shall": but benevolent proof-readers kept these slips out of his printed books.

To R. W. Gilder

CLEVELAND, O., April 25, 1887.

The only question is whether you want the Life to run three years or four. If the former, you must take heroic measures. Leaving out a chapter here and there, or retrenching an adjective, will do no

good. You must cut great chunks of topics out. For instance, Nicolay says if you want to leave out the history of the opening of the Rebellion, there are twenty-six chapters between the election and the inauguration of Lincoln which can be left out, and only the intelligent reader, if such a being exists, will miss them. Then there are in all some dozen long chapters of the war in the West, absolutely essential in the history, which can be cut down to a paragraph in the Magazine. But it ought to be settled beforehand whether or not you intend to make these serious abridgments. Neither Nicolay nor I can write the work over again for the purpose of saving a half chapter, here and there. You have his full consent, and mine, to leave out as much as you like, but we cannot shorten up a chapter to any extent by rewriting.

This is in the nature of a caveat. If you hereafter tell us the infernal thing is too long, we will sweetly answer, "I told you so."

To J. G. Nicolay

MANITOU SPRINGS, COLO., July 22, 1888.

I received your letter of the 16th covering Gilder's of the 12th, with proofs, last evening. I gave the night to them and mailed them back to him this morning. I also wired him to cut as he liked. You

may do with him as you choose about *your* military chapters, but, for my part, I am perfectly willing to have him cut out every military chapter I have written. I am sick of the subject, and I fancy the public is. I will not, however, rewrite the book and boil them down. Let him leave them all out and settle the matter with his readers.

159 Water St., Room 8,
Cleveland, O., Sept. 19, 1888.

I see the *Century* folks have whacked about all the life out of the November instalment. I have telegraphed my approval — as they requested — not because I think they have improved it, but because I approve every excision, large or small, that brings us nearer the end. My complaint is that they are printing too much. They will never get through, at this rate, in the time contemplated. I think I shall suggest that they leave out Vicksburg and Gettysburg and the Wilderness campaign *in toto*, on the ground that Lincoln did not personally direct those campaigns. As it is, they cut out about every third paragraph, destroying the significance of a chapter without gaining materially in space. The November instalment is, you see, only 18 pages.

I avoid calling there when I go to New York, as our interviews are invariably disagreeable.

I hope your summer has profited you more than mine has me. I have lost 10 pounds since June. I want to get done with this work.

Evidently, Hay was run down, and the foreordained conflict between author and editor irritated him. An author today who complained that a magazine editor was printing *only* eighteen pages of one article in a series of forty, would have to look far for sympathy. But when the rasping was over, it left no scars. He and Gilder remained fast friends through life.

To J. G. Nicolay

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB, N.Y.,
April 15, 1889.

I told Gilder that he could cut and slash all he liked, provided we were to do nothing in the way of rewriting. He expressed his thanks for the permission, but thought he would not need to avail himself of it. They are all very cheery in the office about it.

I saw D. [Charles A. Dana?] this morning. He was quite curious about the process of collaboration, — said he had read it all thus far and could see no difference in manner or style. There is a singular proof of the nullity of criticism — coming as it does from one of the first critics of the age. I gave him no

satisfaction, but told him I thought no one would be able to say where one left off and the other began.

Whitman's lecture[1] yesterday was quite interesting as to audience and accessories. The lecture itself is about all in print, — nothing whatever new. The *Tribune* this morning, speaking of the lecture, calls Lincoln "this country's greatest President" — without qualification.

. . . Let me make one suggestion. In preparing for the chapters yet to be written, prepare — as far as possible — so that either of us can do the mere writing, when the time comes, without having to go all over the subject again. If I come back well next fall, I may be able, after finishing those I have allotted myself, to turn in and lend a hand to yours, if you find it then necessary to spare yourself. In that case it would be much easier to deal with a few envelopes than with a library.

That summer the Hays spent in England. Although Hay came back refreshed, he felt more and more the burden of the History, and the feverish desire, common to the nerve-harried, to be through with it, grew on him.

[1] Several times in his last years Walt Whitman gave his Lincoln lecture on the anniversary of the assassination.

To Henry Adams

LONDON, August 4, 1889.

. . . I am as anxious to get home and get through as ever I was to take my quinine when I was young, and have done. They send me an occasional column of abuse from some friend of McClellan or Chase and I can only wonder at the merciful Providence which keeps my critics away from the weak joints in my armor. Laws-a-mercy! If I had the criticising of that book, what a skinning I could give it! I can't amend it, but I could *éreinter* it — *de la belle manière*. There is nothing left but to read proof and get it printed, which will take six months, — forgotten, which may take six weeks.

From Cleveland, on his return, Hay writes to Mr. Adams: "The Lincoln peters out in January, and then there only remains the revision and proof-reading of the latter half of the impregnable volumes. You will get through first because you are *unus sed leo*." [1]

The next letters, to Mr. Lincoln, explain themselves.

[1] Mr. Adams was on the point of completing his American history.

To R. T. Lincoln

WASHINGTON, March 5, 1888.

Thank you for the corrections — all of which I have of course adopted. The MS. of all the articles goes to the publisher to-day. I was sorry to bother you, but I thought it best in every way to consult you — and it was.

I am much gratified at what you tell me about Mr. Lowell; he has after all said the best things about your father — but that's what a poet is for.[1]

We get thus far very little abuse and most of that is clearly motives.

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 12, 1888.

I own a few of your father's MS. which he gave me from time to time. As long as you and I live I take it for granted that you will not suspect me of boning them. But to guard against casualties hereafter, I have asked Nicolay to write you a line saying that I have never had in my possession or custody any of the papers which you entrusted to him.

I have handed over to Nicolay to be placed among your papers some of those which your father gave me. The rest, which are few in number, are very

[1] James Russell Lowell, in his "Commemoration Ode."

precious to me, I shall try to make an heirloom in my family as long as one of my blood exists with money enough to buy a breakfast.

We are nearly at the end of our life-long task and I hope you will think your father's fame has not suffered any wrong at our hands.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 22, 1889.

It has occurred to me that you might like to get to the end of the Magazine publication of our book, without waiting a month, so I send you this last instalment. They are putting the book into type as fast as we can revise and read the proof, but it is an enormous job, and will require several months to complete it. Think of reading, carefully and critically (stopping every five minutes to make sure of a fact or a situation), five thousand pages, four times over! This we have to do, *after* the book is finished.

The publishers think best to have the whole book ready before they begin to publish — they will then put out the volumes rather rapidly, two at a time. There will be ten volumes. It will be dedicated to you.

Now, in very fact, the fifteen-year-long task was drawing to a close.

To W. D. Howells

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22, 1890.

. . . And how are you? I have worked so like a dray-horse of late that I have seen nothing, heard nothing, read nothing; our proof-reading is half over. You know nothing about proof-reading, with you it is the perusal of a charming author, — no more; — with us it is reading an old story, musty and dry, and jumping up every instant to consult volumes still mustier, to see if we have volume and page right in the margin, — and the dull story right in the text. I am aweary of it. . . .

Jan. 23, 1890.

I have just read your study on Lincoln, and will not wait a moment even to see Nicolay, before thanking you. I should be less than human if I were not pleased with such generous praise from such an authority; but I am delighted more than I can tell you in view of the fact that you selected for approval precisely those features of the work in which, in our opinion, its success or failure is involved. I felt that we had not altogether wasted our time when I read what you say about our sacrifice to our task, about Lincoln's treatment of McClellan and his Cabinet . . . I like also what you say about

Lincoln's use of words, and wish I had said it myself.

The work, big as it is, is really a *tour de force* of compression. In nine cases out of ten the people who criticize it blame us for having treated too briefly this, that, or the other subject, in which they are specially interested.

On March 18, 1890, Hay writes from Washington to Mr. Buel, in characteristic phrase, which seems to indicate a recovery of spirits at the approach of freedom: "We have been going on gaily for a week, and I hope we can keep it up. I shall charge my bill for quinine to you, if you keep me here till the malaria season. None but cats and congressmen can stand our August sunshine."

To R. W. Gilder

WASHINGTON, June 19, 1890.

I have at last yielded to your furious importunity and have written an article on "Life at the White House in Lincoln's Time." [1] When will you want it? Nicolay thinks he will write one or two, but cannot promise them immediately.

I reserve the privilege of using the article as I please in future, and expect, of course, a monstrous

[1] Printed in the *Century* for November, 1890, vol. XLI, pp. 33-37.

honorarium for it — enough to put the Magazine into the hands of a receiver.

This final note to Nicolay shows the ingenuity on which an author must sometimes rely in order to meet the printer's exigence.

To J. G. Nicolay

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB,
319 Fifth Ave., July 8 [1890].

They have just put the last page in my hands, twenty minutes before my train starts for Cleveland. There seem to be only two things to do: shorten p. 348 two words and lengthen the last page a line or two. P. 348 can be shortened by striking out "calmer nor" in the first line.

I can't on the spur of the moment invent a sentence or two to lengthen the last page. I will see what I can do when I get to Cleveland.

I could think of no way to put in the fact of your absence from the deathbed, after the note was suppressed, other than putting it into the text as you did — but it looks very awkward there — as if dragged in by the ears.

This hurry-scurry at the end is disgusting. I wish I could have stayed through — but I thought I had made allowance enough, in waiting till the 7th.

It is frightfully hot to-day and I am sick — been taking medicine all day to hold me together so as to get on the train.

Arrived at the station Hay telegraphed Nicolay: "To fix last page I can introduce on page 350 what Sherman says: General Grant, after having met the ruler of [almost] every civilized country on earth, said Lincoln impressed him as the greatest intellectual force with which he had ever come in contact."

The insertion was made, and so the vast undertaking was completed.

The Century Company published the work in ten volumes that autumn, and sold 5000 sets by subscription within a short time. Since then some 1500 more sets have found a market. Not long before his death in 1901 Nicolay made a one-volume abridgment, which has reached a sale of about 35,000 copies. Remembering the world-wide publicity given to the instalments of the History which appeared in the *Century*, it is evident that no other American historical work has reached so many readers in so short a time.

Subsequently the authors, at Mr. Gilder's request, edited Lincoln's letters and speeches, which were published in 1894.

The "Lincoln" calls for no critical comment here. Nicolay and Hay very properly affixed to it the subtitle, "A History," for only in the broadest sense is it a biography. Rather is it an historical quarry or encyclopedia, to be judged piecemeal, chapter by chapter, as the builder tests each block of marble, and not in its entirety, as a finished edifice. Anybody can point out where it errs in proportion, or lacks charm; or where the narrative, instead of flowing forward like a river, seems to stagnate in a lagoon or to lose itself in some subterranean channel; or where it suffers from repetition; but such censure would be beside the mark. The value of the "Lincoln" lies in its substance, which is priceless.

Some of its readers have thought they could sort Hay's chapters from Nicolay's, by the touchstone of style. The clues I have furnished may enlighten them. Certainly, Hay's characteristic style — which sparkles in "Castilian Days," in passages of "The Bread-Winners," and in the best letters in the present volumes — rarely peeps through in the pages of the "Lincoln," where he and Nicolay seem to aim at being as unindividual as possible. When Hay was driven to dictation — the foe to durable writing — he further depersonalized his style. Nevertheless, the great work seldom falls below an excellent average, and, upon occasion, it rises to a high level. It

will outlast all other histories of the period, and be kept alive as long as Abraham Lincoln's name survives. As the Lincoln Legend grows, men will turn again and again to the record of the two young secretaries who walked and talked with him, saw him most intimately as man, as statesman, and as savior of Democracy, and came to revere and love him as a hero-friend: for no other source can rival theirs.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WASHINGTON CIRCLE

THE reader cannot fail to have observed the quality of casualness in John Hay's life. Fitted to do many things extremely well, he pursued no one thing long, except the Lincoln history. Even while he was toiling on that, he appeared to be engaged on a side-issue rather than on what would have been, for almost any one else, the culmination of his life-work. Hay was not an amateur, but he managed to retain the freshness and ease, and the freedom from pedantic insistence, which make the charm of the amateur spirit. Real superiority is so rare that Americans will only grudgingly admit that a man may succeed in more than one field. The diplomat must not shine as a novelist or the historian win a separate fame as a dialect poet: the metropolitan editor must not be confounded with the author of a fascinating volume of sketches of travel. Hay discovered all these forbidden combinations; and as each achievement left him still unexhausted, he came to have the air of one who was waiting for an enterprise to which he could devote himself heart and soul. Perhaps it was this which led those who saw only the

surface to surmise, that, as he advanced far into middle life, he was by preference a man of the world, a dilettante, a delightful companion when the mood favored, but not really serious.

No doubt, fortune helped to spread this misconception: because, after the death of Mr. Stone, who had always given the Hays a liberal allowance, Mrs. Hay's inheritance made them rich. Then it was that Hay and his friend Mr. Henry Adams built their houses side by side on Lafayette Square, employing as architect Henry H. Richardson, foremost in his profession, and one of the few American architects whose talent was so assured that he could borrow from the old masters of Europe without having his borrowing appear mere theft, clumsy and palpable. Washington became thenceforth the home of the Hays.

Friendship for Mr. Adams was the magnet which first drew and then held them there. He, the son of the consummate American Minister to England during the Civil War, was born in the same year as Hay, and represented in his derivation the essence of old Boston, — of those vigorous, blunt, hard-headed, fearless and far-sighted men who led the colony of Massachusetts into the Revolution, and then shared with Virginia in leading the Republic. His grandfather and great-grandfather were Presidents of the United

States. He himself had gone through Harvard College; had served his father as secretary in London; had known all sorts of English society — including the best; had taught history for seven years at Harvard in a way that history had never been taught before in America; had edited the *North American Review* for six years; and in 1877 had settled in Washington, convinced, he says, that, "as far as he had a function in life, it was as stable-companion to statesmen, whether they liked it or not."

His acquaintance with John Hay, begun many years before, ripened into the closest friendship. No other person exercised so profound an influence on Hay; no other kindled in him such a strong and abiding devotion. Living side by side on H Street, they made almost a common house. Very dissimilar in temperament, their tastes bound them together — their tastes, and their delight in each other's differences. Mr. Adams was the more learned, the more systematic in reasoning, the more resolute and careful in coördinating his knowledge. Life to him was a cosmic exploration, and when he found himself baffled in reaching port, he accepted, without flinching, but not in silence, the sentence of agnosticism. His autobiography passes from the plane of humor to that of irony, which he came to inhabit permanently. Fate, he sees, has played a sardonic trick on

him, — and on all of us, — in summoning us into life; but the jest becomes all the more sardonic for him, because he, unlike the majority, sees that it is a jest and nothing more.

Whatever his ultimate convictions, however, Mr. Adams's tastes were too strong and too various to permit him to stagnate. His intellectual curiosity never flagged. He loved the fine arts, with a love controlled by careful study. He not only knew the contents of books, but had regard for the beauty of their make. As happens sometimes in the case of persons without special scientific training, he took an almost passionate interest in the large speculations of science. He attracted men of natures so dissimilar that their only common bond might be their friendship for him.

Mrs. Adams was an admirable ally to him in making their house a unique place in Washington; and more than in Washington, for nowhere in the United States was there then, or has there since been, such a *salon* as theirs. Sooner or later, everybody who possessed real quality crossed the threshold of 1607 H Street. There was no lionizing. Notoriety gained no admission. Host and hostess were fastidious, and only the select came to them. Mr. Adams sought nobody out; he regarded himself as solitary, and knew very well that official Washington cared nothing

for him, and little enough for the intellectual sphere in which he lived.

Still, the best reached him. One by one, Richardson the architect, Saint-Gaudens the sculptor, John La Farge and John Sargent the painters, and many a writer, American or foreign, found their way up to his library. In Washington itself a few of the official world became familiars — Senators Lodge and Cameron with their wives, and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, being among them. But the two chosen friends were John Hay and Clarence King. Hay we know. Of King, Mr. Adams has written many noble praises: what, for instance, could be better than the following characterization?

"King had everything to interest and delight Adams. He knew more than Adams did of art and poetry; he knew America, especially west of the hundredth meridian, better than anyone; he knew the professor by heart, and he knew the Congressman better than he did the professor. He knew even women; even the American woman; even the New York woman, which is saying much. Incidentally he knew more practical geology than was good for him, and saw ahead at least one generation further than the text-books. That he saw right was a different matter. Since the beginning of time no man has lived who is known to have seen right; the

charm of King was that he saw what others did and a great deal more. His wit and humor; his bubbling energy which swept everyone into the current of his interest; his personal charm of youth and manners; his faculty of giving and taking, profusely, lavishly, whether in thought or in money, as though he were nature herself, marked him almost alone among Americans. He had in him something of the Greek, — a touch of Alcibiades or Alexander. One Clarence King only existed in the world." [1]

Mr. Adams goes on to mention some of King's attainments, and adds: "Whatever prize he wanted lay ready for him, — scientific, social, literary, political, — and he knew how to take them in turn. With ordinary luck he would die at eighty the richest and most many-sided genius of his day. So little egoistic he was that none of his friends felt envy of his extraordinary superiority, but rather grovelled before it, so that women were jealous of the power he had over men; but women were many and Kings were one. The men worshiped not so much their friend, as the ideal American they all wanted to be. The women were jealous because, at heart, King had no faith in the American woman; he loved types more robust." [2]

These two, King and Adams, were the companions

[1] *Education of Henry Adams*, p. 271. [2] *Ibid.*, 272.

of Hay's later life. King came and went, Ariel fashion, according as his geological duties called him to or fro over the continent: but Hay and Mr. Adams were well-nigh inseparable; and a day seldom passed when they did not see each other. The Adamses had no children, but to the young Hays and the young Lodges Mr. Adams was always "Uncle Henry"; with the sure intuition of children they saw only his kindliness, where strangers were awed by his brusqueness. He and Hay took their constitutional together every afternoon; Hay stopped for Adams, and then off they went, — Hay with one arm crooked behind his back, — two small men, busily discussing great topics, or, quite as likely, the fleeting events of the hour.

During the eighties, Mr. Adams was engaged on his History of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations, and Hay was collaborating with Nicolay on the Lincoln biography; but they both found leisure for social and other distractions. The Adamses, the Hays, and Clarence King formed an inner circle, which somebody named "The Five of Hearts," and out of this came, in 1882, a novel entitled "Democracy," a strikingly clever satire on Washington society. Its authorship was at once attributed to them, but one after another denied it. If it was a joint product no individual could monopolize the credit; and

as it seems to have been read chapter by chapter to the group, and discussed by them all, it might be said, technically, to be a composite. Clarence King is still commonly regarded as its author; and there are many supporters of Hay; but I believe that only Mr. Adams possessed the substance, and style, and the gift of Voltairean raillery which distinguish it.

At the end of 1885, the sudden death of Mrs. Adams occurred while the Hays and King were absent from Washington. Hay telegraphed at once; he was too late, however, to attend the funeral.

To Henry Adams

THE BRUNSWICK,
NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1885.

MY DEAR HENRY:—

I hoped all day yesterday and this morning to hear from you, and thought it possible you might summon King and me to be with you at the last. But I suppose you had already gone north when I sent my dispatch. I return to Cleveland to-night.

I can neither talk to you nor keep silent. The darkness in which you walk has its shadow for me also. You and your wife were more to me than any other two. I came to Washington because you were there. And now this goodly fellowship is broken up forever. I cannot force on a man like you the commonplaces of condolence. In the presence of a sorrow like yours

it is little for your friends to say they love you and sympathize with you — but it is all anybody can say. Everything else is mere words.

Is it any consolation to remember her as she was? that bright, intrepid spirit, that keen, fine intellect, that lofty scorn of all that was mean, that social charm which made your house such a one as Washington never knew before, and made hundreds of people love her as much as they admired her. No, that makes it all so much harder to bear.

We are anxious about you. Tell us, when you can, how it is with you. You have a great sorrow, but no man should bear sorrow better than you.

Mr. Adams commissioned Saint-Gaudens to design, as a memorial to Mrs. Adams, the statue which was erected in the Rock Creek Cemetery outside of Washington. Hay wrote his first impression of it to Mr. Adams, who was then in England.

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1891.

. . . To-day Del and I went to Rock Creek, where we were joined by Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Lodge. Mrs. Hay could not go, being laid up by a severe cold. Mrs. Cameron and Del will send you the fruit of their cameras. The work is indescribably noble and imposing. It is, to my mind, St. Gaudens's mas-

terpiece. It is full of poetry and suggestion. Infinite wisdom; a past without beginning and a future without end; a repose, after limitless experience; a peace, to which nothing matters — all embodied in this austere and beautiful face and form. . . .

For a while after Mrs. Adams's death the group was broken up. Mr. Adams went on long journeys to Japan, to Tahiti, and other Pacific islands, taking La Farge with him for a companion. Hay missed him greatly, as his letters, some of which I print in the following chapters, show. At last, Mr. Adams returned to Lafayette Square, and revived, singly, his hospitality. His breakfasts became an institution, not less notable than those of Rogers and Milnes in the London of an earlier time. "His friends," he says, "sometimes took pity on him, and came to share a meal with him or pass a night on their passage south or northwards, but existence was, on the whole, exceedingly solitary, or seemed so to him. . . . He loved solitude as little as others did; but he was unfit for social work, and he sank under the surface." This, on looking back, was his report: but to his intimates — and these included women of wit and charm and distinction — the hours spent in his study or at his table were the best that Washington could give.

This gathering of ladies with men completed the attraction of Mr. Adams's hospitality: it added also that note of civilization which men alone cannot supply. During a reign of sixteen years, he says, "Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Lodge led a career without precedent and without succession, as dispensers of sunshine over Washington," — and over the shrine of friendship at 1603 H Street.

This was the background, these were the vital elements of John Hay's mature life. Amid this fellowship he found in many forms the culture for mind and taste that he craved. Here his appetite for society, always eager and now fastidious, could be satisfied. If he secretly longed for the opportunity to exercise the powers he was conscious of possessing, he kept silent, and regarded his deprivation as but one more example of the Cosmic Irony which assigns their lot to men. Mr. Adams had come to face life in rather the sardonic mood; Hay tended to the humorous.

The group which gathered round Mr. Adams has had no counterpart on this side of the Atlantic. It was free alike from the academic flavor which prevailed in Boston and Cambridge, and from the Bohemianism which New Yorkers seemed to affect. Its leading members had the Renaissance stamp of versatility. The great artists among its members

strengthened its likeness to the Renaissance coteries at Florence or Ferrara; and so did the presence of highly cultivated women.

Although the deep, true satisfaction flowed to Hay from these intimates, he enjoyed a touch-and-go acquaintance with many persons of all sorts who never entered Mr. Adams's door. He mixed in that grotesque conglomerate known as Washington society, and played his part well there, as he did everywhere, so well, indeed, that those who could not look beneath the surface supposed that the rôle of society man sufficed for him. In truth, however, he took society as a pastime, not more important and often not more diverting than a game of cards.

His children filled a large place in his life. He continually mentioned them in his letters. Here is a droll paragraph from a letter to Mr. Adams: —

"One by one, our offspring have come down with measles. I went last week to visit my mother, leaving two of them in bloom, with an imbecile hope that the rest might escape; but I got back last night to find the baby in flagrant efflorescence, and this morning Del looks like an Italian sunset." (May 12, 1887.)

How does a father live in the memory of his children? is always a searching question, the answer to which helps us to round out his portrait. At my re-

quest, Mr. Hay's children have sent the following notes.

Mrs. Whitney writes: —

"He was a most satisfactory father from a child's point of view. I don't think he ever even reproved me in his life; he shirked any kind of parental authority. He was most keenly sensitive about giving moral pain to any one, and also at the idea of any physical pain. If we hurt ourselves, just a little, as children, and wanted to be petted and deeply sympathized with, it was always to him we went; if we *really* hurt ourselves, we had to pretend to him that we had n't, and go to my mother to be mended.

"The greatest treat we had was to go 'on a spree,' as he called it, with him. When I was away at school he used to come on and always arranged a 'program' ahead which began with: 'We will have a nice sandwich lunch at the station; we will then go to call on an old lady who wishes to see you, and we will finish the day with a delightful and improving lecture on astronomy.' Which meant, of course, that we lunched at Delmonico's on whatever I wanted to order, and shopped and 'played' all the afternoon, and finished up with a musical comedy.

"To most people he was a man who never did or could unbend; but to us he was the very jolliest kind

of a pal. When we were little, we had a regular concert every night. He had a very charming, true voice, and sang dozens of the old war-time songs and plantation melodies; also, I remember a very ribald one which ended, 'and the baby's hair was red' — but my mother made him stop that! The evening would end with a 'Kalabacine story.' The 'Kalabacine' was a little fairy hero, something like an Irish Pixie, who was as real to us as a member of the family, and his adventures were marvelous and endless. We used to beg him later to put 'Kalabacine' in print, but he always said it was so 'on the spur of the moment' he never could remember how to put it down."

Mrs. Wadsworth corroborates several of her sister's reminiscences, and adds these others: —

"One of my strongest impressions of my father was the contrast between his gentle, uncomplaining patience in his own afflictions, and the splendid, fiery, righteous indignation which injustice or the wrongs of others instantly roused in him. He would never make any effort to further his own comfort.

"He was constantly trying to teach us impartiality and fair judgment. For example — there was a lady of our acquaintance who for some obscure reason had incurred our infant disapprobation. One day at luncheon my father said: 'How handsome

Mrs. ——— looked to-day.' There came a hoot of derision and dissent from around the table. My father said: 'You shrimps are blind with prejudice. You can't see beauty or good in anything or any one that is n't personally attractive to you. Now, *I hate* Mrs. ———, but she's an extremely good-looking person.'

"He admired and advocated thoroughness and completeness. If he heard us singing or whistling scraps of a tune, he would stop us and ask whether we 'did n't know the rest of it.' If we said yes, he would tell us to sing it all; if not, to learn it, or else try something else. He also taught us to write addresses clearly, and without abbreviation of streets, cities or states.

"He was a *spirit* rather than a *voice* in the household government. We were sent to 'ask Papa,' who always said: 'What does Mother say? She knows best' — and that was final. He had an aversion, amounting to physical suffering, to publicity in any form, and his greatest public utterances were preceded by days of nervous dread that sometimes made him literally ill. His wonderful fund of self-control and balance always came to the rescue at the critical moment, but they could not prevent his suffering agonies of anticipation. He once said: 'Luckily the shakes go to my knees and not to my voice.'

"He was so tender-hearted that my mother always had to deal with our youthful injuries, illnesses and discipline without his coöperation. He could n't bear to see us hurt or made unhappy, even for our own good. He spoiled us shamefully with money, always giving us double the amount we said we needed.

"He was the least self-indulgent of men I have ever known, and yet one of his favorite teachings was: 'If you see a thing you *really want*, get it, no matter what it costs. If you don't, it will haunt you all the rest of your life and come between you and the later desires of your heart, and make them appear less and less desirable.'"

The following poem, which Mr. Hay slipped into a copy of "The House Beautiful," for Mrs. Hay, will fitly complete these glimpses of the inner family life.

[THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.]

Not pomp of crimson or of gold,
  Nor aught the dazzled eye can see,
In Art's creations manifold,
  Make the House Beautiful for me.

One dear fair presence, lovelier
  Than all the miracles of art,
With gentle power to move and stir
  The deepest pulses of my heart —

Her smiles, the sound of melodies
Made purer by her voice, the face
Wherein all candid harmonies
Have found their peaceful dwelling-place,

A voice and eyes, twice-mirrored truth —
A spirit sunny, bland and sage,
The bloom and charm of gracious youth,
The promise of a lovelier age —

The children, her small images,
Who lisp their sweet prayers at her knee,
All three alike God's children, these
Make the House Beautiful for me.

Hay had great delight in the early manifestation of poetic talent by his daughter Helen. On April 10, 1895, he writes to Mr. E. L. Burlingame, the Editor of *Scribner's Magazine:* "My daughter has written a few things that seem to my not impartial taste good enough to print. I send you a sonnet, knowing your conscience is more powerful than your friendship — and that, if you do not like it, you will not hesitate to send it back to me." *Scribner's* accepted the sonnet, and in 1898 a little volume with the modest title, "Some Verses, by Helen Hay," was published.

Hay himself, despite the depoetizing effect of a long-continued prose work like the "Lincoln," occasionally sought expression through the cherished language of his youth. He writes Mr. Gilder of the *Century*, on June 3, 1890: —

"Here is a sonnet which I hope may find favor in the eyes of you — past-master of the sonnet. If you think it worth printing, it is yours, without money or price, on the condition it be printed anonymously. I am rather too old a bird to be singing in this strain. If you conclude to print it, tell me about when, and send me a proof.

"*June 5*. Your ear is all right — not so long, perhaps, as some editors'. Pronounce 'heaven' in one syllable, and there you are. If you prefer 'sky,' why 'sky' be it. I have a preference for heaven, being a Presbyterian."

Gilder, acquiescing in Hay's Presbyterian preference for heaven, printed the sonnet in the November (1890) *Century*.

One other literary letter belongs here: —

To W. D. Howells

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1890.

I have had the impudence to collect all my verses, new and stale, into one volume which Houghton & Mifflin have printed. But I have at the same time printed a little edition of them for my friends and lovers, of which I send you a copy. You will not suspect me of taking them too seriously in thus dressing them up. On the contrary, it is only the conscious amateur who does such things.

June 11. . . . I have not, I think, told you how I was "seized" by your "Shadow of a Dream." You produce masterpieces faster than I can write letters. This is tremendous in power and grasp. Turgenieff himself might have signed those delightful and masterly pages. I am proud to feel such things are done in my time and by a friend of mine.

Hay's generosity of spirit, which shines in such letters as this, also displayed itself in the easier and commoner form of material benefactions. He shrank from letting even his intimates know of his frequent gifts; but one example may be told here. When Matthew Arnold stopped to lecture in Cleveland, he stayed with the Hays. On the afternoon of the lecture Hay went round to the theater and inquired how the tickets were selling. Learning that very few had been sold, he bought up all the rest and distributed them among students of the University. That evening, as Arnold faced a large and enthusiastic audience, he perhaps flattered himself on having a greater number of admirers in Cleveland than he had found in many cities more populous and more renowned for culture. Hay never divulged to Arnold the magic which wrought this result.

During Hay's life in Washington, he used his ample means, not on the luxuries and amusements

of the vulgar rich, but on those objects which appeal to men and women of taste. Infinitely more precious to him than anything money could buy were his friendships. They not only satisfied the healthy demands of his affections, but fed his always keen and craving intellect, and stimulated his enjoyment of the fine arts. Washington gave him a better opportunity than any other American city afforded to know men of every stripe and observe how masses of men are swayed; and his frequent visits to England enabled him to compare the Aristocratic system where birth still had a large influence in determining a man's position, with the Democratic system at home. Nearly everybody of any importance at Washington was his own ancestor, having proved his superiority in law, journalism, or politics, in mines, or oil, or railroads, in Wall Street or in the Chicago Stock Yards: and to this rule Hay himself was no exception.

Looked at from this point of view, the years which he seemed to be spending unproductively were really completing his preparation for the crowning achievements of his career.

CHAPTER XX

LETTERS TO HENRY ADAMS

I CANNOT do better, to carry on the story of John Hay's career for the next seven or eight years — if story there be — than quote freely from a parcel of his letters to Henry Adams. The elements of Hay's life we have already assembled. The great red house in Lafayette Square was home henceforth to him and his. The vital friendships of his heart — that with Henry Adams first, that with Clarence King second — had ripened. His routine was fixed. He passed his winters in Washington; his summers, after 1890, at Newbury, New Hampshire, on Lake Sunapee. But he had also his "hut" in the Rockies, and his house in Cleveland, and business or pleasure took him to Chicago, or New England, or the South. Fast trains made the journey to New York so easy that it had become a common incident in their social programme. And until his mother died, the year rarely passed when Hay failed to visit her in Warsaw.

Europe also was brought so near by the swift ocean liners, that the Hays frequently crossed the Atlantic. The older children were old enough to enjoy

sight-seeing, and their father took especial delight in guiding them to the historic places. He and Mrs. Hay paid visits to friends in English and Scotch country-houses. They saw more and more of English life, diversified by reunions with Americans — Henry James, Abbey, Frank Millet, and others, who had settled in England.

The letters in 1887 begin during one of these holiday visits overseas.

To Henry Adams

TILLYPRONIE,[1] ABERDEENSHIRE, July 20, 1887.

MY DEAR HENRY: —

I got your letter the other day in London just as we were flitting from that jubilating [2] and tiresome town. We planted the babies in the sand and shingle at Folkestone and then went off to the Farrers in Surrey. Thence we came north by slow degrees; whenever we came in sight of a cathedral tower we stopped the train and got off and dined and slept. Thus we did at Ely and Norwich and York, and finally at Edinburgh. After that, we went to Andy Carnegie in Perthshire, who is keeping his honeymoon — having just married a pretty girl —

[1] The Scotch estate of Sir John Clark, one of Hay's earliest and dearest friends in Britain.

[2] Queen Victoria's jubilee had been celebrated in June.

in the sensiblest manner imaginable, by never allowing an opportunity for an hour's *tête-à-tête* from one week's end to another. The house is thronged with visitors — sixteen when we came away, — we merely stayed three days, the others were there for a fortnight. Among them were your friends Blaine and Hale of Maine. Carnegie likes it so well he is going to do it every summer, and is looking at all the great estates in the County with a view of renting or purchasing. We went with him one day to Dupplin Castle, where I saw the most beautiful trees I ever beheld in my wandering life. The old Earl of ——— is miserably poor — not able to buy a bottle of seltzer, — with an estate worth millions in the hands of his creditors, and sure to be sold one of these days to some enterprising Yankee or British Buttonmaker. I wish you or Carnegie would buy it. I would visit you frequently.

London, August 25, 1887.

Dear Adams: —

James comes in to dinner occasionally and is remunerative. He has quite recovered from his Venetian jaundice. Mrs. Hay and I spent last Sunday with the Millets [1] and Abbey at Broadway, their place

[1] Frank D. Millet and Edwin A. Abbey, American painters. Millet was lost on the *Titanic* in 1912; Abbey died in 1911.

in Worcestershire. We saw some of the prettiest country we have ever come across, and the establishment wore an air of decency and intelligence which was extremely agreeable. Millet is painting two pictures which promise well, and Abbey is at work on his first oil painting. He is in the stage of cold fit, and says it is "getting ilier and ilier."

I bought at the R. sale a nice lot of Old Mastery drawings — which I *tard* to show you. I have also spent the last cent I got for "Democracy" [1] in minerals for Mrs. Hay.

After we left the Clarks' house we took the two older shrimps and went down to Isle of Wight. We found the neighborhood of Cowes so infested with princes and such vermin that we went down to the south coast, and found Brading, Sandown and Ventnor extremely pretty and soothing. There are lots of pretty things in this rickety old planet, if we could only have the enterprise to look for them and the nerves to enjoy them. But — *eheu fugaces* — I ought to have done my enjoying while the day lasted.

We expect to be in New York on the 17th September. Then I hurry to Cleveland — put my affairs into disorder — and scoot down to Washington at the earliest possible moment. I hope I may meet you

[1] A joke, as Mr. Adams wrote *Democracy*.

there, though if you go to Mexico, I shall be content for your and King's sake, dismal as Washington will be without you. I shall work like a yeast plant this winter — not because I feel like it but because I hate it, and because I feel that my time is waning.

My wife and children send their loves. The children bid me tell you they have a little collie pup, — they know you will be glad to hear it.

CLEVELAND, O., October 22, 1889.

I am grieved to think you are to fail, also, of your Mexico. My own disappointment did not move me half so much — for sufferance is my badge. . . .

Our Highland Lassie came home last night "late, late in the gloaming," like Kilmeny, escorted by two schoolboys, and for the advertised reward. The children welcomed her without a word of doubt. The baby, at the first word of demur, shouted, — "Of course it 's Yossie!" and all the sceptics gave in their adhesion this morning at the brilliant success of a test proposed by Del. He took her into the garden where she broke away and ran to a pile of leaves at the foot of the lot, and dug up a bone she had providently hidden there before her escapade. But I could not have believed a dog could have developed so rapidly in a fortnight. However, two

weeks of vagrancy would accomplish a good deal in any young female. She has a detestable little air of having seen the world and being up to snuff.

. . . I am trying to settle up my little affairs so as to leave here as near the 1st November as may be, and come to you. I have had two or three days of duck-shooting on our marsh; — no ducks, but a peculiarly fascinating landscape of wild rice and lily-pads. . . .

CLEVELAND, O., November 4, 1889.

MY CHERISHED LIVY: —

I fully expected till an hour ago to bask in your "social wit" to-morrow. But things have concatenated so as to keep me here all this week.

So keep up a good heart! . . . Give Spring-Rice my love and fond regrets! Give the Goddesses of the breakfast-table my worship and duty! Give the President [Harrison] three years' warning! . . .

CLEVELAND, O., July 12, 1890.

We leave here next Wednesday and take two leisurely days for our journey to Newbury. I try to shut my eyes to what may happen when we get there. I shall be in the position of a school teacher without lessons and without authority. If I were only with you cleaving the blue waters of the Pacific, eating

an occasional missionary with the unconverted natives, or, in default of that, carving a loaf of bread-fruit "by the long wash of Australasian seas," I might recover the lost tone of my spirits. As it is, I enjoy little but sleep. I get plenty of that in this cool and breezy village. My day in New York was the hottest I remember, — the next day, here, I needed an overcoat, driving home from the station.

As Hafiz sang — "How sad were the sunset, were we not sure of the morrow!" and that is just our fix. That pleasant gang which made all the joy of life in easy, irresponsible Washington, will fall to pieces in your absence. You were the only principle of cohesion in it. All its elements will seek other combinations except me, and I will be left at the ghost-haunted corner of 16th and H.

. . . I had a letter just now from Henry James. He had dutifully done his *Ober Ammergau*, which bored him, and he was going to leave Venice before Mrs. J. arrived.

Boston, July 17, 1890.

Your good letter reached me yesterday at Cleveland when I was on my way to the station. It comforted me through the long journey, kid-haunted and hot, from Cleveland to Boss-town. I have no excuse for writing to-night except that you said you had not

my new address, which is, to wit: Newbury, New Hampshire. Thither I go at early fowl-crow to-morrow, to plunge into a barbarism profounder than any that Stanley came across in Jimjamjumbo. My desire to go to the Pacific with you increases at every new exhibition of the bellicose with my children; and yet I feel more and more that my duty lies here — to keep them from massacring each other.

You are also a discoverer. You have discovered that my mare — is quiet. Let us give her a name worthy of her, and call her The Pacific. I got her as a life-insurance for the children — and they unanimously refused to ride her on the ground that she has no hustle on her. I do not know what my poor little wretches will do at Newbury; — they are looking forward to a season of summer opera-bouffe, instead of the deadly repose we have planned for them. I went out to-day and bought Del a carload of fishing tackle which he will never learn to use. He did not even seem to care for the shopping. In my day, buying the hooks and lines, and digging the bait was fun enough, even if you caught no fish.

This is a wonderful city of yours in its summer sleep. Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street [Boston] are as still as Tadmor in the desert — swathed in green cerements of Ampelopsis, as if earth's concerns were not over for them. We should have felt

quite lonesome had not our dear Gen'l B. turned up at lunch. His is the only familiar face we have come across in Boston. A few people seemed alive in a goodly building, which our hackman said was "a club of private gentlemen, called the All-gonquin."

NEWBURY, N.H., Aug. 5, 1890.

. . . Mrs. Hay has once more proved her superiority to me in practical sagacity. This sojourn which I regarded with horror has turned out rather agreeable than otherwise. I do not mind the country fare. The children seem very happy. They have even more amusements than they can manage. They fish and row and swim. They colonize the desert islands in the lake. They climb the hills. They quarrel and fight and have a good time generally.

I cannot tell you how my heart sinks at the thought of your going away without me. I recognize it as the last ringing of the bell. I now feel that I shall never go west, and thence east. I shall never see California nor the Isles of the Sea. But we have resolved to begin building at once, and I must be here during the next three weeks. I am a worthless creature, destitute of initiative.

Yours, what there is of me.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 9, 1890.

MY DEAR GLOBE-TROTTER: —

I . . . start home to my mother on Monday next. Then I come back here and shoot *at* some ducks, and then go down to Washington. My visit to that capital is attended with some palpitation, as my Botticelli has arrived and is at my house, as yet unhonored and unhung. I am half afraid to see it, yet I wish to know the worst. But oh! the misery of the empty house next door!

800 SIXTEENTH STREET,
LAFAYETTE SQUARE, Dec. 12, 1890.

If it is any pleasure for you to know that you have planted the thorn of envy in the breast of a friend, you have the right to enjoy that pleasure to the fullest extent. I read and re-read your Samoan letter. I hang over your photographs and contemplate your old-gold girls, and interrogate the universe, asking if there was ever such a fool as I — who shall never, *à grand jamais*, enter that Paradise! King says we will go some day, but King will never be ready, nor will I.

Everything has gone to tarnation smash since you went away. First the G. O. P.[1] went to wreck over

[1] "G. O. P." — "Grand Old Party," as the Republican Party was nicknamed.

McKinley's Bill, and the G. O. M. over Mrs. O'Shea's beak.[1] Your own Democracy with its 150 majority is far from happy, as it is mounted on the Farmer's Alliance, and no man knoweth whither it goeth. W. H., e.g., was beaten for the Senate yesterday by one Ingalls, whose hair drops hay seed as he walks. The Republicans gang like ghaists but there are still lots of chances. Cabot Lodge is a spared monument of the cyclone. . . .

But politics are a bagatelle in comparison with the tornado of falling stocks. We are all poorer by an average of ten millions apiece since you went away and left the continent to its fate. I think I told you that three men had died, each one of whom ruined King by his untimely demise. One would think that was his share of lethal casualties, but since that, two more have died, one of them smashed by a railway train at W. and each in his agony kicked over a full pail of milk which King had been a year in drawing. Worst of all, that coal arrangement which he had cooked up with your brother Charles, and which he looked forward to as a provision for his declining years, has gone to Hades with the revolution in Union Pacific.[2] In spite of all he seems full of pluck

[1] "G. O. M." — "Grand Old Man," Gladstone, who split with Parnell, on learning of his scandalous relations with Mrs. O'Shea.

[2] Charles Francis Adams was president of the Union Pacific Railroad, 1884–90.

still, is working like a Turk at new enterprises, and reads about viscosity the greater part of his night.

Things in Washington are hardly worth writing about. Old B. of T. made a speech about J. in the Senate last summer which scared the Commissioners into a fit, so that they have again changed the site of the Lafayette Statue to the Southeast corner of the Square. They are digging a new hole for the foundation. Perhaps some other shining light of your party will object again, and they will cast the statue out to Oshkosh and make all the residents of the Square have a likeness of the hero of New Orleans branded on their behimesides. Your Triumphant Democracy is a bore.

Your modest soul has never yet conceived the vacancy you make in this little town. Your breakfast table is as a flock without a shepherd. They are scattered abroad and seem to possess no principle of cohesion. I have had the Rs. and Ls. to dinner once or twice, but I cannot make them gay. We try to put a little life into ourselves by abusing mugwumps, but all our gayety rings false, and we drop the effort and our voices, and talk of Samoa. By the way H. is losing his mind. I met him in New York and he told me to tell you he wanted Samoa history. Mrs. H. also spoke of her delight in your work, and while I am on the subject permit me to say that V

and VI took the cake. There is a gathering strength and interest in these later volumes that is nothing short of exciting. The style is perfect, if perfect is a proper word applied to anything so vivid, so flexible and so powerful. I never expected to read anything which would give me so much pleasure.

Mrs. C. and Mrs. L. are getting up a series of parlor concerts (Adamowski) in honor of you. The first one is to-day at the Russian Legation. *We* are to have the next, I believe. Only fifty tickets are sold. *Ces dames* are desolate without you. They seek each other, but avoid the rest of the world. They read your letters and discourse of you — but they think your old-gold girls are horrid. I have incurred their grave displeasure because I admire Fanua and Fangali.

M. V. has come back from her conquest of the British Isles, prettier and more posed than ever. She bowled over the aristocracy without half trying. . . . Spring-Rice has come and gone. . . . [He] behaved himself very well here — threw over a dinner at the Legation where thirty people were asked to meet him, and came to dine with me, — telling Sir Julian [1] he would come to him the next day. I knew nothing of this until it was over. The Pauncefotes were good-natured and did not seem to bear malice. The

[1] Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister at Washington.

ladies are making a pet of A., — he is certainly the youngest sexagenarian I ever saw. He goes about in his pleasant, maidenly way, damning everything he sees. He even criticised the hands in C.'s picture by Sargent. He thinks R. the best we've got, but devilish poor after all. Yet he *is* good company and agreeable for all that.

My big Botticelli has come and is hanging on the stairs. It is a beautiful thing — a picture of the first importance. I lie awake nights fearing it will warp, and get up in the morning to see if the convexity has become critical during the night. D. T. says it is a shame to bring such pictures to America, and I agree with her. I wanted O. to come down and look at it, — but O., just to spite me, up and died. So far as I can learn, there is nobody in the country can stop a picture from going to the devil if it wants to — same as a boy.

Your desolate house is unfeelingly flourishing. . . . L. meets me on the street and asks when you are expected home. *Ay de mi!* . . . The next time you write, ask me some questions. I want to write to you, but I have nothing to say except that I miss you every day more and more and cannot get accustomed to the lack of you. Give my love to La Farge. *He* at least will come back one day and tell us many things.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1890.

I have just read Daudet's "Port Tarascon." It is his definite Waterloo — everything is *manqué*. Now is your chance! Do a South Sea book, *comme il n'y en a pas*. It is a felt want.

I feel that I am shooting into the infinite azure in writing to you. If this letter ever gets to Tahiti you will not have arrived there or will have just gone. You are too remote. But I will go to the Post Office and put it in the slot with the same vague hope with which one subscribes to a Missionary Fund. Please tell me when you write again to address you Care of The Queen, The Tower, London. There will be something familiar and definite about that.

Now I will have to tell you, — perhaps a dozen fellows have done so — of Stevenson's account of your visit to him. Your account of that historical meeting is a gem of description. I have it by heart. His is no less perfect and characteristic. He writes to N. B.: — "Two Americans called on me yesterday. One, an artist named La Farge, said he knew you. The name of the other I do not recall." Bear up under this, like a man, in the interest of science! It completes the portrait of your shabby parrot.

. . . You are losing nothing, I believe. I hear of nothing that is written — nothing that is said —

nothing that is done. Nothing — "yet all there is, I hear."

LONDON, June 4, 1891.

. . . I spent two days at the two Salons. I rather thought the seceders at the Champs de Mars had the best of it. The pictures that attracted attention were not great works of art, but the anecdotes, the epigrams. There was a "Dinner at the Pharisee's" by B.; the traditional Christ seated at the head of the table; at his feet grovels a pretty Parisian cocotte; all around men of to-day, in Poole coats, stare and wonder or leer. . . .

NEWBURY, N.H., Aug. 20, 1891.

I came here the end of July — found everything in confusion and a lot of workmen dawdling. I started things going, and, after a week or so, sent for Mrs. Hay and the children. We get along well enough in the half-finished house, and amuse ourselves watching the painters and paper-hangers. The house, such as it is, will be finished by the time we leave it next month.

I wish I could take ship to-morrow and meet you in some of the effete capitals of Europe. But I must dree my weird. I go to Cleveland from here, and to Washington in November. My winter will be spent

in editing the Works of Abraham Lincoln, to whom I then bid an everlasting farewell. . . .

WINON'S POINT,[1] O., Oct. 24, 1891.

A letter to you has been weighing on my mind for a week or two, but yesterday your long and interesting letter of the 29th of September arrived, to put me still more hopelessly in your debt. It was a splendid wind-up of your circumnavigatory series. Ceylon, the mangosteen and the durian will always hereafter be objects of my hopeless passion. Of course I shall never know them. I envy you many things, but, most of all, that power of making up your mind to do things, and then doing them without any fuss.

. . . I read your letter under unusual aspects. I got it at noon as I was starting out in my boat. I went to a remote pond in the marsh, and as the water is unprecedently low, we had to push and pull the boat through mud two feet deep a half a mile. We got there at last, after unspeakable trials, built our blind, and waited for ducks, "the tardy ducks that did n't come." So under the level evening light that streamed across the wild marsh, turning the reeds and the cane to amber, with a wind cutting to the marrow of my bones, I read your letter, and

[1] Shooting club of which Hay was a member.

contrasted your wise and fruitful method of amusing yourself with my melancholy attempts to be gay. I asked, with the immortal Flanagan, — "Why am I here?" and got no satisfactory answer.

We are a queer lot of odds and ends. You have met B. and perhaps Col. H. There is no one else noteworthy except ——, the electrician, the Cleveland Aladdin — a magnificent creature, 5 feet 2 in height, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, who eats three ducks for his lunch, and then asks me about Carlsbad; thinks "he must go there"; is "getting heavy and bilious."

Then there are two or three old men from 80 to 90 — original members of the Club, — in whom every passion, lust, avarice, appetite and thirst, are all gone, and nothing is left but the inextinguishable love of killing ducks. They get up at daybreak and shoot till it is so dark they cannot see their last duck fall, and then limp in to supper groaning and whimpering, and nodding with sleep.

NEWBURY, N.H., Aug. 26, 1892.

MY OWN DEAR ADAMS: —

Mrs. Hay and Del and Helen came back from a short visit to Boston yesterday in a fury of rain which seemed trying to drown out our mountains and wash away our lake. Two doctors sat on Del: X, a New

York man, and Z. The net result of all the pow-wowing is that they don't know what is the matter with him: that they don't think it is hip-joint, and that it probably is: — that he will probably get better of it, if he don't get worse — though he *may* remain as he is; — that the main thing is to consult frequently with an able doctor. "I," said Z., with a fine candor, "am as able as any."

. . . I wish I could think of something to tell you. There is, I am told, a good deal of politics about, but I know nothing about it. . . . Your letters to B. and T. were models of style and tact; nothing better could have been done; but T. goes pendering through the town, wondering if you really think education is on the whole worse than infanticide. I told him it was, but I doubted if you really thought so; because, being a Mugwump, you naturally took the wrong side of everything.

NEWBURY, N.H., September 13, 1892.

We have had a lazy and peaceful summer — twice brightened by the presence of celestial visitors. For did not the Camerons come for two days, to our delight and amazement? Don was grumpily good-natured, and la Donna was radiantly lovely. They pretended to like the place, and commissioned me to ask the price of farms. I am doing so, and discover-

ing that their visit has put everything up fifty per-cent. I am the only human being that has bought an acre of land in the place for forty years, — yet the *auri sacra fames* so rages in the autochthonous heart as to convince them that I and my friends are going to buy all their bogs at a million an inch.

WINON'S POINT CLUB,
PORT CLINTON, O., Nov. 9, 1892.

MY BELOVED MENTOR: —

I slew with my gun to-day a dozen of ducks. I divide them between you and Mrs. Cameron, and send with each moiety a double portion of love. Think of me as sitting all day in a punt, half the time in rain, and the other half in snow; all the time in a fierce east wind; trying to warm my poor heart with the thought of the charming *destinataires* of my game.

Woe is me for my unhappy country, which is to struggle on under the double infliction of a stuffed profit and a stuffed ballot box.[1] To think that you should say your Democrats were poor politicians! A party ruled by Tammany unprovided with practical politics! Ah, Henry of my soul, what do you tike me for!

[1] Cleveland had been elected and the Republicans overwhelmingly defeated in the election of that week.

. . . But as to me it matters little. We must pay double taxes [1] because a Cleveland blackguard of your party so wills it. But I shall economize by breakfasting with you, and even things up in that way. . . .

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1893.

My mother, who attained her 90th year on the seventh of this month, died the day before yesterday. She had been failing for some time, but with that unselfish fortitude which marked her whole life she forbade my brother and sister to send for me, and died at last without moral or physical trouble. All the rest of the family were there, or within easy reach. I am so far away, and there are such interruptions of travel by storm and flood, that it is useless for me to attempt to get home, even for the funeral. This is an added misery — though it is as illogical as all remorse.

Do not imagine I am writing to extort from you a letter of condolence. I do not want one from you. You did not know what she was to us.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 6, 1893.

Billy Phillips [2] told me yesterday you could be reached at Savannah. But what does he know? He

[1] President Cleveland advocated an income tax.
[2] A Southerner settled in Washington at the practice of law.

came in to lunch yesterday and told us of your Odyssey. Afterwards, while I was out for a walk, he came back and scared my wife into giving him all her Peter's Pence; he pretended it was for you. I knew he had been playing poker for an office with Cleveland and had lost. If you don't hurry back you will get nothing. There are several thousand office-seekers of your sort camped about V.'s house. Some dozens come hourly to me, thinking I am [Senator Calvin] Brice, and swearing when they find I am not. Brass bands played ribald tunes under his Presbyterian windows all day Sunday! It is a pretty town you and your gang have made of it.

CLEVELAND, June 9, 1893.

We heard the most dismal news of our tavern: that it is not finished and never will be; that the elevators are unborn; that the walls *suintent* Chicago water and malaria — and verily we are sore beset. Add to that, every business house in Chicago seems *aux abois;* a lame darkey has just left my office after making me help buy him a $12 horse; an Englishwoman from Allahabad without an *h* to her back has done me out of a month's rent in the name of sweet charity; the tax-gatherer sits on my doorstep in permanence; and C. and the M. boys fight from dawn till dusk.

CLEVELAND, July 3, 1893.

. . . Well, we have done our Chicago, and have not a word to say about it. We were all knocked silly. It beats the brag so far out of sight that even Chicago is dumb.

The impression which the World's Fair made on Hay did not soon fade. More than four months later he wrote to Mr. Joseph B. Gilder:—

To J. B. Gilder

PARIS, Nov. 20, 1893.

DEAR MR. GILDER:—

Your letter of the 4th reached me only to-day, too late for me to write anything for printing in your paper. Even if I had received it in time, what I could have said would have been little to the purpose. I imagine that most of your responses must have been as monotonous as a chorus of angels in glory. The Chicago Fair was, in almost every respect, the greatest universal exposition ever seen; but in architectural beauty, and in the felicity of the disposition of its principal features, it so far transcended anything which the genius and the devotion of man has ever yet achieved, that it will probably be remem-

bered and celebrated more for the incomparable splendor and loveliness of the *ensemble* than for any merit of details; the particular claims to admiration, great as they were, are likely to be neglected in the overpowering impression of grandeur and beauty made by the whole.

Perhaps the thing that has most impressed me has been the entire ignorance of Europe in regard to the matter. The most beautiful sight that has ever gladdened the eyes of humanity has shone for six months on the shores of Lake Michigan, and it is hardly too much to say that the rest of the world knows nothing, and refuses to know anything, about it. When we speak of it, we are met with incredulity and a more or less polite lifting of the eyebrows. In the annual *revue* of one of the Paris theatres, it is represented as a *four gigantesque*. In this country where they are continually talking of our worship of the Dollar, the Chicago Fair is summarily dismissed from notice as a failure, because the stockholders made no money out of it. They order these things better in France.

But it is not philosophical to quarrel about such matters. Contemporaneous history gives no account of the Crucifixion. Nobody knows anything about Shakespeare. The Chicago Exhibition has fared better, at least, than these two events, the most

important in the history of the human mind. A great many millions of Americans have brought away from it higher and nobler standards of beauty and grandeur than they ever had before.

CHAPTER XXI

LETTERS TO HENRY ADAMS (*continued*)

AFTER visiting the World's Fair at Chicago, the Hays lost no time in hastening to Europe, where they spent a year. They had planned much journeying with Mr. Adams, who was already in Switzerland, but news of the financial panic called him suddenly home.

To Henry Adams

LONDON, July 22, 1893.

MY DEAR ENRIQUE: —

Your letter from Zermatt has this moment reached me, and my altruistic soul is half assuaged of its grief at not seeing you in England when I think of you "lolling on silken sofies in the gilded palaces of royalty," and contemplating the Alps in the eyes of the all-beautifullest R. . . .

We arrived here Thursday night. We had a dull voyage — there was nobody on board worthy of a place at your breakfast-table; and the weather, while not rough, was wet and muggy all the way. We got to Liverpool Wednesday evening too late to come

on; so slept enjoyably in a shore bed, and came on the next day. They gave me a car to my own cheek without charge, — I don't see how these innocent English roads pay their dividends when we, who treat the public with deserved contempt and outrage, can't make both ends meet.

Our plans, which you do us the honor to ask for, are vague but simple. We stay here till August 1. Then go to Scotland for a week or two — come back here and start for Paris about the 1st of September. Two or three people have kindly asked us to visit them, but it seems so impossible to bestow our little menagerie of venomous wild creatures that we shall have to decline everything of the sort, except perhaps a few days at Tillypronie, whither Helen and Del will accompany us.

I hope we may see you in Paris — though my hopes are not too presumptuous or robust. Perhaps you may get enough of the Alps by that time — perhaps you may get *nostalgique* for the Palais Royal.

I had an amusing talk with White [1] this morning — far too amusing to put on paper. He knows nothing as yet of his salvation; he has heard L. is after his scalp.

[1] Mr. Henry White, First Secretary of the American Legation in London.

London, Aug. 29, 1893.

My Own and Onliest: —

. . . I got here an hour or two ago from Scotland, and found yours of the 12th on my table.[1] I am glad you are alive, and able to pay for your champagne — and mine also — I don't drink much. I got letters at the same time from Cleveland and New York full of dolor and profanity. People I owe want their money, which they won't get it, Hallelujah! People who owe me say they will be d—d if they pay — which I think quite probable. But seedtime and harvest will follow each other. There will be marrying and giving in marriage. Statesmen will lie and be lied about. Speculators will rob and be robbed. And pretty women and good wine will still be found at the old and reliable stand, No. 1603 H. Do not forget the number! No connection with the shop over the way.

We feel as if we had been out of the world for the last month. We had a peaceful ten days at Tillypronie. The old Laird and Lady were not well, of course, but wonderfully plucky and bright, and did not let us feel that they were suffering or that we were in the way. I had a sharp attack of rheumatism which stopped my breathing for 24 hours. But I astonished the little Tillypronie by getting well in

[1] Mr. Adams reached New York on August 6, expecting to hear that he was bankrupt.

two days. I made the useful discovery that breath is not necessary to life. We spent a day at Glen Tana, and then pulled out and abode a few days at Fyvie. Helen and Del were with us, and enjoyed their stay in that beautiful fortress as much as they ought. Helen was deeply disgusted at not being told until just as we were going away that she had been sleeping in a ghost-chamber, haunted by the lively spirit of Lilias Drummond, the Green Lady. I suppose the ghost thought if she tackled a Yankee girl, she would get the worst of it. We went on from there to the As. who were on their heads in sixteen kinds of a hurry, getting ready for Canada. Sir J. was there, and went with us to Aberdeen to say good-bye. I was much touched at his emotion at parting. The same thought was doubtless in both our minds, that we were saying farewell for the last time. Few and evil are the days that are left to both of us.

. . . Good-bye! I agree with you about the future. But I distrust my own black spectacles. Things can't be so bad as I think.

Aix-les-Bains, Sept. 25, 1893.

My dear Globe-Trotter: —

Your letter of the 8th has just reached me, having been forwarded twice and lost a day each time. It represents you in such a frog-hopping attitude that

I am not sure this will ever find you. So I will make it short, and not repeat my error of sending reams of science and morals to you at Tahiti, which arrived, as old as Aristotle, after you had been years in Washington.

I am here because, like a fool, I took all my friends' advice, who told me it would be good for the rheumatism. I have got steadily worse every day since I arrived — but I calculate I can stave off your friend Thanatos for ten days more, the period of my cure. The doctor tells me I have Thermal Fever, the result of the baths. It is not much worse than cholera, so I will grin and drop the subject. When you get this I will be in Paris or Hades. . . .

Aix-les-Bains, October 2, 1893.

Your letter of the 21st of September arrived here to-day and found me in most uncommon dumps. My fool of a doctor has discovered another mortal malady in me, which tickled him very much, and disgusted me to such an extent that I am waiting only to see whether to-morrow is a fine day or not. If it is, I am going to the Grande Chartreuse near Chambéry; if it is not, I am going to Paris, and the doctor may go hang. I have wasted three weeks here. Nothing is changed; there is only one humbug the more.

But you — the expectancy and rose of the Democratic party — what has man thee, thou artless one, gedone? Having a mind of your own, young man, when the President has spoken, will bring you to no good end. All men of virtue and intelligence know that all the ills of life — scarcity of money, baldness, the comma bacillus, Home Rule, J., and the Potato Bug — are due to the Sherman Bill.[1] If it is repealed, sin and death will vanish from the world, . . . the skies will fall, and we shall all catch larks.

PARIS, November 3, 1893.

MY BELOVED: —

I have no idea where you are or what you are doing, but from force of habit I shut my eyes and shoot a letter at you from time to time, feeling that it makes no difference whether you get it or not. This one is to tell you that we are going to skedaddle from this gay and wicked city (this is the formula — for my part I have found it as dull as a dead rat and vitreous as a mugwump), on or about the 20th of the present month, for a little meander of four weeks in Spain. Then we come back here for a week, give the shrimps a Christmas dinner, and betake ourselves to Italy, with what appetite we may. This is

[1] The Sherman Silver Act, passed July 14, 1890, intended to check the free coinage of silver, required the yearly purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver, and the issue of Treasury notes thereon.

our modest programme, and I give it to you as is my bounden duty. It may not be carried out, for I get up each morning with the impression that I will probably drop to pieces during the day. But that is all in a day's work, and we shall go if I can toddle.

I can see you are having so much fun in Lafayette Square with your Bs and your Ls and Silver Bills, that nothing will tempt you to come away — so I will stop importuning you. Did you see Henry White? [1] You ought to be ashamed of yourself for bouncing him. . . .

We went the other day to see Sardou's *Madame Sans Gêne*. It would have amused you. It is in your period, and Napoleon, in full uniform, stands on his hearth-rug and abuses his sisters Elise and Caroline, like a coster. There are a lot of little plays at the small theatres, but it is no fun to go alone, and so long as you shirk your duty I shall not see them.

ROME, January 21, 1894.

I am willing to stand even your unprincipled vituperation, to get a letter from you. But are you crazy? I have written you a million times, by actual count.

We are in Rome, and it is grotesquely melancholy

[1] Mr. White was removed to make way for a Democrat.

to see how incapable of enjoying it I have become in the time it has taken to get here. Take warning by me and stop globe-trotting, now that you are young and gay.

We were frozen stiff on the way here. Turin was knee-deep in snow. Genoa was swept by a murderous mistral. I gave up and went to bed at Pisa — but Florence picked me up and smoothed the creases out of me in fine style. I think on the whole when you get ready to open your heart and set me up in life, you may buy me the Strozzi Palace. With weather, and art, and architecture, one can worry along. We have all three here, but in addition we have a lot of American bosom-friends, and that complicates matters.

Helen and I went to the grand function at the Pantheon, where they had a magnificent mass to get old Vict. Emman. out of his well-earned purgatory. As we stood in the gorgeous gloom of incense smoke and flambeaux in a suffocating crowd, I heard a familiar voice at my shoulder say — "Well, I did not expect when I saw you last, to see you next in the Pantheon, in a dress coat at ten o'clock in the morning." It was P. B., also in a dress coat and white cravat, as our "etiquettes" prescribed. And coming out, I heard more English, or what passes for English, than Italian.

I am delighted to hear you expect to take King to the West Indies.[1] It will not hurt you, and will do him no end of good. It would be almost worth an attack of meningitis to take a trip to the tropics with you. Comfort him and jolly him up. Saturate him with sunshine and sapodillas, and get him to come and live in Washington like a man and brother. Now that his affairs have gone to everlasting smash, we can set him up in a bijou of a house, and give him corn and wine and oil to educate us in viscosity.[2]

We are here for a few weeks. If Helen insists on Egypt, to Egypt we go. But there are a few girls and dudes of her species here and I hope she will like it well enough to dawdle along here till it gets too warm for the Nile. . . . There is something to do every day. All I lack is a stomach to eat and drink withal, eyes to see withal, ears to hear withal, and a heart to flirt withal. If I had these, I would get on in Rome very well. As it is, I sigh for Lafayette Square the *lieben langen Tag*.

An extract from a letter to Nicolay adds two or three touches to Hay's travel notes.

[1] Clarence King's health — and fortunes — had broken down. Mr. Adams took him to the West Indies.

[2] King had been planning a treatise on viscosity, of which he believed he had discovered the principles.

To J. G. Nicolay

ROME, Jan. 26, 1894.

. . . The younger children are established at a sort of school-family at the Château D. . . . about an hour from Paris, the residence of the Marquise de S. D., a lady in reduced circumstances, with a fine place which she is unable to keep up without outside help. She has a large family of daughters — the older ones teach the younger — and the thing seems to be going on very well. . . .

To Henry Adams

ROME, February 5, 1894.

Since I wrote you last, nothing has happened to me, save that, impelled thereunto by a daughter who cares more for her amusement than my repose, I have been to court and made a leg to the Queen. I do not know how I acquitted myself, but trust that, in imitating as well as I could remember the reverences I have seen you and King make to the beautiful and the great in H Street, 1603, I did you no discredit. Her Majesty was very gracious — and afterwards expressed herself in regard to my family in language I have carefully kept secret from my wife and daughter for fear they should shake me and "go off with a handsomer man" from mere considerations of homogeneity.

Rome is a hopeless job. We have been here nearly a month, and have scarcely as yet nibbled the edges of the things one ought to do. *De guerre lasse* we have given it up, and are going to Naples in a few days. Stillman [1] told me the other day that in a dozen years of Rome he had not seen it, and had also chucked up the job. The present régime, I admit, is making the sight-seeing business easier year by year, destroying the picturesque old town, and building a cheap and nasty imitation of Paris on the ground. But they are too late for me. There is still enough Rome left to put me in my little grave, if I undertook to see and understand it.

We buried poor C. W. last Wednesday in the Protestant Cemetery, laying her down in her first and last resting-place — a thoroughly good, and most unhappy woman, with a great talent, bedeviled by disordered nerves. She did much good, and no harm in her life, and had not as much happiness as a convict.

FLORENCE, ITALY, EUROPE,
March 9, 1894, A.D.

MY ANGELICAL DOCTOR: —

It is sinful to think of your having such a good time in the tropics without me. I presume you have not endossed a dress coat since Tahiti. *O nimium*

[1] W. J. Stillman, Rome correspondent of the *London Times*.

fortunatus! Perhaps you have shed the frivolity of dress entirely and reverted to the buff of your Pomare-nian ancestors. At all events you are having too good a time to suit me. With the gradual progress of age I have lost all my vices and most of my passions, but envy still survives, and the thought of you and King enjoying the subtropical days and nights of the Great Antilles is too much for me.

My annals, since I last wrote to you, are appropriately short and simple. We went back to Rome for a fortnight after Paestum and Sorrento . . . and found the Yankee colony standing on its little head about the departure of Potter and the arrival of MacVeagh.[1] It is a loyal little colony, and likewise fond of a diet of toads. It wanted to be sorry Potter was going and to be glad MacVeagh was coming, and its perfectly sincere efforts to weep with one side of its mouth, and laugh with the other, were very touching. We had a big dinner at which both the diplomats made good speeches. Baron ——— was of a comic unspeakable trying to talk English, and later in the evening ———, who was far gone with the rosy God, asked me if I ever met a friend of his, a Colonel Lincoln, who wrote a life of Et-cetera.

[1] William Potter was replaced by Wayne MacVeagh as Ambassador to Italy.

And so your old friend Gladstone [1] has had to throw up the sponge at last in his bout with Chronos the Slasher. We are all growing old except Grover [2] and the Mugwumps; they will remain eternally about nine years old — nine or eight and a half.

DRESDEN, 27 March, 1894.

ENRIQUE DE MI ALMA: —

If you keep to the plan referred to in your esteemed favor of the 27th February, which has just reached me, you will be nearing your refined Christian home in Lafayette Square about these days. Your letter was a great comfort. The slight tribulations you met with on your way to your earthly Paradise only whetted your appetite for the tranquil pleasures you found in your *cafetal*. The fleeting and evanescent *ewig weibliche* is far better hoped for than attained — so I do not waste any sympathy on you-alls on that account.

To be a month away from an American newspaper is as near an approach to the bliss of Nirvana as you have any right to expect in this world. The domestic divinity under whose gentle tyranny I groan takes in the *New York Herald* of Paris, an American paper, with French worthlessness added,

[1] Gladstone retired from his last premiership on March 3, 1894.
[2] President Grover Cleveland.

which is filled with idiotic laud of the *New York Herald* of New York and Grover Cleveland, a stout gentleman who, I believe, is a neighbor and friend of yours in Washington, with occasional references to the deputy omniscience of one C. Nordhoff.[1] It is almost more than I can stand.

Nothing has happened since I last wrote to you. We have driven in cabs through several towns. We have smelt incense in many churches. We have gazed on several acres of spoiled canvas and seen some good pictures. Bologna and Verona and Perugia were very remunerative, and I was almost tempted to buy the ——— Palace in Venice, as I hear Mrs. ——— has quarrelled with her poet-sculptor-painter husband, and wants to sell him out of house and home. But the common sense of my wife, as usual, prevailed. She says Washington is less damp for my rheumatic shoulder; and doubts if you would come to Venice.

Paris, April 25, 1894.

My dearest Taura: —

Your letter from Tampa, informing me that you had once more reintegrated yourself under the flag, arrived this morning and gave me a happy day. It gave me courage and strength to go through the Champ de Mars Salon, with its wilderness of impres-

[1] Charles Nordhoff, editor of the *New York Herald*.

sions and nudities, and dirty-looking portraits of Frenchmen smoking the cigarette. Why they cannot paint a Frenchman doing something else — blowing his nose, combing his hair, or performing some other natural function — puzzles me. Even a Frenchman must do other things occasionally. On the whole, the show is a poor one, distinctly below those of former years.

The Salon of the Champs Elysées opens Tuesday, and on Wednesday we skip for London, having seen more pictures than in any previous year of our little lives.

I do not write long letters for the same reason that I see nobody, and do not talk. I am filled to the lips with the *amari aliquid* of age and infirmities. If I talked or wrote, I would talk or write about myself which is a loathly subject. Perhaps I will get better one of these days — and younger, — and then I may again be company for the unexacting. At present I am a bore from Boresville.

. . . I see Gladstone's return to sanity the moment he got out of office has not escaped your eagle eye. *Per contra*, the moment the cynical and clever Rosebery gets into the chair, he begins to make a fool of himself. His speech in the House of Lords giving Home Rule the grand bounce, was an incredible *légèreté* — all the worse because it was true and logical

What right has a Prime Minister to fool in public with truth and logic?

. . . I shall read of the progress of Coxey's army [1] with new interest now that I know you are in Washington. Perhaps they will spare my house because it adjoins yours. You, of course, are known throughout the country as a Democrat and an Anarchist and an Unemployed. Your house will be safe anyhow; so you might as well stand on my steps while the army passes, and shout for "Chaos and Coxey" like a man. I hope you won't fare like Tailhade, the Anarchist poet, who *porter*-ed a toast to Vaillant (*"Qu'importent quelques vagues humanités pourvu que le geste soit beau!"*), and a little while after, sitting in the Café Foyot with a lady-friend, was blown up by a bomb.

LONDON, June 9, 1894.

. . . Next, let me congratulate you on your Loubat prize. It is good money, and the old Duke will be delighted that it has gone into hands so worthy. Don't spend it till I get home, and we will paint the horizon crimson with it. The only wonder is that Columbia College could have done so evidently sensible a thing.

[1] Coxey, a labor agitator, undertook to lead an army of "unemployed" from the Middle West to the lawn of the White House.

We spent a pleasant day at Cambridge yesterday . . . and got home in time to make ourselves beautiful for the Court Ball at Buckingham Palace. You ought to have seen me! My wife and Helen looked rather handsome, but the old man! Great Scott! *je ne vous dis que ça!* . . . M. swore that he would have me kodaked in my clothes, so that I would never dare to run for President — from which it was easy to see what was preying on his mind.

You may thank your stars you were not in London when Ladas won the Derby. They ate, drank and dreamed nothing else for twenty-four hours. They are a dear and simple folk, in some ways — these English.

LONDON, June 19, 1894.

MY ONLIEST: —

. . . I got yours of the 8th last night at midnight, as I returned from the dinner of the Fishmongers, stuffed with turtle and spiced meats, drenched in loving-cup and Bayard's eloquence. How our Ambassador does go it when he gets a big roomful of bovine Britons in front of him! He knocks them all silly. I never so clearly appreciated the power of the unhesitating orotundity of the Yankee speech, as in listening — after an hour or two of hum-ha of tongue-tied British men — to the long wash of our Ambassador's sonority.

A fortnight later the Hays landed in New York, and found that Mr. Adams was planning a camping trip in the Yellowstone, and expecting Hay and Del to join him.

CLEVELAND, O., July 14, 1894.

Your letter of yesterday has this moment arrived. I will try to do the things that Billy Hofer ordains, but would fain leave some of them to be done further west. The bed business, for example. I cannot lug my bed across a continent. Certainly there must be a place nearer the geysers where a bed can be procured by the unstinted use of money.

And the guns! B., who is a hardened sportsman, says there is not a bird west of St. Louis; that a shot-gun will be of no use except for purposes of suicide. I mentioned a rifle, and he said it *would* be of use, to shoot at a mark.

Fishing tackle! Del never cast a fly in his life, and I could as soon think of dancing a serpentine.

Hay was not a sportsman, neither did he like roughing it after the novelty had worn off. But Mr. Adams's companionship was always the best to him, and he never lost his love of nature. The next letters are to his wife, just before the party went into the wilds.

To Mrs. Hay

GRAND CAÑON HOTEL,
THURSDAY, July 26, 1894. No. 1.

I do not know that I ever saw a day so stuffed full of natural beauty and grandeur as yesterday. We started early and went to that part of the Grand Cañon which is called by the idiotic name of "Inspiration Point," a name by which the finest view of Yosemite and other places is disfigured. It is a rock which juts out over the Cañon and gives a wonderful sweep of view both ways. A strong wind came up while we were there and we had to hold on by our teeth and toes to keep from blowing away. Before we left, a lot of lady tourists came and they had to be held on by the guides. Even two hats went sailing gracefully down into the chasm a thousand feet below. All around were those brilliant-colored crags and walls you see in Moran's picture in the Capitol. Halfway down we saw an eagle's nest with two great eagles sitting quietly at home with their family. After we had stayed there some time we walked slowly up towards the Falls, stopping at every favorable point of view; the scene changed every moment, giving new aspects of beauty and magnificence. When at last we got to Lookout Point, the full glory of the Falls burst upon us. They are just twice as high as

Niagara, and the "setting" of them is immensely bigger and grander. You cannot imagine anything grander than the red, yellow and green rocks of the vast cañon and the quiet background of the green-wooded mountains.

In the afternoon I stayed at home and Del and Hallett Phillips went off for trout. Del went as a spectator and pupil. They came back in a few hours. I heard the family whistle under my window and looking out saw Del carrying a splendid load of big trout, some speckled and some rainbow! which re-appeared a little while after on the dinner table.

We have not come to the "roughing it" as yet. I do not know how long it is delayed. The hotels so far are excellent — but in the depth of woe on account of there being nobody in the Park. Last year the panic, this year D ——— ; there is no end to their troubles.

YELLOWSTONE PARK HOTEL,
July 26, 1894. No. 2.

I do not know when you will get this or in what condition these flowers will be when they arrive. But they are so sweet and fragrant that I must send you one or two. The white one is phlox and the pink are yarrow.

This is another wonderfully beautiful place. The great Yellowstone Lake lies just in front of us, and

beyond it is a chain of magnificent mountains. We left the Grand Cañon after lunch to-day. Just as we were leaving, an unmistakeable English couple arrived: a gawky, aristocratic-looking man in knickerbockers and a young woman, blond as wheat and awfully sunburned, the English "Mees" of French farce. The proprietor of the hotel ran after us to say it was Mr. and Mrs. R. W. The drive here was delightful; about three hours. Our road ran beside the Yellowstone River all the way, a clear, tranquil stream, which gave no hint of the terror and magnificence of the fate that awaited it a little farther on. In one place we saw dozens of enormous trout playing near the bank. In another a big flock of wild geese were walking along. They calmly stepped into the water and swam away as we came up. Half way here we came to the most hideous and dreadful sight I ever saw, the Mud Volcano. We heard it grumbling and coughing before we got there, but when we approached it, no words can describe the horror and fascination of the sight. To think that for ages and ages that hideous throat is expectorating that red sea of mud every other second.

On coming out of the Yellowstone, Mr. Adams went to Seattle and Vancouver, while Hay rejoined his family at the Fells.

To Whitelaw Reid

NEWBURY, N.H., Sept. 10, 1894.

I got here a day or two ago after two months in the Rocky Mountains, which were to me exceedingly amusing and instructive. We were most of the time out of any possible communication with the world by mail or telegraph. We lived mostly on fish and game of our own purveying, and lived well. The régime grew intolerable after a while. I had not been able to send a line to my family nor get one from them from the 28th of July to the 3d of September — the longest *lacune* of the sort in my history. We rode five hundred miles on horseback through trackless wildernesses, and felt as remote and friendless as Grover Cleveland in Washington.

To Henry Adams

NEWBURY, N.H., Oct. 10, 1894.

Our house is dismantled — we are sitting among the ruins waiting for the train which is to take us to Cleveland *via* Boston. The autumn has been very gorgeous, and to-day, for the first time, the wind and rain are stripping the trees of their goodly raiment, as if they were Viceroys who had lost a battle.

We had King here for one day, and then, of course, a telegram came, clamoring for him to go to New

York to see an exigent millionaire. He was in fine form, cheerier than I have seen him for several years, — full of schemes, all of them brilliant, not to say iridescent, in promise. I was glad to see him hopeful again, with, or without, reason.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 27, 1894.

DEAR TAURA: —

I have never known a more gabby campaign. Eloquence overflows the legitimate stump and slops the sidewalk. I stop sometimes and listen to the gutter Ciceros. They are talking finances to the best of their lungs. Free trade and single-tax have the call. J. seems to have hired dirty orators by the dozens to blather on street corners. Most of the working men are idle, so that there is always an audience. He is an amusing caricature of the classic demagogue with a dash of T. cynicism. . . . If I had the bounding youth and literary vitality of a Tahiti chief, I would make a story about him, and get back the money I blow in, every two years, in vain, against him.

I went to see R. the other day to say good-bye before he sails for Algiers. He is in the evil case, I fear — though a momentary improvement just now has cheered up his wife and himself. King and Bishop Potter were of the party, so we were very gay and worldly. Potter and I went off together, as he was

going to Hartford and I to New Haven, and when we got to our station (Rye), we found that King had not only eloped to White Plains with Mrs. Potter, but had also carried off the Episcopalian trunk, with all the robes, chasubles and stoles which were to dazzle the Hartford faithful.

I found Del on the playing fields of Yale,[1] engaged in deadly combat, with a face blackened with dirt and toil, and tangled hair, and garments ragged with onset. He seems to be in good enough shape, though mathematics make life as gloomy to him as it was to me, for the same cause.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1895.

Your party wallows still in the trough of the sea. Cleveland's recommendations to Congress are like wisdom crying in the streets — no man regardeth him. My party is nearly as much embarrassed by its victory as is yours by its defeat. Here the Reed [2] men are worse afraid of McKinley than of the devil, and more anxious to beat him. In New York the good people are scared out of their wits for fear Platt should do something they would like, so that they never make up their mind till he moves, and then

[1] Adelbert Hay entered Yale this autumn in the Class of 1898.

[2] Friends of Speaker T. B. Reed, who hoped he would be the Republican nominee for the Presidency.

they jump like sheep for the other thing. Tammany will come back in a year or two with an outfit of sevenfold deviltry. Don [1] is quite nervous about Pennsylvania; he thinks there is a chance of losing the State, in spite of its quarter-million majority. So you may be ready for another big swing of the pendulum.

Everybody seems to admit there will be no financial legislation this session. Perhaps Cleveland will call an extra session — but I doubt it. They can rub along through summer with one or two loans.

NEWBURY, N.H., June 14, 1895.

To the most excellent Taura Atua, Chief of Amo, in his palace in the City of George the Truth Teller, these words, greeting, from his grovelling slave, unworthiest of his vassals, Jock, the Tenderfoot: —

I reached New York without incident, and saw King, who was too busy to talk to me much, being engaged in the same futile pursuit of elusive wealth which has been for years so distressing a sight for his friends. He admitted he had made nothing but his expenses in the long and dismal winter's work in Oregon and Washington, but still hopes something might come of it. . . . He has written another appalling bit of physics for the *Journal of Science*, which

[1] J. D. Cameron.

he says lays over the "Age of the World," out of sight; and still believes he will write the *Magnum Opus* if he can make money enough to be idle three years.

We had an uneventful journey up here, Helen and I, and found the rest of the family on the railway platform, with a fresh and cultivated air of Boston about them. Our sky and air leave nothing to be desired, but I foresee that I shall miss your afternoon visit, and shall go sadly astray without your words of wisdom.

. . . What a dull old man I am! I even lack words to tell you how I miss you.

NEWBURY, N.H., June 27, 1895.

MY DEAR TAURA: —

Well, go your ways, have a good time on sea and land. My wife has just received a letter from Lady C. saying they are established in R., with a bachelor room for you, and already looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you. And I suppose the papers to-day will tell us of M. V.'s added greatness. It is curious what a step C. made in marrying. Last year he was never thought of for Cabinet rank — now it is a matter of course. All England feels that in marrying an heiress, he has merited well of the *Patrie*.

The whole house sends love and good wishes to you. It is raining outside and we have a bright fire blazing in the room. Clarence and Nip are toasting their brains on the hearth-rug. My wife is embroidering. Helen and Alice are making a futile song at the piano, which they will never have the energy to write and score, — and I am, so far as so venerable an impostor can be anything,

Yours affectionately.

To Whitelaw Reid

NEWBURY, N.H., August 4, 1895.

. . . We are living a curious vegetable life here. It suits elderly folks like Mrs. Hay and me very well. I am afraid my children are getting old enough to kick at the solitude, but they are kept more or less contented by relays of their friends. I listen to their clamor, and reflect that, after all, the world is still young. But I am sure that you and I were never so young as the boys of to-day. The riddle of the painful world suggested itself to us earlier and more imperatively. The fellows who came of age in the Lincoln year were forced to look at life in wider aspects than the Sophomores of to-day.

I feel as though I should not look at anything much longer. I am getting a very bad pair of eyes on me.

That is another reason for wanting to see you before the curtain drops.

To Henry Adams

NEWBURY, N.H., Sept. 3, 1895.

QUERIDO DE MI ALMA: —

. . . Time goes by imperceptibly in indolence and solitude, and there is nothing to do, or think, or write about. I have developed two or three more mortal diseases since I came here, and I am going to New York next week for vivisection. "But this is not journalism," as Johnny McLean [1] would say.

I have a letter from Whitelaw Reid which is far from gay. He is ordered to Tucson for the winter, which has to me the sound of the *glas funèbre*. I am going to see him, for he has his moribunditude cheerful, and does not worry his friends except by his wheezing, and his pathetic attempt to talk jauntily of next year. And yet he may hold the cords at my funeral; for did I not sit, with profound emotion, at the deathbed of Levi P. Morton, and is he not — at the hour which is — all sorts of potentates and possibilities? There is nothing like being given up by the Doctors. It is a certificate of longevity.

Speaking of longevity, King was coming here, but sent instead a long telegram from Council Bluffs, at

[1] John R. McLean, proprietor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

a ruinous expense, telling me he had to go out to the Coast — and would write. He might have written at an expense of two cents, and made me much more satisfied. But that would have been too simple a procedure. Nothing more has been heard of him — he has evaded into space. . . .

And Bil Filips has just left us on his way to Kipling. He has been spending his exiguous holiday among the Bluenoses and had good fishing with George Kennan [1] at Cape Breton. He was gay and jimp, and lost very few things on our mountain, and most of those he found in his other coat. He was a brilliant feature in our otherwise dull landscape, in his stockings and knickers, and a radical red sash around his youthful waist. Mrs. Stone admired him very much but could hardly make up her mind whether he was a serious pirate or merely a Jesuit in disguise. He gave it as his deliberate opinion that this air would be a good thing for you, my cherished Taura! and I believe it might, if it were not for the mortal dulness I am conscious of diffusing about me.

If you don't hurry back, there won't be a silver man in America except you and Peffer,[2] and even Peffer said in an interview the other day that the jig was up. I think Reid and McKinley and Allison

[1] Exposer of the Siberian exile system.
[2] Senator W. A. Peffer, of Kansas, Populist and Silverite.

and Harrison and Morton are all good gold-bugs now. A large majority of Democrats have thought they were not, but the post-masters and "deppity marshals" have convinced them that they are, — at least, such of them as go to conventions.

Poor Dupuy de Lôme [1] is becoming the target of our unbridled and licentious press, because he tries to serve his country, and wants ours to obey the laws. The Cubans are knocking Campos about like old boots, and Yellow Jack is joining in the fun as merrily as he knows how. You will have a fine chance in Spain to make a revolution, for the whole army will be in the ever-faithful Isle by the time you get there.

NEWBURY, N.H., Sept. 20, 1895.

Rudyard Kipling has been here for a day or two. How a man can keep up so intense an intellectual life without going to Bedlam is amazing. He rattled off the frame-work of about forty stories while he was with us. One day I was, as an ignorant layman will, abusing the sun-myths, and happened to say I expected to see "Mary had a little lamb" become one. He instantly jumped upon it, and as fast as his tongue could wag, he elaborated the myth. It was better than anything Andrew Lang ever wrote. He was

[1] Spanish Minister in Washington. Marshal Campos commanded the Spanish Army in Cuba.

very bright and pleasant, entertained himself and all the rest of us, and made Clarence very happy.

Mr. Henry Adams accompanied the Lodges to Europe, and found himself "for the first time at Caen, Coutances, and Mont Saint-Michel in Normandy" — a visit out of which grew his extraordinary interpretation of mediæval religion and history through Norman art, — a book without a peer.

Now we must turn to trace the events which led up to John Hay's promotion to the sphere of statesmanship.

CHAPTER XXII

MAJOR McKINLEY

ONE of the wittiest Harvard graduates of the last generation, a man of sound counsel and an unflagging benefactor of the University, used to say: "President Eliot comes to me for my money and my advice; and, as happened to the two women mentioned in the Bible, one is taken and the other is left." For many years the Republican managers took both John Hay's money and his advice, and hardly said "Thank you" for either. This neglect in no way cooled his enthusiasm. That he would have liked recognition is obvious — who does not? — but, having made loyalty to Republicanism part of his creed, he never allowed the omission of others to excuse him from his duty.

This loyalty was proof against his personal preferences as to candidates. In 1884, he supported Blaine, whom the Republicans nominated in spite of the grave evidence against his integrity. They believed, to recall the political phrase of the time, that they could "wring one more President out of the Bloody Shirt." Blaine's chief function in Congress had been, as appears in the retrospect of history, to scold and

bait and threaten the caged Rebel Brigadiers who sat in that body. His prowess in such work earned for him the interesting title, "The Plumed Knight." His magnetism among the populace rivaled that of Henry Clay. The Republican managers were a little anxious at symptoms which showed that some of the faithful were beginning to look doubtingly at the gospel of hide-bound Protection. A genuine demand for a reform of the spoils system was also pressing on them. So they resorted to the expedient of putting up a candidate whose popularity they believed was proof against all accusations, and who would remind the country that the Democratic was the party of Slavery and Rebellion.

Their attempt to divert attention failed, however, for the campaign was fought on the question of Blaine's honesty, and he was beaten by the narrowest margin.

Hay consistently regarded the Cleveland administration with a critical eye. It was bred in his bone to feel that the best of Democrats, with the best intentions, could not bring good to pass; and he looked forward to the restoration of Republican prestige much as a Crusader might to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. His friend, Mr. Adams, on the contrary, was a Democrat who watched with a satisfaction more than ironical the efforts of President

Cleveland to turn the stream of American polity out of the deep channels of Privilege into the open sea of Democracy. Mr. Cleveland worked so prosperously that he seemed sure of reëlection in 1888. But in his annual message in the previous December, he boldly announced that the high tariff must be done away with. Like other great declarations in politics and in religion, this was received with the epithets "impolitic," "unnecessary," "indiscreet." The Republicans saw their chance to make Protection the vital issue again, and they took it. They felt sure of winning with the right candidate; but who would be the right candidate?

The following letter exhibits Hay as adviser to the party which neglected him: —

To Whitelaw Reid

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1888.

. . . I am engaged here for a week or two, finishing up some important matters, but shall go to New York about Easter. But meantime is there no light on the situation? If Blaine is irrevocably out, what is the matter with Sherman?

There are three questions: —

1. Who is the man to get votes and be elected?
2. Who is the man to make a good President?
3. Who, beaten, will leave the party in best shape?

It seems to me Sherman is the best possible man for the last two points. His lack of magnetism, his lack of following, would be worth millions in the Presidency, if he were elected. He is thoroughly fit for power. Then, if we must be beaten, Sherman is the best possible man to be beaten with. It won't hurt the party much, and won't hurt him at all.

The first point is the great one for a nominating Convention. You know more about that than I can. If you went in for him he could be nominated. Could he be elected?

A more judicial piece of advice could not have been given.

Having attended the Republican Convention, Hay sent an amusing letter to Mr. Adams.

To Henry Adams

CLEVELAND, June 25, 1888.

I have got back alive from Chicago and out of the hands of the Greshamites. I sat near Miss Rachel Sherman and Walker Blaine and Mr. Platt, and lifted up my voice in shouts for Uncle John,[1] but to no avail. Benjamin Harrison got there, and I suppose I must vote for him. I will keep myself up to the task by thinking of Cleveland, and occasionally reading an editorial in the *Nation*.

[1] Senator John Sherman.

I dined at Franklin MacVeagh's.[1] The new house[2] is beautiful beyond words, exquisitely furnished and adequately lived in. The beautiful Honoré girls (Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Fred Grant) were there; likewise Frank Bartlett and Mrs. Wirt Dexter, — so the air was decidedly Manchester-by-the-Sea.

I also gazed with due reverence at the shop of Marshall Field. It is, to use your own elegant phrase, a squealer from Squealersville. I went inside and had speech of the proprietor. I told him it was nip-and-tuck between him and Pittsburg, which had the tidiest house in the country. He answered, with the large magnanimity of the West: — "Oh, Pittsburg! Yes, they say it 's a daisy!"

Mr. Harrison was elected President in November. While he was preparing to distribute the great offices, some one suggested to him the fitness of John Hay. "That would be a fine appointment," replied the President-elect, "but there is n't any politics in it!" An unanswerable reason, indicative of the logic which the spoils system forced upon the most logical of all the occupants of the White House. Hay

[1] Brother of Wayne.

[2] Designed by H. H. Richardson; so also were Field's department store and the Pittsburg courthouse.

himself did not sulk. The universal good of the cause required partial evil to individuals. He completed "Lincoln," visited England, and exchanged good-natured banter with Mr. Adams.

Meanwhile, the Republicans in power proceeded to illustrate what seems to be the general law of institutions which have passed meridian — instead of moderating the most offensive and freely acknowledged excesses of Protection, they drew up a new tariff bill in which they not only re-affirmed the sacrosanctity of the doctrine, but increased some schedules and added others. The measure took the name of William McKinley, of Ohio, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, and was passed in October, 1890. At the congressional elections a month later the Republicans were swept away by an anti-tariff hurricane.

When the next presidential year came round the Republicans renominated Harrison and the Democrats Cleveland. Whitelaw Reid, whose unremitted presentation of his claims when any office was in sight contrasted with Hay's reserve, ran with Harrison.

These extracts, written before and after the balloting, reveal scarcely uncontrolled enthusiasm on Hay's part.

To Whitelaw Reid

CLEVELAND, October 20, 1892.

. . . Your letter of acceptance is remarkably fine and strong. It could not be improved in substance or in manner. It gives a perceptible lift to the campaign. How can any honest or rational man be against us this year? And yet I hear of no Mugwumps renouncing the error of their ways. My own feeling towards the President is not one of friendship, but . . . I wish I could feel sure about New York. I hoped they would not be so zealous this year as to run the risk of State's prison — that was all I ever hoped from the malice of Tammany, but I see by the *Tribune* that even that was too much to hope for. They are preparing their usual dose of crimes in New York, and our reliance, as so often before, must be in Heaven and J. D.

Here a singularly calm campaign is going forward; but I see no reason to doubt we shall give our usual majority and get back several Congressmen. If the ticket were turned end for end we should do better.

PORT CLINTON, O., November 10, 1892.

. . . I will not waste words in attempting to express my deep chagrin and grief. At present, my chief sorrow is that you and Mrs. Reid are not to be our neigh-

bors in Washington for the next few years. . . . The post would rather have wearied you; now you are your own man again and are very much more of a political quantity than ever before. Of course this is under the supposition that the Republican Party can survive this rout. I am not sure of that, but there is certainly nothing in sight that can take its place.

Now ensued the most grotesque episode in American politics.

If the question had been asked during the third quarter of the nineteenth century, "Who is the typical American of this period?" a perspicacious observer might have replied, "Phineas T. Barnum." Barnum not only assumed that the people liked to be fooled, — that was an ancient discovery, — but he also discovered the immense potentiality of advertising. And he demonstrated in his Great Moral Show that it made little difference what the object was — woolly horse, anaconda, or the elephant Jumbo — so long as it was effectively advertised. Imitating him, later promoters have made almost anything go — from cherry pectoral to garters, and from breakfast food to "best-seller" fiction.

It happened that in Ohio there flourished a captain of industry — Marcus Alonzo Hanna — who had amassed a large fortune as a wholesale grocer

and coal operator. He knew from experience the value of publicity. He had no doubt that on the continuance in power of the Republican Party, with its loyalty to Protection, depended the welfare of the Republic. After the collapse in 1890, Mr. Hanna, who had previously taken little active part in politics, decided that the Republic must be saved by securing the election in 1892 of a flawless champion of Protection. Looking over the field, he decided that Major William McKinley was the man.

The Major, born in 1843, enlisted in the Civil War when he was only eighteen years old and received his brevet as major for gallantry in battle. After the war, he practised law at Canton, Ohio; went into Congress in 1876, and stayed there for fourteen years, when the Democrats defeated him by gerrymandering his district. As Congressman he was what is called "a worker." He looked after the interests, not only of his constituents, but of Protectionists all over the country, and enjoyed the honor of giving his name to the high-tariff measure which wrought the disaster of 1890. McKinley was not a politician of intellectual force. Although he made a thousand speeches in behalf of Protection, no economist would go to him for ideas. He had the art, however, of throwing a moral gloss over policies which were dubious, if not actually immoral, and this

he did with a sort of self-deceiving sincerity. For he seems to have held that whatever platform the party adopted must receive the immediate and unquestioning acceptance of all the faithful, of whom he counted himself one. So unspotted was his Republicanism that he might be regarded at any given moment as the resultant of the preferences of the different sets in the party. His transcending quality was his good-nature. With him the politician you might disagree and quarrel, but with him the man you were friends. He was kindly, willing, cheerful, forgiving. Like Mr. Barnum he knew the potency of words. Even when the United States were engaged in wiping out certain tribes of recalcitrant Filipinos, the Major announced that we were bent on "*benevolent* assimilation."

Mark Hanna displayed courage in taking up the Major so soon after the defeat which the McKinley Bill had brought upon the party; but he knew the Major's qualifications, among which was his popularity in Ohio, which might have won for him the nomination in 1888 if he had consented. Hanna would have run McKinley in 1892, but he recognized that he must respect the claims of President Harrison, who hankered after a second term. When Harrison was defeated, Hanna began to work in earnest. With the Major elected Governor of Ohio,

the campaign seemed to open propitiously: but his sudden plunging into bankruptcy would have brought consternation to a backer less resolute than Hanna. According to report, McKinley had endorsed an acquaintance's note for over $100,000, the acquaintance had failed, and the endorser stood to lose. It did not require Hanna's wits to see that no amount of hippodroming could save a presidential candidate who had been through the bankruptcy court: the Democrats would need only to paper the country with facsimiles of his signature to the poor debtor's oath. So Mr. Hanna called upon a selected list of Republicans to contribute enough money to pay the Major's way to solvency. Some gave because they admired McKinley, others because he had served them in Congress, others again because they wanted to save the party from unedifying criticisms. Among the subscribers to the ransom was John Hay.

Thenceforward, the McKinley "boom" flourished. It was wonderful to note the enthusiasm with which the Southern Republican delegates experienced an irresistible impulse to vote for McKinley; equally wonderful to see the spontaneity with which hardened practical politicians discovered, on searching their hearts, that he, and he alone was the candidate who could satisfy their highest aspirations. Just as

the circus king used to placard the fences and barns of the Atlantic States with marvelous posters bearing the announcement, "Wait for Barnum," so Mark Hanna sprinkled through the press of the country seductive references to the Major. The patriotic voter was warned not to give his vote prematurely — for McKinley was coming.

Mark Hanna's biographer tells us that little record remains of the methods employed — nothing, in fact, which shows that Mr. Hanna spent money. He was no speaker, and yet something about him talked so persuasively that long before the convention met he had secured a large majority of delegates over McKinley's nearest competitor, Speaker Thomas B. Reed. And there can be as little question of the Major's personal popularity as of the willingness of all those who came under Hanna's influence to regard it as a duty to vote for him. Every one who believed in Protection must rally to support the embodiment of that policy.

The development of the country since the Civil War might be regarded, as I remarked earlier, as a process of the creation and accumulation of wealth to an unexampled amount. The ultimate question was, — Who should own that wealth, how should it be distributed? Should it build up a plutocracy or a democracy? The suspicion grew that the people

were not getting their share in the distribution of capital. The election of Cleveland indicated a general discontent. The rise of Populism after 1890 brought forward the advocates of bizarre or half-baked economic projects. One of these was the belief that the free coinage of silver would enable the poor man, by an unexplained jugglery, to transfer into his own pocket some of the wealth of the rich man.

This heresy infected Republicans and Democrats as well as the avowed Populists; and the Major, true to his instinct for summing up the various elements in the Republican Party, gave it a polite attention. This was the only anxiety which troubled Hanna during the last part of the canvass. He himself, as capitalist and financier, preferred gold; but he regarded Protection as of primary importance. If worse came to worst, tariff duties could be paid in silver as fruitfully as in gold and the protected industries would still thrive; but if there were no tariff, what would become of the protected industries? So open-minded were both Hanna and the Major that they left it for the Convention to decide whether the candidate should stand on a gold or a silver plank.

This brief and admittedly imperfect outline may serve to trace the transition which took place in

the Republican Party during the promotion of McKinley's candidacy. Hay watched Hanna's venture in hippodroming, much as a retired manager forty years earlier may have watched Barnum's efforts to capture the public with a new and strange attraction. Hay apparently preferred McKinley, for he wrote Mr. Adams on October 25, 1895: "I think McKinley is much 'forrider' than a few months ago. The faithful think Foraker is pulling straight, and there are *anguilles sous roches* that betoken an early collapse of other booms."[1] Hay could hardly foresee however, that the rest of his career was bound up in McKinley's success.

Another menace besides Free Silver alarmed the conservatives of both parties during that winter. At the end of 1895, President Cleveland, almost without warning, hurled a defiant message at Great Britain, which had long been bickering with Venezuela over their common frontier. The President declared that England must arbitrate, and that the United States would uphold the Monroe Doctrine against all comers. The country stood breathless, convinced that this meant war. Hay wrote to his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Mather: "You are dead right. It is

[1] Governor Joseph B. Foraker was another Ohio aspirant. The allusion to the "eels under the rocks" seems to imply that Hanna's intrigues were beginning to tell.

incumbent on all sane men to be very careful how far they commit themselves to the support of one in so disturbed state of mind as the President at this moment. The man who could write so headlong a message, and follow it a few days later with that panicky cry for help from Congress — and then allow Carlisle to say that no help was needed, is a most unsafe guide to follow." (December 31, 1895.)

The British did not desire war, and there was no war; but the Monroe Doctrine remained, like a volcano suddenly thrust up in mid-ocean athwart the paths of half the world's ambitions.

Never disposed to join in factional wrangles, Hay spent the summer of the campaign in Europe. The following extract introduces another subject — the Cuban insurrection, which Marshal Weyler was endeavoring to suppress.

To Henry Adams

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1896.

To you, O Globe Trotter, light of my lonely soul, to whom all wisdom is an open scroll, and to whom Truth is as easy as Sin: — Health and Prosperity.

With your usual unmerited luck you have got Upper-deck room E, per *Teutonic*, May 20, while I, merely because I am righteous and provident, stew and stifle in a far forward kennel on the deck below.

But a time will come — *Tremblez, tyrans!* when an outraged proletariat will have reason of your luxury and pride.

We are much the same. We and Maceo[1] larruped *los Señores Españoles* at La Chuza — which it would have done your insurgent heart good to see it. Weyler has been complaining all along that we would n't stop and fight with him. So, just by way of a friendly accommodation — not to spoil sport — Maceo attacked the Alfonso Trece regiment and drove it seven miles into the sea under cover of a gunboat. And even yet Weyler does not seem happy.

During Hay's stay in England, however, he took care to enlighten the British public as to McKinley's prospects and deserts, and he used his personal influence to renew the friendly relations between England and the United States which had been wrenched by President Cleveland's Message on the Venezuela Boundary dispute.

On June 7, 1896, Hay writes from Paris to his wife in Washington an account of his brief stay in London. At a dinner-party, he says: —

"E. was placed between Joseph Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt, and had a very merry time. Old Sir W. flirted with her in his most elephantine

[1] Cuban insurrectionist.

manner, and occasionally he and C. would fight across her, on politics, in a very savage though courteous manner. It was a chance that a girl of her age rarely gets to see the greatest politicians of the time in their hours of ease.

"After dinner, in the smoking-room, I sat between Lord C. and Chamberlain, and had some very interesting talk with each of them. My talk with Chamberlain was especially important. I was urging him to have the Venezuela question settled before McKinley came in, and he said they were doing all they could, but that Venezuela would not treat separately now that she had been encouraged so by the United States. He hopes that both countries may agree to arbitration.

"My letter to the *Times* appears to have been read more than anything I ever wrote. Everybody I meet speaks of it — most with approval, but some thinking I am wrong in being so sure of McKinley's nomination. S. and the *Herald* have greatly influenced people's minds against McKinley. But next week will show them. In fact, the little *Herald* of this morning virtually gives it up.

"The *Chronicle* was after me for several days for an interview. I fought it off till the last day, and then concluded I might as well say a good word for McKinley. I inclose it to you. It is wrong in many

particulars, but the general impression is all right. I did it to reach the immense Radical constituency of the *Chronicle*. It is Henry Norman's paper."

On returning to London, after a rapid trip through France and North Italy to Venice, Hay caught up with the latest political news from home. His letters to Mr. Adams now are more bantering than ever, because Mr. Adams, like Senator Cameron, was a "silver man."

On July 26, Hay writes from Brown's Hotel, London: —

To Henry Adams

One more human being I have seen, if it is proper to call an argento-maniac human. Moreton Frewen [1] bore down on me in St. James's Street, looking very well and prosperous, and grasped me by the hand, and told me to put all my money on Bryan; that it was a walk-over; that betting on Bryan was simply picking up money. The cause of his rapture was that he had just read that the Goldbug Democrats were going to nominate another candidate. It is a good working theory, I suppose, that the more candidates a party has, the surer it is to win, but I am too old and feeble to follow the argument. . . . All right! I

[1] At that time the most conspicuous British advocate of bimetallism.

have lived under many sorts of Presidents in my time, and I can even stand a Boy Orator; but unless he can show a left hind foot of a snow-white rabbit killed in the dark of the moon by a black dog I am not going to waste my money betting on him.

To Mrs. Hay he sent further news of his last days in London: —

H. M. S. *Teutonic*, July 31, 1896.

Monday I called at the Embassy. Mr. Bayard was away, and [James R.] Roosevelt asked me if I would like to go to the House of Commons, where he had an engagement to meet General G. I accepted with alacrity, and went down at once. He got us excellent seats in the front row of the gallery. We heard the questions and answers, and then heard speeches by Labouchère, Curzon, and Harcourt on the Uganda Bill, which were extremely interesting. Roosevelt then told me Sir Wm. Harcourt and Balfour[1] both wanted to see us. So we went to Harcourt's room (he has a room to himself as leader of the Opposition) and saw him and Balfour for a few minutes. It turned out that they had nothing to say to G. (not knowing him), but both were anxious to talk to me about McKinley and Venezuela. I had a talk with

[1] Mr. Balfour was then First Lord of the Treasury.

Balfour, and Sir Wm. made an appointment with me at B.'s for the next day. He went at once into the matter. Balfour had told him nearly every word I had said, and he had remembered it all. These English public men have wonderful memories. We had a talk of an hour of great interest and importance. He thinks the Venezuela matter ought to be settled now. He asked me to say to Chamberlain and Curzon what I had said to him. He thought it would do a great deal of good.

In urging British public men to settle the Venezuela dispute as soon as possible, Hay was performing a patriotic duty; for he warned them not to expect that a Republican administration would disavow President Cleveland's stand in the matter.

From the steamer, as he neared home, he wrote another amusing letter to Mr. Adams.

To Henry Adams

H. M. S. *Teutonic*, TUESDAY, Aug. 4, 1896.

The days have been gray and muggy; the air clasps you like an affectionate devil-fish. The boat is filled with highly respectable New York Democrats who say they are going to vote for McKinley, and then go below and are sick at the thought of it. Poor things! I am sorry for them — I, who would die for Mc-

Kinley and the Old Flag. Why can't they vote for him and like it? . . .

At the Embassy in London there was the same wail of despair. Bayard [1] was away, but R. and W. and C. were howling for McKinley, at the same time feeling that they were periling their souls' salvation by it. Mr. Bryan has much to answer for, driving so many great and good people into the support of Anti-Christ.

On the other hand, whisper it soft and low, a good many worthy Republicans are scared blue, along of the Baby Orator of the Platte. Even my sanguine G. was far from chortling when I saw him in London. I am still cheerful, but even in my dauntless ear there murmurs the fragment of an old Saga which says: "In politics the appeal to the lower motives is generally for the moment successful." What if the Baby Demosthenes should get in with this programme: Free silver; abolition of Supreme Court; abolition of national banks; confiscation of railroads and telegraphs! Add to this such trifles as making Debs Attorney-General, and you or Brooks Secretary of State!

Please buy me a house in Surrey, and a couple of palaces in Venice — name of Bryan Debs Smith, if you please. It is well to be ready for contingencies.

[1] Thomas F. Bayard, American Ambassador in London.

But shadows avaunt! We are going to elect the Major if it takes a leg — and then you will all be happy, even the perverse and the froward. . . .

I have been reading Shelley. He seems to have had a certain faculty of writing verse. If it had not been for that, he would have made a good candidate for the Presidency.

During Hay's absence, the Republican Convention met at St. Louis and Mr. Hanna produced Mr. McKinley, who was nominated on the first ballot. The platform, thanks to the efforts of some Eastern delegates, declared in favor of a gold standard. At Chicago, three weeks later, the Democrats nominated Mr. William J. Bryan, a comparatively unknown politician, who carried the convention by storm by denouncing the tyranny of gold. "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns!" he shouted in concluding his speech. "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" An assembly, or a party, which allows itself to be the victim of such a metaphor is as much to be pitied as the children whom the Pied Piper conjured, without return, into the mountain.

The silver men bolted from the Republican Party, and the Gold Democrats nominated General John M. Palmer in the hope of drawing votes away from

Bryan. So the Republicans, instead of being compelled to make another fight in behalf of Protection, with Major McKinley to lead them, were forced to defend "honest money" during this campaign.

When he reached New York, Hay reported to Mr. Henry White in London: —

"I find the feeling a little nervous, unnecessarily so, I think. I talked with Hanna and some of the Executive Committee, and while there is nothing like dread of defeat, there is a clear comprehension that [Bryan] will get the votes of a good many others of his kind, and that it will require more work than we thought necessary last spring to beat him. But the work will be done and he will drop into congenial oblivion next November.

"I had a long and serious talk with Sir William Harcourt by his own appointment, the day before I left, in which he referred, as you do, to the idea the government seem to have, of the advisability of delay. I assured him, almost in your very words, that it was a great mistake: that McKinley could not yield on such a position taken by Cleveland." (August 5, 1896.)

Until the end of the summer the Republicans imagined that they could win with ease. But Mr. Bryan's personal canvass, unparalleled till then in the

number of speeches made and the distances traveled by the candidate, was beginning to cause alarm by September 8th, when Hay wrote to Mr. Adams: —

"What a dull and serious campaign we are having! The Boy Orator makes only one speech — but he makes it twice a day. There is no fun in it. He simply reiterates the unquestioned truths that every man who has a clean shirt is a thief and ought to be hanged; that there is no goodness or wisdom except among the illiterate and criminal classes; that gold is vile; that silver is lovely and holy; in short, very much such speeches as you would make if you were here. He has succeeded in scaring the Goldbugs out of their five wits; if he had scared them a little, they would have come down handsome to Hanna. But he has scared them so blue that they think they had better keep what they have got left in their pockets against the evil day. Your friend George Fred Williams [1] weeps in public over the wickedness of the Goldbugs and does not appear to get reconciled to the [kicks] which they are giving him. He is, so far as I know, the only blossom of the Mugwump garden who has gone wrong this year."

On October 4 Hay writes again in his bantering vein: —

[1] Former Democratic Congressman from Massachusetts who joined the Bryan party.

"What you say about the Majah is all I could ask, but the way you say it pains me. Your head is right, as usual; but how about your heart? Is it up to the G.[1] test? Would you die for the Majah? If you will do that, and send a certificate, you will be all right. We really cannot admit any less rigorous test. W.,[2] I think, would. I know Cleveland would, and Olney. Cabot and Teddy have been to Canton to offer their heads to the ax and their tummies to the hara-kiri knife. He has asked me to come, but I had thought I would not struggle with the millions on his trampled lawn. Still, if you will go with me, and offer to pour out the bluest blood of your veins, I will go."

A fortnight later (October 20th), writing from Cleveland, Hay sends this significant letter. He had taken the stump for the Republican ticket, and had conferred, by invitation, with Major McKinley, who, throughout the campaign, stayed at his home in Canton, Ohio, and there received visiting delegations and individuals on his lawn: —

"The days succeed and resemble each other considerably. Cleveland has ceased the ennobling pursuit of the dollar (371¼ grains fine), and has given itself over to two weeks' debauch of politics. No business is done in the mart. We roughen our throats all night shouting for the Majah. The ante-

[1] Gilderian. [2] Wayne MacVeagh.

election scare which I have observed with more or less detachment for twenty years has set in with unusual vigor. Most of my friends think Bryan will be elected and we shall all be hanged to the lampions of Euclid Avenue. I have not yet made up my mind to this. When I do, I shall change my politics and try to placate the mob by saying I am next-door neighbor to your brother Brooks's brother. I spent yesterday with the Majah. I had been dreading it for a month, thinking it would be like talking in a boiler-factory. But he met me at the station, gave me meat, and, calmly leaving his shouting worshipers in the front yard, took me upstairs and talked for two hours as calmly and serenely as if we were summer boarders in Beverly at a loss for means to kill time. I was more struck than ever with his mask. It is a genuine Italian ecclesiastical face of the fifteenth century. And there are idiots who think Mark Hanna will run him!

"You are making the mistake of your life in not reading my speech. There is good stuff in it — to live and to die by. If you read it in a reverent and prayerful spirit, it might make you a postmaster. You are not interested in political news. If you were, I would give you a pointer. The Majah has a cinch — and don't you forget it."

On January 26, 1897 Hay went to Canton by ap-

pointment with the President-elect. In a brief memorandum he says: — "Hanna at the house . . . talk from 11 till 1. . . . [McKinley] was called away to the telephone. Kohlsaat [1] wanted to talk with him. He came back saying K. was dancing with delight over the reception of the Gage [2] appointment. Hanna said, 'He need n't claim that. I discovered Gage.' McK. said, 'I don't care who claims it, if it is a good thing.' He then told me what remarkable support it was getting all over the country. P. Morgan, Simmons, B^ds of Trade, politicians, etc., from one end of the country to the other.

"He then discussed fully the rest of the Cabinet as contemplated. State, Sherman. Treasury, Gage. War, Alger. Navy, Long."

About this time the rumor spread that Mr. Hay had accepted either a Cabinet position or an Ambassadorship. As late as February 25th the situation, as he described it in a letter to his brother-in-law, was as follows: —

To Samuel Mather

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, '97.

. . . Smalley was too previous with his announcement. The place has neither been accepted nor

[1] Herman H. Kohlsaat, editor of the *Chicago Times-Herald.*
[2] Lyman J. Gage, Chicago banker.

offered. I have received an intimation that the President thinks of sending me to England but he has not made the offer in so many words. I am not worrying him nor myself about it. I have done all I could for Whitelaw Reid and have reason to think he has been offered the place and declined it. I have allowed nobody, so far as I know, to worry McKinley in the matter.

We are getting very anxious about his cold. It would be a grievous disappointment if he should be compelled to take the oath in his bedroom in Canton.

The outcome of the Bushnell-Hanna complication is most gratifying. It is the sensation of the state.

Knowing Mr. Reid's appetite for high places, we doubt whether the English mission was offered to him. The reference to the Bushnell-Hanna affair recalls one of the most shocking examples of political cynicism in modern American history. McKinley desired to take Hanna, to whom he owed everything, into the Cabinet; but Hanna was too astute to run the risk of frittering away his ascendency in a position which afforded little scope for his peculiar talents and was likely to be transient. He insisted, therefore, upon going to the Senate, where he would be virtually assured of a life tenure. But as there was no vacancy in the Senate from Ohio,

McKinley brutally demanded that John Sherman should resign from the Senate and accept the Secretaryship of State. Thereupon Governor Bushnell of Ohio appointed Hanna to Sherman's seat, and later the appointment was confirmed by the Ohio Legislature, though not without difficulty. To force the venerable Sherman, whose powers were already failing, into the most important office after that of the President himself, showed a disregard of common decency not less than of the safety of the nation.

As soon as President McKinley was inaugurated, he announced that he had appointed John Hay Ambassador to Great Britain — an announcement which caused general satisfaction throughout this country, for he was experienced, he had not been identified with any Republican faction, and he was popularly thought of rather as a statesman than as a politician.

CHAPTER XXIII

HAY'S AMBASSADORSHIP

HAY went to England gladly. He had many acquaintances there, both in political and social life. He knew the ways of diplomacy. Not only his own experience in subordinate diplomatic positions, but also his long study of Lincoln's administration had given him the best possible insight into statesmanship in action. He found, as every intellectual man must find, the ceremonial of office tedious. But it had large compensations in the access which it opened to the rulers of an empire, to questions of world-wide significance and to patriotic service of the highest kind.

On April 6, 1897, he writes from New York to the First Secretary of the London Embassy: —

To Henry White

I see by to-day's papers you have arrived, and have already taken over the Embassy. I see also that Mr. Bayard [1] is booked for an ovation on the 7th of May. I do not know quite what that means, or how long he is to be in London before he gets

[1] The farewell ovation to Mr. Bayard took place on that date.

his loving-cup. But all this can be left until I see you.

I have already declined four public dinners and speeches. I hope, if you are consulted in regard to any invitations to such functions, that you will, where it is practicable, dissuade our kind friends from sending such invitations. I do not intend to begin a campaign of speech-making the moment I land, and I should much prefer not to be asked.

I have promised Mr. Murray to say a few words at the unveiling of the bust of Scott in Westminster Abbey in May. Please regard this as confidential until Mr. Murray himself makes it public. Arthur Balfour is to make the principal address.

He arrived in England on April 21 and dreaded the public reception which threatened him.

To Samuel Mather

U.S.M.S. *St. Paul*, April 21.

My dear Sam: —

Here we are at the end of our journey, just entering Southampton Water. I quake a little in the knees and pale a little about the gills as I am informed the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton are to meet us at the dock and make me an address of welcome and flapdoodle. If they stop at that I will be happy

— for I heard a horrible rumour on leaving New York that they were planning a banquet and public reception. If that should turn out to be so, there will be no London for me till after midnight. I wired Mr. White to stop it if possible, and hope he will have done so.

An extract from a note to Senator Lodge written from London a fortnight later adds a comic touch to the description of Hay's triumphal entry into the United Kingdom: —

"If you had been at Southampton, you would not have had the pleasure of seeing Oom Hendrik[1] gloating over my sufferings. He so thoroughly disapproved of the whole proceeding that he fled to the innermost recesses of the ship — some authorities say to the coal-bunkers — out of sight and sound of the whole revolving exchange of compliments. Henry James stood by, and heard it all, and then asked, in his mild, philosophical way, 'What impression does it make on your mind to have these insects creeping about and saying things to you?' . . .

"I have declined twenty-six invitations to eat dinner and make speeches. I trust my action in this matter meets your approval." (May 6, 1897.)

The Ambassador established himself at No. 5

[1] Hay's nickname for Mr. Adams.

Carlton Terrace. His first public appearance was at the unveiling of the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey (May 21, 1897), where he made an address of marked literary distinction which led the British public to believe that they had in him such a minister as America had not sent them since James Russell Lowell. Immediately thereafter came for Hay the fatigues incident to his share in the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Contrary to his wish, Whitelaw Reid had persuaded President McKinley to send a special Embassy to greet the Queen, with himself naturally at the head of it. This greatly added to the burden of Hay's responsibility, in making arrangements for two American representations instead of one.

He writes confidentially about his annoyances to Mr. Adams, who had gone to France: —

"*June 4.* The town begins to grow abominable for Jubilee. Six miles of lumber deform the streets. The fellow-being pullules. How well you are out of it!"

"*July 7.* The Jubilee is gone like a Welsh-rabbit dream. It was an explosion of loyalty that amazed John Bull himself. What a curious thing it is, that there has been no king in England since Elizabeth of special distinction — most of them far worse than mediocre — only the foreigner, William III, of any

merit — and yet the monarchical religion has grown day by day till the Queen is worshiped as more than mortal, and the Prince will be more popular still when he accedes. . . . I see nobody but everybody, and that is a diet of husks."

To Mr. Adams's invitation that he come over and refresh himself at St. Germain, Hay sent a seriocomic reply.

To Henry Adams

LONDON, July 25, 1897.

MY DEAR D'ANGOULÊME: —

It is no less than a bloomin' shyme that I cannot accept your kind invitation to your royal pleasure-dome. But the flight of my household Goddesses does not free me, as you seem to think, from all obligations, human and divine.

I cannot leave this blessed Isle even at the summons of my betters in the Forest of St. Germain. "Come again next week!" says my Lord of Salisbury, or, by preference, "Wait till I send for thee, when I have a more convenient season."

The sight of a worthy human being happy is comforting to the soul, and I have seen my friend Whitelaw sitting between two princesses at supper every night, a week running, and I now may intone my *nunc dimittis*. His rapture had the *aliquid amari*

that the end must come, but the memory of it will soothe many an hour of *ennui* at Ophir Farm.

I do not know why, in your presence, I naturally run to slanderous gossip, but I suppose one must once in a while abuse one's friends, — and you inspire confidence. And E. A. has been to see me, and called me and all my friends idiots and thieves, under the impression that he was making himself especially agreeable.

If Hay, in his intimate correspondence, had his joke at the foibles of others, he was, as we have often seen, equally impartial in seeing his own comic side.

Hay's work as Ambassador may be divided into two phases. One, covering his first year of residence in England, resulted in cementing friendship between the two nations. This was a service of great importance, because Cleveland's Venezuela Message had aroused at home the chronic, though then slumbering, animosity towards the mother country, and had caused in Britain itself, quite logically, indignation, resentment, and a predisposition to regard every thing American unfavorably.

The Venezuela Message, however, put to the test the deepest convictions of both peoples and revealed to each of them that a war between England

and the United States on any grounds then conceivable, would be not only an immeasurable calamity, but also a crime against the Anglo-Saxon ideals of civilization for which each stood. To bring about friendliness was the task of not merely formal diplomacy but of personal influence: and this it was which Hay possessed to a degree surpassing that of any of his predecessors in the English mission. Personal influence is a force which can hardly be defined in such a case. It acts cumulatively, often subconsciously, and can be estimated only by its outcome. The great diplomatist — and Hay was that — attains his ends, not merely by the business-like methods with which he receives visitors in his office, but by his social contacts. In societies like the English and French, which possess a long tradition of etiquette and manners, the quality of man-of-the-world, which also was Hay's, often counts for more than rank, intellectual eminence, or learning in history and the technicalities of international law.

Several important questions were pending between the United States and Great Britain. The dispute over the Bering Sea fisheries; the attempt to pacify the Free Silver fanatics at home by securing an international agreement on bimetallism; the conclusion of the Venezuela arbitration; and the passage of the Dingley Tariff Bill, by which the Republicans

reaffirmed their devotion to high protection, — all gave the Ambassador work which called for two qualities in which he abounded — tact and courtesy.

"The town swarms with Senators on their holidays [he writes humorously on August 12]. They are all in a blue funk about the inspector on the New York docks. It was gentle and joyous sport to pass the Tariff Bill, but when it comes to paying duty on their London dittoes it is another story."

Later he speaks of several prominent Americans as "resting from the slaughter of grouse, and marking down their pajamas to get them under the $100 limit. You can go home as a Polynesian prince and pay no duties" [he adds].

His fidelity to Protection never dulled his sense of humor.

During the winter, Mr. Hay, accompanied by Mr. Adams and other friends, went up the Nile. Before he returned to London in March, the *Maine* had been blown up in Havana Harbor and fire-eaters in the United States were clamoring for war with Spain. The Ambassador set himself to work to propitiate English opinion, and this was the second phase of his service. His formal instructions came, of course, from Washington; but it depended largely on his tact whether the British Government looked favorably on them or not.

In a private letter he gives a summary of the feeling in London.

To Senator H. C. Lodge

LONDON, April 5, 1898.

If you think I am rushing in where I am not welcome, you can rap my knuckles and I will bear it meekly — but I will have had my say.

I do not know whether you especially value the friendship and sympathy of this country [England]. I think it important and desirable in the present state of things, as it is the only European country whose sympathies are not openly against us. We will not waste time in discussing whether the origin of this feeling is wholly selfish or not. Its existence is beyond question. I find it wherever I go — not only in the press, but in private conversation. For the first time in my life I find the "drawing-room" sentiment altogether with us. If we wanted it — which, of course, we do not — we could have the practical assistance of the British Navy — on the *do ut des* principle, naturally.

I think, in the near future, this sentiment, even if it amounts to nothing more, is valuable to us. . . . [He now describes how, at the last levee,] all the royalties stopped me, shook hands and made some civil remark. The Spanish Ambassador coming next

to me, was received merely with a bow. . . . You may think "it is none of my Lula business," but I think the Senate Committee's allusion to England in the Hawaii [report] was not of sufficient use at home to compensate for the jar it gave over here.

And there is that unfortunate Putnam award![1] I suppose you all think — as I do — that it is absurdly exorbitant; that P. gave us away — which is all true, I have no doubt. But, after all, he was our representative, and we are included by his act. We have nothing to do but pay and look pleasant, or else say we won't, which is of course open for any nation to do — with the natural result. Is there no way of hurrying the matter through? I am sure it will be worth the sacrifice.

You have had an anxious and exciting week. You may imagine what it is to me, absolutely without light or instruction, compelled to act from day to day on my own judgment, and at no moment sure of the wishes of the Department. What I should have done, if the feeling here had been unfriendly instead of cordially sympathetic, it is hard to say. The commonest phrase is here: "I wish you would take Cuba at once. We would n't have stood it this long."

[1] Judge W. L. Putnam, for the United States, and Judge King for Canada, arbitrators of the British claims for the unjust seizure of British vessels, awarded $425,000 to the claimants.

And of course no power on earth would have shown such patience and such scrupulous regard for law.

Events now hurried on apace. On May 1 Commodore Dewey battered to pieces the obsolescent Spanish fleet at Cavite, the news of the victory startling the United States and Europe.

On May 8 Hay replies to Mr. Theodore Stanton, at Paris, who had suggested that it might do good if Mr. Bryce would visit France, where also a current of hostile feeling was blowing: —

"I have received your letter about James Bryce and have written him to-day to *appuyer* your request. I think it an excellent idea. . . .

"We are all very happy over Dewey's splendid Sunday's work at Manila, and anxiously waiting news from Sampson and Schley. If we can carry off one more serious sea-fight, I hope we can then see daylight. I detest war, and had hoped I might never see another, but this was as necessary as it was righteous. I have not for two years seen any other issue."

"How Dewey did wallop them! [he writes to Mr. Adams on May 9]. His luck was so monstrous that it really detracts from his glory. And don't you go to making mistakes about McKinley! He is no tenderfoot — he has a habit of getting there. Many

among the noble and the pure have had occasion to change their minds about him. My friend Smalley changes his weekly. Sometimes he admires him more than I do, and sometimes less. I think he is wrong both times. I don't pretend to know the Major very well, but the Cobden Club and Godkin[1] know him still less."

Another letter to Senator Lodge gives this important information: —

To Senator Lodge

London, May 25, 1898.

. . . Your letter gave me the most gratifying and the most authentic account of the feeling among the leading men in America that I have got from any source. It is a moment of immense importance, not only for the present, but for all the future. It is hardly too much to say the interests of civilization are bound up in the direction the relations of England and America are to take in the next few months.

The state of feeling here is the best I have ever known. From every quarter, the evidences of it come to me. The royal family, by habit and tradition, are most careful not to break the rules of strict neutrality, but even among them I find nothing but hearty kindness, and — so far as is consistent with

[1] Editor of the *New York Evening Post.*

propriety — sympathy. Among the political leaders on both sides I find not only sympathy, but a somewhat eager desire that "the other fellows" shall not seem the more friendly. Chamberlain's startling speech [1] was partly due to a conversation I had with him, in which I hoped he would not let the opposition have a monopoly of expressions of goodwill to America. He is greatly pleased with the reception his speech met with on our side, and says he "don't care a hang what they say about it on the Continent."

I spend the great part of my time declining invitations to dine and speak. But on the rare occasions when I do go to big public dinners the warmth of the welcome leaves nothing to be desired. But the overwhelming weight of opinion is on our side. A smashing blow in the Caribbean would help wonderfully.

[1] On May 13, Mr. Chamberlain addressed the Birmingham Liberal-Unionist Association and said: "What is our next duty? It is to establish and to maintain bonds of permanent amity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic. There is a powerful and a generous nation. They speak our language. They are bred of our race. Their laws, their literature, their standpoint upon every question, are the same as ours. Their feeling, their interests in the cause of humanity and the peaceful developments of the world are identical with ours. I don't know what the future has in store for us; I don't know what arrangements may be possible with us; but this I do know and feel, that the closer, the more cordial, the fuller, and the more definite these arrangements are, with the consent of both peoples, the better it will be for both and for the world — and I even go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if, in a great and noble cause, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

But an enemy determined not to fight can elude a battle a long time. And our hair is growing gray while we wait and read the fool despatches. . . .

I wish we could all be chloroformed for a few months, and begin life again in October. I do not so much mind my friends going into battle, but the fever is a grisly thing to encounter.

The next letter to Mr. Adams is dated May 27. The Ambassador is already looking forward to the end of the war. I have found no trace of the draft of the "little project" which he mentions.

"I have your yesterday's letter, and it was a great balm to my self-conceit to know that I held the same views you express as to terms of peace. I had drawn up a little project which was yours almost verbatim.

"The weak point in both of our schemes is the Senate. I have told you many times that I did not believe another important treaty would ever pass the Senate. What is to be thought of a body which will not take Hawaii as a gift, and is clamoring to hold the Philippines? Yet that is the news we have to-day.

"The man who makes the Treaty of Peace with Spain will be lucky if he escapes lynching. But I am old, with few days and fewer pleasures left, and I don't mind.

"I think, however, Paris will be the likelier place, and I don't hanker after the job."

The stress of work during these anxious months was partly relieved for Hay by the coming and going of American friends, among whom were several of his Washington circle besides Mr. Henry Adams. In June Mr. Adams writes: —

"The Camerons came over and took the fine old house of Surrenden Dering, in Kent, which they made a sort of country-house to the Embassy."

Hay's letter to Senator Lodge, just quoted, indicates that he realized that civilization stood at the cross-roads in those months of the Spanish war, and that on the welding together of England and the United States, the future welfare of two hemispheres depended. Mr. Adams with his genius for keen and philosophic generalization puts the issue in a memorable paragraph.

"After two hundred years," Mr. Adams writes, "of stupid and greedy blundering, which no argument and no violence affected, the people of England learned their lesson just at the moment when Hay would otherwise have faced a flood of the old anxieties. Hay himself scarcely knew how grateful he should be, for to him the change came almost of course. He saw only the necessary stages that had led to it, and to him they seemed natural; but to

Adams, still living in the atmosphere of Palmerston and John Russell, the sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror which in twenty years effected what Adamses had tried for two hundred in vain, — frightened England into America's arms, — seemed as melodramatic as any plot of Napoleon the Great. He could feel only the sense of satisfaction at seeing the diplomatic triumph of all his family, since the breed existed, at last realised under his own eyes for the advantage of his oldest and closest ally."

The next note that follows belongs to this time.

To Senator Lodge

July 27, 1898.

I am most grateful to you for your letters. I appreciate the sacrifice so busy a man makes in writing; and coming, as they do, from the very center of news, they are most interesting and valuable.

I can send you little that is interesting in return. The daily telegrams in the papers make everything stale a few hours after it happens. There are a few things, it is true, under the surface, but the people you know tell you everything. I have been under great obligations the last few months to X., who knows Germany as few men do, and has kept me wonderfully *au courant* of facts and opinions there.

How splendidly things have moved our way! I do not see a ghost of a chance for Bryan in the next few years.

Meanwhile the change had come about in the State Department at home which was presently to affect Hay himself. He writes to Mr. Adams on May 9: "Judge Day [1] is Secretary of State. He did not want it, and the Major [McKinley] had other views. But the crisis was precipitated by a lapse of memory in a conversation with the Austrian Minister of so serious a nature that the President had to put in Day without an instant's delay — I need not tell you how much to my relief."

One summer evening while the Hays were visiting their friends at Surrenden the Ambassador received the following cablegram: —

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1898.

It gives me exceptional pleasure to tender to you the office of Secretary of State, vice Day, who will resign to take service on the Paris Commission, to negotiate peace. It is important that you should assume duties here not later than the first of September. Cable answer.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

[1] William Rufus Day, of Ohio, now a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The honor offered came as a surprise. Whatever had been rumored, or talked over, or conjectured, the President had not earlier promised Hay the reversion of Secretary Day's portfolio. Hay would have preferred to remain in London, where the duties were more congenial, and, as he thought, better suited to his capacity.

The friends at Surrenden debated what reply Hay should make. He would gladly have found, Mr. Adams writes, "a valid excuse for refusing. The discussion on both sides was earnest, but the decided voice of the conclave was that, though if he were a mere office-seeker he might certainly decline promotion, if he were a member of the Government he could not. No serious statesman could accept a favor and refuse a service. Doubtless he might refuse, but in that case he must resign. . . . His only ambition was to escape annoyance, and no one knew better than he that, at sixty years of age, sensitive to physical strain, still more sensitive to brutality, vindictiveness or betrayal, he took office at cost of life.

"Neither he nor any of the Surrenden circle made pretence of gladness at the new dignity, for, with all his gaiety of manner and lightness of wit, he took dark views of himself, none the lighter for their humor, and his obedience to the President's order was the gloomiest acquiescence he had ever smiled.

Adams took dark views, too, not so much on Hay's account as on his own; for, while Hay had at least the honors of office, his friends would share only the *ennuis* of it; but, as usual with Hay, nothing was gained by taking such matters solemnly, and old habits of the Civil War left their mark of military drill on every one who lived through it. He shouldered his pack and started for home."

So he cabled his acceptance to the President. Illness and various duties detained him in England till the middle of September.

As soon as his promotion was published, letters of congratulation began to pour in upon him, and these were followed by other letters in which his English friends expressed their regrets at his departure.

To one correspondent he replied: —

To Andrew Carnegie

LONDON, August 22, 1898.

MY DEAR CARNEGIE, — I thank you for the Skibo grouse and also for your kind letter. It is a solemn and a sobering thing to hear so many kind and unmerited words as I have heard and read this last week. It seems to me another man they are talking about, while I am expected to do his work. I wish a little of the kindness could be saved till I leave office finally.

I have read with the keenest interest your article in the *North American*.[1] I am not allowed to say in my present fix how much I agree with you. The only question in my mind is how far it is now *possible* for us to withdraw from the Philippines. I am rather thankful it is not given to me to solve that momentous question.

A few other letters which refer to his home-going should be quoted.

To Sir John Clark

OSBORNE, August 30, 1898.

I have a few minutes left before my boat starts for Portsmouth, and I improve them to send you a word from the house of your august and venerable friend and sovereign. The Queen spoke of you last night with great kindness, and made me unhappy in the thought that I could not go as I had intended to Tillypronie. But since I have said good-by to her here, it would hardly answer to go so near Balmoral, even if I could. It does not seem possible that I am buried down with trivial affairs which will take all my time till the day I sail.

I wish I might have a day or two to talk with you.

[1] The *North American Review*, August, 1898. "Distant Possessions — The Parting of the Ways."

The *péripéties* which have led up to this most unwelcome change are too complicated to write about. When the time came, all too soon, that the President sent for me, there was no possibility of refusing to answer his summons. There could have been no adequate explanation of my *nolo episcopari*.

I grieve to go away from England. In a year or two I think I should have been ready, but the charms of this blessed island are inexhaustible, and perhaps I should never have had enough of them.

I have received much kindness here from all sorts and conditions of men. Dearest and most enduring of all my recollections are those happy hours spent at Tillypronie with the earliest and best of our English friends. The chains of office will not fetter me for ever, I hope, and the first use I shall make of my liberty will be to cross the great water and to renew an acquaintance which will be precious to me as long as I live.

To Senator Lodge

LONDON, August 31, 1898.

Just a word in advance of my home-coming to thank you for your kind letter. I hope, after I am installed in Mr. Mullett's masterpiece,[1] I may count on

[1] The State Department Building in Washington.

the same kindness and indulgence for all my shortcomings that you have hitherto shown.

I am going down to-night to say farewell to our little Washington colony at Pluckley. I am sorry you have never been able to look upon that idyllic scene. Don [1] is the finest type of old Tory baronet you ever saw. His wife makes a lovely chatelaine, and Oom Hendrik has assumed the congenial functions of cellarer and chaplain. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Adams [2] are there also, and shed sweetness and light over the landscape. Moreton Frewen has been there, darkening counsel with many cheery words. It was delightful to see him, one evening after dinner, lauding Colonel Bryan as the greatest and most beneficent personality in American life since Abraham Lincoln.

You will understand I have no time to write a letter. I am looking forward to many a long talk with you in the future, with Hay unto Lodge uttering speech, and Lodge unto Hay showing knowledge.

To his old chief in the days of the Paris Legation, John Bigelow, who wrote to congratulate him, Hay replied: —

[1] Senator J. Donald Cameron.

[2] Mr. Brooks Adams is the youngest brother of Mr. Henry Adams, "Oom Hendrik."

To John Bigelow

[LONDON] September 5, 1898.

I am so tossed about and worried by these unexpected changes in my fortunes that I need a Mr. Speaker to tell me where I am at.

I fear you are right about the Philippines, and I hope the Lord will be good to us poor devils who have to take care of them. I marvel at your suggesting that we pay for them. I should have expected no less of your probity; but how many except those educated by you in the school of morals and diplomacy would agree with you? Where did I pass you on the road of life? You used to be a little my senior;[1] now you are ages younger and stronger than I am. And yet I am going to be Secretary of State for a little while!

His old professor at Brown, President James B. Angell, who was returning from Constantinople, where he had been Minister, wrote: "You and I are apparently in these days walking round like official St. Denis, with our heads under our arms. Only you are so soon to be re-capitated, and with a 'big head' indeed." From the highest British officials came notes of farewell, in which the regret expressed was

[1] John Bigelow, born in 1817, was twenty-one years older than Hay.

personal not less than official. Lord Salisbury wrote from Germany: "I most deeply regret, for our sakes in England, the call that has taken you away from our shores, though I confidently anticipate most beneficial results, not only to the United States, but to England and her relations with the States, from your discharge of the most important duties you have undertaken." Another Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, spoke in a similar strain: "I wish you joy most heartily on having as Ambassador won popularity here without losing it in America, on being equally respected and regarded in both countries, on being as it were poised with a foot on both. I wish you joy too on being able in your new position to do something which may further the highest interests of both; in having the power to foster and facilitate those relations between the two countries which may so largely mould the future of the twentieth century."

A final extract is from Mr. H. H. Asquith, destined to be Prime Minister during a life-or-death struggle such as none of his forerunners had faced: "Both my wife and I feel the personal and public loss of your departure," writes the then member for East Fife, "which robs us of much anticipated intercourse of a kind that is becoming every year rarer to find. But, as life goes on, one sees it to be better, and

ought to find it to be easier that our immediate environment should at the cost of its growing emptiness contribute to the general good. . . . We should like to hope that the revolutions of what is called accident may before long bring us — at least for a moment — into the same orbit, and meanwhile be assured that — however far apart in space we may be — we shall in interest and sympathy and real affection be always yours."

One final comment. Queen Victoria said of Hay to Lord Pauncefote: "He is the most interesting of all the Ambassadors I have known." The Queen's acquaintance with American envoys went back to Andrew Stevenson, 1837.

The last letter I find, written before Hay sailed, is dated September 14, 1898, and addressed to Whitelaw Reid: —

"We are to cross each other at sea, it appears, and I have been so worried by every wind of destiny since I got your long and delightful letter that I have not answered it, and now the carriage waits to take me to the train which is to drag me to Liverpool, and I have no time to talk to you.

"Please take everything for granted — the old love, the old confidence, the old trust.

"You are going to do a most important piece of work at Paris, and I know it will be well done.

"As for me, you can imagine with what solemn and anxious feelings I am starting for home. Never, even in war times, did I feel anything like it. But then I was young and now I am old."

John Hay's ambassadorship ranks in importance next after that of Charles Francis Adams. Adams prevented England from officially coöperating to destroy the American Union. Hay, more than any other individual, persuaded England, in a world crisis from which was to issue the new adjustment of nations and races, of Occident and of Orient, and of civilization even, that her interests, if not actually her salvation, called for a larger union with her American kinsmen. His experience in London taught him the currents of European diplomacy. It also gave him first-hand testimony as to the personality of the German Emperor and as to the earliest manifestations of Pan-Germanist ambitions. These facts, as we shall see, had their bearings on his work in the State Department.

In what mood he took up that burden, he confides to his brother-in-law, in the following letter. —

To Samuel Mather

NEWBURY, N.H., September 24, 1898.

. . . I find it hard to say how I feel about coming home. I have never been so oppressed by a sense of

inadequacy before. I feel as if I had been drawn into a match with Corbett [1] and the day was drawing on, and all my hope was to be knocked out by an early blow which would not kill me. I did not want the place and was greatly grieved and shocked when it came — but of course I could not refuse to do the best I could. It was impossible, after the President had been so generous, to pick and choose, and say, "I will have this and not that." But I look forward to the next year with gloomy forebodings.

The existing vacancy of Secretary and Assistant in the State Department requires my immediate presence there. I am going Wednesday. Clara brought me here for a day or two of fresh air and quiet. I hope you did not think I uttered the idiotic remarks attributed to me in the *World* and *Herald*.

[1] J. J. Corbett, who was then the world's champion prize-fighter.

CHAPTER XXIV

ENTER HAY SECRETARY OF STATE

THE new Secretary quickly fell into the routine of office — although he never accepted routine without inwardly chafing. From his house it was but a short five minutes' walk across Lafayette Square to the Executive Mansion or to the Department of State. Either path he trod every morning. On Tuesdays, the Cabinet met at the White House, on Thursdays, the Secretary received calls from the Diplomatic Corps at his own office. His forenoons were filled with the regular business of the Department, in going over correspondence, in conferring with Mr. Adee or other subordinates, in blocking out despatches or in revising them, and in dictating to his secretary, Mr. Babcock. At one o'clock he walked back across the Square to lunch at home; and returned in the afternoon to finish the day's business. Official receptions, dinners, and other engagements, like the stream of persons who sought an interview with him, constantly pressed upon him. As his burden of work increased, he became less ready to throw its worries off in his hours of leisure.

But his few deep friendships were unshaken. His

letters, now less frequent, are alive with the old affection for Clarence King and Mr. Adams and the two or three other intimates. He enjoyed such respites as books and talks afforded, and during his summer vacation he refreshed himself with long draughts of reading, with Nature, with his children, and with stray visits from old comrades.

Mr. Henry Adams remained his closest friend. Mr. Adams himself describes, in the following extract, how far the Secretary's new official life trenched upon their old companionship: —

"He [Adams] had nothing to do with Hay's politics at home or abroad, and never affected agreement with his views or his methods, nor did Hay care whether his friends agreed or disagreed. They all united in trying to help each other to get along the best way they could, and all they tried to save was the personal relation. Even there, Adams would have been beaten, had he not been helped by Mrs. Hay, who saw the necessity of distraction, and led her husband into the habit of stopping every afternoon to take his friend off for an hour's walk, followed by a cup of tea with Mrs. Hay afterwards, and a chat with any one who called."

When John Hay went to his desk as Secretary of State, on October 1, 1898,[1] he found many important

[1] He was sworn in on September 30.

matters pressing for an issue. With most of these, his year and a half in London had made him acquainted. He had the advantage of knowing the leaders of public life in Washington and in England, and he was generally regarded as a man, not only of singular personal attractiveness, but also of keen intelligence and of unblemished uprightness. If he had little taste for the routine work of office, still he performed it conscientiously. His health, never robust, became more and more precarious under the strain put upon it by questions of vast moment, by opposition which he thought factious, and by a tragic sorrow. More than once he was on the verge of breaking down; but he held, duty-true, to his task, until he had spent his last ounce of strength in the service. Then he died.

The public, little aware of his trials, and observing chiefly the carrying out of brilliant policies, enjoyed a comfortable sense of security that while he was Secretary of State the national honor and safety were assured.

Throughout his long term in the State Department John Hay relied especially upon two invaluable helpers. The first of these, a friend since their youth, was Mr. Alvey A. Adee, who had been in the Department for more than twenty years. As Second Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Adee was then, as he is

to-day, the only permanent official of high rank under the executive. Administrations came and went, Adee stayed on. Presidents ignorant of diplomacy and international law felt reasonably safe in appointing as their chief secretaries gentlemen as ignorant as themselves, because they knew that Adee was there to guard against blunders. He was the master of both the language and the practices of diplomacy. He could draw up note, memorandum, protocol, or instructions, not merely in just the right words, but with the indefinable tone of courtesy or coolness which the occasion required. His knowledge of American diplomatic history was unrivaled. His capacity for work, like his cheerfulness, never ran out. Though it took sometimes six and a half hours to "shovel through" the morning's mail, and fifty-five minutes to sign the official correspondence, he could still close a letter to his absent chief with the salutation, "Fatiguedly but always chipperly yours." Hay called him "*semper paratus Adee.*" An invaluable man.

Service of a very different kind, but equally important, was rendered by Mr. Henry White, First Secretary of the American Embassy in London. While long experience taught him the technique of diplomacy, his personal qualities made him a welcome companion with the various groups which con-

stituted British society, and especially with the shapers of British statecraft. Informal relations often count most in diplomacy. The proposal which has been talked over confidentially in the library after dinner stands a better chance of being accepted than if it is first presented with official punctilio at the Foreign Office. London being at that time the center of world-diplomacy, Mr. White's intimacy with British statesmen enabled him to keep Secretary Hay informed, not only as to their views, but as to international affairs. Thanks to him, Hay did not lose touch with acquaintances he had himself made during his ambassadorship; and more than once he employed Mr. White to sound privately the British Ministers before beginning even a tentative negotiation. Discreet, sympathetic, trustworthy, and untiring, Mr. Henry White helped the Secretary of State to plan and to act with the consciousness that what he did might affect conditions the world over.

One of the first annoyances which beset Secretary Hay was the rapacity of office-seekers. When they did not attack him themselves, they worked through their Senators. To say no to the local statesman of Pumpkin Four Corners, who aspired to be consul-general in London, was easy; but to deny his Senator might alienate one whose hostile vote would kill an

important treaty. In vain did Hay protest that his predecessor, Judge Day, had swept the shelf clean; in vain did he declare that there were fifty applicants for every vacancy: the swarm gave him no respite. And if Senators slackened, Congressmen redoubled their importunities.

At first, the Secretary saw the ludicrousness of this system and discharged its drudgery with a smile; but later, when his health made even pin-pricks unendurable, he turned the business over to Assistant Secretary Loomis.

The following notes to a distinguished Senator show Hay in his playful mood: —

March 31, 1900.

The only vacant Consulate in the service is Iquique. Do I understand that the great Commonwealth you so nobly represent, wishes to fill it? It brings in to the pampered occupant something like $800 a year.

April 2, 1900.

A candidate for Iquique has turned up. . . . Unless you have a man with a better claim on that $800 salary, I think this low-priced Phœnix may take the cake.

April 5, 1900.

I have your letter of yesterday. Of course, if you want Iquique for Mr. C., you shall have it, but are you sure he would want to go? The place is not in Mexico, as you seem to think, but in Chile, and I imagine would best be described by Goldsmith's line: —

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

The Secretary was pestered by requests for favors other than offices. Thus a Congressman of fashionable pretensions writes that his relatives, who are at Dresden, desire to be presented to the King and Queen of Saxony. Whereupon the American Secretary of State is obliged, besides sending a polite reply to the fashionable Congressman, to communicate with the American Ambassador in Berlin to instruct the American Consul in Dresden to request the Royal Chamberlain there to include the names of the ladies of the fashionable Congressman in his list of invitations to the next Court reception.

No less edifying is the demand of Senator Hanna, when established at Aix-les-Bains for the benefit of his health, that Secretary Hay shall authorize the American Consul at Nuremberg — who appears to have been appointed to that office because he was the Senator's private physician — to take leave of

absence, hasten to Aix-les-Bains, and watch the effect of the waters on Mr. Hanna's impaired system. We are not informed whether the Senator or the United States Treasury paid the traveling expenses of the doctor; we suspect, however, that it paid for the cablegram to Nuremberg and presumably the doctor's salary while he was absent on private business. Such practices would cause no remark in a monarchy; in a republic they are among the ironies of patriotism.

Quite as comic was the temporary embarrassment caused by the illegible handwriting of a candidate for the *Persian* Ministry. In informing him that the post was vacant, Secretary Hay asked him to "wire his reply." When received his telegram read that he would gladly accept the *Peruvian* Ministry. As this was already filled, Mr. Hay, perplexed, sought an explanation, and learned that the gentleman had written "Persian" so badly that the operator read it "Peruvian."

My place here is horribly unpleasant [Mr. Hay wrote to Whitelaw Reid, on November 13, 1898]. The work is constant and unceasing. It takes nine hours' work to clear my desk every day and there is no refuge at home. The worst is the constant solicitations for office, which I cannot even enter-

tain; the strain of mind and nerves in explaining why things can't be done, and the consciousness that the seekers and their "influence" think I am lying. . . .

As to appointments under the State Department it is clear that I am to have nothing to say. I could not appoint even my Private Secretary, as Mr. Sherman wanted me to appoint his; nor my confidential clerk, as a friend of the President's from Canton had the place. When I came to look at the Consular Service, I found that not only was every place filled before Judge Day left, but every vacancy which can possibly occur during my incumbency has been provided for by a memorandum on file. The other day the Consul at Berlin died. The President had made up his mind to promote Frank Mason — the best Consul in the service; but before the other man's funeral, nearly every State in the Union had claimed the place by wire. For another unimportant place, which cannot pay expenses, there are sixteen unfortunate applications by Senators. The President is not to blame. The pressure is so cruel that he must use these offices to save his life.

This lament goes up over and over again to the end of Hay's service. I add one more specimen because of its striking simile.

To Professor G. P. Fisher

July 2, 1902.

. . . I have made no appointments in the foreign service since I entered the State Department and the President himself, with all possible good-will, is hardly ever able to make an appointment upon his own judgment and discretion. All other branches of the Civil Service are so rigidly provided for that the foreign service is like the topmost rock which you sometimes see in old pictures of the Deluge. The pressure for a place in it is almost indescribable.

The question of Hay's successor in London stimulated a vigorous campaign of aspirants and their supporters. Probably the most persistent was Mr. Reid himself, who had never hesitated, during twenty years or more, when a high office loomed on the horizon, to remind the Republican leaders that, as the stalwart editor of the New York *Tribune*, he deserved well of the Republic. And he abounded in friends. One of these told Hay, on their homeward voyage, that Reid was the man for ambassador, adding that "he did more than any other man to nominate and elect McKinley. I suppose he got this interesting, if true, information from headquarters," Hay wrote one of his intimates; "strange that it

never occurred to him that I was in position to know something about the facts, and about Reid also." (September 18, 1898.)

To Reid himself, Hay wrote somewhat guardedly in a letter, parts of which I have already quoted.

To Whitelaw Reid

WASHINGTON, November 13, 1898.

About my successor, I have not the slightest intimation who he is to be. New York, I suppose, could have anybody she asked for with any unanimity; but the pleasing habit of your great State is a multiplicity of interests. There is a considerable push for [General Horace] Porter, which, curiously enough, is supported by all New England, in the hope of getting [General William F.] Draper sent to Paris. [General Stewart L.] Woodford has some friends; quite a number of the best people want Pierpont Morgan — a much larger number want Choate. Platt does not seem to be very active; he opposes everybody who is named, you and Choate especially. He hates Porter also, but is evidently not afraid of him — with reason, I think, though some of your colleagues think Porter would be the best solution. Outside of New York there are numerous suggestions, but none of them I think are fruitful. Roger Wolcott [Governor of Massachusetts] would

be formidable, if it were not that his own State wants Porter's place for Draper. From the West [Senator Edward O.] Wolcott [of Colorado] and Marshall Field and [Robert T.] Lincoln have been named. I have not a prophecy worth giving as to the result. As to my conversations with the President, they have been brief, and of course you will not expect me to repeat them. My wishes will cut no figure. The President will do what seems to him best. He is sincerely attached to you.

When Mr. Reid, absorbed in drawing up the treaty at Paris, read this letter, he hardly found in it cause for elation. On his return, he went at once to Washington to get his bearings. The next letter from Hay suggests an embarrassing interview.

To Whitelaw Reid

December 26, 1898.

After you had gone Saturday, I felt with some remorse that I may have seemed to you less confidential than has been my lifelong habit to be with you.

There are two explanations of it which I owe to you.

First, I hate to be the occasion of strife among friends. If I had not mentioned in detail the important personal influences which have been urging the

President during the last month or two, men who have been intimately associated with you socially and politically, you would have regarded the action as lacking in friendship and in candor. They do not so regard it — they speak of you with the same regard and affection as ever. But you naturally would take a different view of their action. It was for this reason I did not go into details; and,

Secondly, so long as I am in this place, — which cannot be for long, — although I came to it most unwillingly, I am bound in common decency to a loyal observance of every obligation to the President and cannot discuss either his actions or his motives even to my dearest friends.

When you spoke of your surprise that I should quote Mr. Quigg [1] as representing anything, I did not reply that the reason I mentioned him was that he had apparently convinced Seckendorff and Nicholson that he was working for you and expected to bring the machine around in that sense.

My experience in life has been that a man commonly resents the failures of his friends rather more than the malice of his enemies, but you are not made of common stuff, and I shall continue to hope that no cloud shall ever come between us. Your friend-

[1] Lemuel E. Quigg, New York politician; M. G. Seckendorff, then Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune;* Donald Nicholson, member of the *Tribune's* editorial staff.

ship has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life, and in the short space which remains to me, I trust I shall retain it.

The struggle of the candidates went on, however, for two months longer. Then, on January 10, 1899, Secretary Hay notified to the British Ambassador the appointment by the President of the Honorable Joseph H. Choate. "I am sure," he added, "you will agree with me that no more acceptable choice could have been made."

General Porter continued to hold his post at Paris; General Draper lingered a little longer at Rome; but more than six years elapsed before Mr. Reid installed himself amid the splendors of Dorchester House as the accredited exemplar of the American simple life.

On entering the State Department, Secretary Hay was confronted by many grave international questions. The Peace Commissioners had received their general instructions when he took office, but during the negotiations, he was in constant communication with them. How far the later modifications came from President McKinley, and how far from Hay or other advisers, I cannot say; but there is no doubt that Hay approved of the terms of settlement

with Spain, including the retention, by the United States, of the Philippine Islands. The policy of embarking on colonial possessions aroused a storm of opposition, which came to be called Anti-Imperialism. Many of its leaders — Carl Schurz, Charles Eliot Norton, Edward Atkinson, Charles Francis Adams, Senator G. F. Hoar — had been among the earliest Republicans, at a time when that party existed to abolish slavery. To their protests that the country ought not to go into the business of ruling Filipinos against their will, and thereby setting up a form of semi-servitude, Hay and the McKinley Administration replied that, whether the United States liked it or not, the Philippine Islands were an obligation which they could not evade.

On both sides the debate was very bitter — how bitter can be inferred from the following letter: —

To Whitelaw Reid

WASHINGTON, November 29, 1898.

In all the vicissitudes of the last few weeks I have been delighted to find you always on the side of square and resolute dealing, and now that I hope the end is in sight I feel that the country is under great obligations to you and those of your colleagues who felt as you have on the subject. There is a wild and frantic attack now going on in the press against

the whole Philippine transaction. Andrew Carnegie really seems to be off his head. He writes me frantic letters signing them "Your Bitterest Opponent." He threatens the President, not only with the vengeance of the voters, but with practical punishment at the hands of the mob. He says henceforth the entire labor vote of America will be cast against us, and that he will see that it is done. He says the Administration will fall in irretrievable ruin the moment it shoots down one insurgent Filipino. He does not seem to reflect that the Government is in a somewhat robust condition even after shooting down several American citizens in his interest at Homestead. But all this confusion of tongues will go its way. The country will applaud the resolution that has been reached, and you will return in the rôle of conquering heroes, with your "brows bound with oak."

From this letter, not to mention many others which have preceded it, we observe one of Hay's most salient traits: having espoused a policy he upheld it firmly, even fiercely — as if, decision having been made, debate should cease. He was right: Imperialism emerging so suddenly from the hidden nurseries of fate stood forth in a few months as a fact that could not be recalled. How far the im-

perialistic policy might have been modified if Secretary Hay had opposed it, no one can say; but we can confidently assert that his approval of it greatly strengthened the Imperialists in the Administration, in Congress, and throughout the country.

Looking back, we see that the events of a decade or more had been converging toward the time when the United States, in dealing with the West Indies and Central and South America, would be obliged to depart from their traditional attitude of political isolation. The loud trumpeting of the transformed Monroe Doctrine changed all that, for a government which could utter such a warning could not continue to be indifferent, much less isolated; and when it came to annex, first, the Hawaiian Islands, then Porto Rico, and then the Philippines, it took on Imperial responsibilities from which no mere protest could absolve it. Yet the fateful change occurred so casually that Americans scarcely perceived its far-reaching consequences. The Monroe Doctrine constituted the United States the warder of both Americas; but this relation inevitably forced upon the United States a new position towards Europe, while their acquisitions in the Pacific, and especially their ownership of the Philippines, threw them into the sphere of Asiatic development. Whether we would or not, we were now a World Power and could not evade

the entanglements, ambitions, advantages, or the dangers implied by that fact.

John Hay was among the few who understood the significance of the change from the very first moment; and he accepted it without looking back, or, so far as appears, without feeling regrets. Seeing its significance he shaped all his work as Secretary of State with reference to it. To place this country as speedily as possible in such relations with the rest of the world as became its character, was henceforth his controlling purpose.

CHAPTER XXV

ALASKA: THE FIRST CANAL TREATY

IN the new alignment of world politics which was measured by continents and not merely by countries, Hay deemed it to be of the utmost importance that friendship should be cemented between the United States and the nations of western Europe; for all these held, or were supposed to hold, certain ideals of a common civilization. His first object was to make closer the bonds with Great Britain, in order that the principles called, for convenience' sake, Anglo-Saxon, and professed equally by Americans and British, should be strengthened against possible conflict with other rivals in the political struggle for existence. Not subservience, not imitation, but the concord of two independent nations, was his aim.

He had, fortunately, a warm coadjutor in the British Ambassador, Sir Julian, soon afterward Lord, Pauncefote, a diplomatist, conciliatory, open-minded, very sensitive to questions of honor, ready to assume, until he had proved to the contrary, that his colleagues' intentions were as honest as his own. During nearly four years he and Secretary Hay

worked together to harmonize the interests of their respective countries.

Among the larger diplomatic labors which Hay inherited from his predecessor was the effort to adjust with Canada various claims and grievances which had been a recurrent source of irritation. Twelve subjects were specified in the protocol; and a Joint High Commission[1] was appointed; which, having met at Quebec, removed to Washington and held its sessions there during the last months of 1898.

Several of the differences could be easily settled; one, however, the determination of the Alaska boundary, proved a stumbling-block. The recent discovery of gold in the Klondike and the rush thither of troops of adventurers made it imperative that the frontier lines should be marked. Since 1867, when the United States bought Alaska from Russia, certain inlets, harbors, and channels had been undisputedly American; now, the Canadians laid claim to them. The Americans believed that the Canadians, knowing that they had no case, insisted on including the Alaskan contention in the general

[1] The Joint High Commission consisted originally of — *For the United States:* Senator C. W. Fairbanks, chairman; Senator George Gray; Congressman Nelson Dingley; ex-Secretary J. W. Foster; ex-Minister J. A. Kasson; ex-Minister T. J. Coolidge. *For Great Britain and Canada:* Lord Herschell, chairman; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian Premier; Sir R. J. Cartwright; Sir L. H. Davies; John Charlton, M.P.; Sir J. T. Winter.

negotiations, in the hope that it might slip through with the rest.

On December 3, 1898, Hay wrote confidentially to Mr. Henry White in London: —

To Henry White

I hear from no less than three members of our Canadian Commission that by far the worst member of the Commission to deal with is Lord Herschell, who is more cantankerous than any of the Canadians, raises more petty points, and is harder than any of the Canadians to get along with. In fact he is the principal obstacle to a favorable arrangement. If you could in any discreet way, in conversation with Balfour or Villiers, or even Lord Salisbury, should occasion offer, intimate this state of things, so that they might speak a word which would moderate his excessive lawyer-like zeal to make a case, it would be a good thing.

On January 3, 1899, the Secretary complains again to Mr. White: —

"Lord Herschell, with great dexterity and ability, represents his own side as granting everything and getting nothing, and yet I think the letter of Fairbanks shows with perfect clearness and candor that we are making great concessions and getting no credit for them.

"In the case of Alaska, it is hard to treat with patience the claim set up by Lord Herschell that virtually the whole coast belongs to England, leaving us only a few jutting promontories without communication with each other. Without going into the historical or legal argument, as a mere matter of common sense it is impossible that any nation should ever have conceded, or any other nation have accepted, the cession of such a ridiculous and preposterous boundary line. We are absolutely driven to the conclusion that Lord Herschell put forward a claim that he had no belief or confidence in, for the mere purpose of trading it off for something substantial. And yet, the slightest suggestion that his claim is unfounded throws him into a fury."

Nevertheless, the Lord Chancellor stuck uncompromisingly to his demands and the Commission adjourned on February 20, 1899.

The following letters to various correspondents throw side-lights on Secretary Hay's work during these negotiations: —

To Joseph H. Choate

April 28, 1899.

You are by this time probably aware of the great difficulties that surround the arrangement of any controversy in which Canada is concerned. The

Dominion politicians care little for English interests. Their minds are completely occupied with their own party and factional disputes, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is far more afraid of Sir Charles Tupper than he is of Lord Salisbury and President McKinley combined; while the habit of referring everything from the Foreign Office to the Colonial, followed by a consultation of the Canadian authorities by the Minister of the Colonies, produces interminable friction and delay.

June 15, 1899.

As to the general subject of the final delimitations of the frontier, I have still strong hopes that when Sir Julian returns from the Hague, he may bring us, after full consultation with you and Lord Salisbury, some possible basis of agreement. I am so anxious to have the thing settled that I am willing to run considerable risk in the Senate with a treaty, either of delimitation or arbitration, and the President gives this view his cordial support.

I have been greatly struck, since I came here, with his coolness and courage in regard to such matters. Having passed the great part of his life in Congress, he is, of course, a thorough parliamentarian, with the greatest respect for the Legislative Department, and a loyal regard and consideration for its legitimate authority.

. . . To set over their claim on the one place against our claim on the others may make a neat rhetorical repartee, but I do not see how a diplomatist or a man of business can see any justice in such a contention. It is as if a kidnapper, stealing one of your children, should say that his conduct was more than fair, it was even generous, because he left you two.

To Whitelaw Reid

July 27, 1899.

The position in regard to arbitration is not altogether free from awkwardness. After we had put forth our entire force and compelled — there is no other word for it — England to accept arbitration in the Venezuela matter, we cannot feel entirely easy in refusing an arbitration in this. It is true the cases are very different, as I have endeavored to point out in a long dispatch to Lord Salisbury, in answer to his proposition for arbitration; but people at large do not consider these matters in great detail, and it looks as if we were refusing to England what England, at our demand, granted to Venezuela. And yet if we went into arbitration on the matter, although our claim is as clear as the sun in Heaven, we know enough of arbitrations to foresee the fatal tendency of all arbitrators to compromise.

Only in the following October was a *modus vivendi* agreed to; but not until January, 1903, were negotiations reopened which led to the final settlement of this fretting dispute. In the mean time, Lord Herschell had died, the Boxer uprising and the Boer War had supervened, President McKinley had been assassinated, and Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House.

The convention which Hay then signed with Sir Michael Herbert, the new British Ambassador, called for a limited commission, to consist of three Americans and three Britishers,[1] to treat the Alaskan question by itself. It being taken for granted that the Americans and Canadians would each uphold the claim of their respective governments, the decision depended upon Lord Alverstone, whose selection may not have been fortuitous. For President Roosevelt, — vigorous, as always, — who thought Hay's attitude indecisive, if not actually timid, took a short cut to warn the British Cabinet that if this negotiation fell through he would get the consent of Congress to enable him to run the boundary "on his own hook."

[1] The Americans appointed by the President were Senator Lodge, Elihu Root, Secretary of War, and ex-Senator George Turner, of Washington. The English members were Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, and the Canadians, Sir L. A. Jetté and A. B. Aylesworth.

He said emphatically that he would not arbitrate the possession of the large sections of Alaska which the Canadians demanded, but that there were minor questions, topographical trifles, which they might discuss. "The claim of the Canadians for access to deep water along any part of the Alaskan coast is," he wrote, "just exactly as indefensible as if they should now suddenly claim the island of Nantucket."

"I believe that no three men," the President said, "in the United States could be found who would be more anxious than our own delegates to do justice to the British claim on all points where there is even a color of right on the British side. But the objection raised by certain Canadian authorities to Lodge, Root, and Turner, and especially to Lodge and Root, was that they had committed themselves on the general proposition. No man in public life in any position of prominence could have possibly avoided committing himself on the proposition, any more than Mr. Chamberlain could avoid committing himself on the question of the ownership of the Orkneys if some Scandinavian country suddenly claimed them. If this claim embodied other points as to which there was legitimate doubt, I believe Mr. Chamberlain would act fairly and squarely in deciding the matter; but if he appointed a commission to settle up all these questions, I certainly should not expect him to ap-

point three men, if he could find them, who believed that as to the Orkneys the question was an open one. I wish to make one last effort to bring about an agreement through the Commission," he said in closing, "which will enable the people of both countries to say that the result represents the feeling of the representatives of both countries. But if there is a disagreement, I wish it distinctly understood, not only that there will be no arbitration of the matter, but that in my message to Congress I shall take a position which will prevent any possibility of arbitration hereafter; a position . . . which will render it necessary for Congress to give me the authority to run the line as we claim it, by our own people, without any further regard to the attitude of England and Canada. If I paid attention to mere abstract rights, that is the position I ought to take anyhow. I have not taken it because I wish to exhaust every effort to have the affair settled peacefully and with due regard to England's honor."

What passed through the minds of the British Ministers when they heard, confidentially, the President's decision, is not reported. Possibly, they realized that the claims which the Canadians had pushed for the past five years were only a bluff; assuredly they knew that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said, and it was no secret that he had already sent troops

to Alaska; at all events, they appointed as England's representative Lord Alverstone, who as it turned out, supported the American contention.

Whatever demur Secretary Hay may have made in his consultations with the President, he defended the American policy stanchly as soon as Mr. Roosevelt had adopted it.

To a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who complained that the American Government was too conciliatory, he wrote (January 30, 1903): —

To Frederick W. Seward

It seems to me there can be only one objection to [the treaty], and that is the possibility that the decision of the tribunal may not be final; the Commissioners may be evenly divided. In that case we are no worse off than we are now, and the gain we have made is to separate this question from the other questions of which it prevented any solution. But I cannot help thinking . . . that the English are convinced they have no case, and have, therefore, consented to this apparently fair and dignified way of getting out of an untenable position. It is inconceivable that any American should decide against us, while if we succeed in convincing one of their men — and we ought to do it with the case we have — the troublesome question is settled forever, and the two

countries can go ahead, delimit the frontier and put up monuments for all time.

General John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State and well versed in the Alaskan controversy, prepared the American case, which the Administration hoped Mr. Choate would present before the tribunal. "Your note of the 22nd of January, 1900," Mr. Hay wrote to him, "has never been answered, and we regard it as absolutely unanswerable." Still, Mr. Choate declined the appointment, and Messrs. Watson and Dickinson served in his stead. In expressing his regrets to Mr. White, Hay said: "A mere legal argument is not what is required in this unprecedented case. A sharp, aggressive lawyer will run great risk of getting Lord Alverstone's back up. Mr. Choate would have made an argument faultless in tone, temper, skill, and knowledge of human nature."

Whatever might have been gained from Mr. Choate's ability as a pleader, we cannot doubt, however, that he was right in declining the task. For, as he said, it would be scarcely proper if he, who as American Ambassador had had frequent conferences with the British Ministers, should suddenly appear before the tribunal in the rôle of an American attorney; it might justify a suspicion that he had been

uncandid; it could hardly fail to affect his further personal and official relations with the British statesmen.

In due season, on October 20, 1903, the tribunal gave a decision in favor of the chief American claims. Lord Alverstone voted with the three Americans. The two Canadian members dissented. Thus, after long waiting, Secretary Hay saw one of his cherished measures adopted.

On looking back, the efficacy of the combination of President Roosevelt's brusqueness with Secretary Hay's urbanity cannot be disputed.

An even weightier question which pressed for settlement was that of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. A French company under De Lesseps had collapsed in 1888 after it had accomplished more than a third of the excavations. Thenceforward the feeling strengthened year by year in the United States that any Isthmian canal should be built and controlled by the American Government. During the Spanish War the voyage of the battleship *Oregon* round Cape Horn had further emphasized the need of a shorter route between the Atlantic and the Pacific States. But the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, ratified in 1850 between the United States and Great Britain, stood in the way: since it pledged each party

never to "obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal," or to "assume or exercise any dominion . . . over any part of Central America."

As soon as Hay was well established in his department he resolved to remove this obstacle. He instructed Mr. Henry White, then in charge of the American Embassy in London, to sound Lord Salisbury as to the likelihood of the British Government's being disposed to discuss the abrogation of the treaty. Mr. White acted promptly. It being Lord Salisbury's habit seldom to visit the Foreign Office more than once a week, Mr. White wrote to ask whether he might go down to Hatfield to confer with the Prime Minister on important business. Lord Salisbury did not like to have foreign ambassadors break in on his country life, but he had long held Mr. White in friendly esteem and had often welcomed him as a guest at Hatfield. Accordingly he sent an invitation for Mr. White to spend a week-end with him. And one morning late in December, in the Marquis's library after breakfast, before going out for a day's shooting together, they talked over the Isthmian problem. Lord Salisbury assented at once to the American proposals. The only stipulation he made was that tolls should be levied equally on ships of all nations that used the Canal. He added

that, as Sir Julian Pauncefote was thoroughly conversant with the subject, negotiations might be conducted by him at Washington. That evening, after "a particularly pleasant day's shooting with Lord Salisbury and his sons," Mr. White cabled to Secretary Hay the happy result of the interview.

So Secretary Hay and Sir Julian conferred on the terms of the treaty. They found it easy to come to an agreement on general points; but their progress was hampered, if not checked, by the Foreign Office, which was bent on showing to the Canadians its solicitude for their interests. To make the Canal treaty a means of securing larger concessions for the Canadians was too obvious an advantage for a bargainer to throw away.

The following sheaf of letters summarizes most of the points at issue in the negotiations and has the further merit of revealing Secretary Hay's manner of addressing his various correspondents. To Mr. White in confidence he relieves his pent-up irritation; to Senator Morgan, to whom the first letter is addressed, he is dispassionate and polite.

To Senator John T. Morgan

December 27, 1898.

Your letter of the 24th, in regard to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, has been received. It is impossible

at this moment to answer your question as to when we shall be able to come to an understanding with the British Government in this matter. I do not look forward to any protracted negotiation; we ought to know before long what we are to expect; but I cannot fix a date.

Meanwhile there is, to my mind, no reason why your work on the Canal Bill should be checked or retarded in the least, on account of any such negotiation. . . . For my part I shall always be glad of any suggestions you may feel inclined to make, knowing how valuable such suggestions are rendered by your wisdom and experience.

To Henry White

January 13, 1899.

It is a matter of the utmost importance that if we are to make such an arrangement, it should be done at once. In the usual reckless manner of our Senate, they are discussing the matter with open doors every day, and are getting themselves so balled up with their own eloquence that it is greatly to be feared they will so commit themselves as to consider themselves bound to reject any arrangement that may be made. If you could impress upon our friends in the Foreign Office that time is very important and that if they see no serious objection to this draft that

they will at once cable Sir Julian to go on with it, it will relieve the subject of very considerable embarrassment.

We desire no advantage, and I am sure we take none in this arrangement. Our only object is to make it possible for the Government to take charge and build the canal without in any way violating our international obligations to England. The plan, as you will see, is very general in its terms. I have tried to avoid entering into unnecessary details. In fact my principal purpose in drawing up the treaty was to avoid any contested points or anything which would cause acrimonious discussion in the Senate. I hope the Foreign Office will see with what sincere friendly purpose the treaty has been drawn, and will refrain from any changes or amendments, which, however meritorious in themselves, might cause the rejection of the treaty by exciting the opposition of one-third of the Senate.

February 14, 1899.

I think it deplorable, that the British Government insists on making the arrangement in the Clayton-Bulwer matter depend on the successful issue of the Canadian negotiations. The two questions have nothing to do with each other. Every intelligent Englishman is ready to admit that the

Canal ought to be built, that the United States alone will build it, that it cannot be built except as a government enterprise, that nobody else wants to build it, that when built it will be to the advantage of the entire civilized world, and this being the case, it is hard to see why the settlement of the matter ought to depend on the lumber duty or the Alaska boundary. It looks as if the matter will fail in this Congress. The maritime concession will lapse in October, and we shall be confronted with new difficulties in our relations with Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

Sir Julian's conduct in the matter has been everything that we could desire. While, of course, always mindful of the interests of his country, he has shown a breadth of view and a spirit of conciliation which would have made the negotiations very easy and very agreeable if his opinions had been shared by the home government. I only wish he had been at the head of the Canadian Commission.

To Joseph H. Choate

August 18, 1899.

. . . The Democratic press evidently thinks there is some political capital to be made by denouncing any arrangement with England, and they, in common with a large number of German newspapers, are ready to attack any treaty with England, no matter

how advantageous to us, as a hostile act towards Ireland and Germany.

The Democratic Convention of Iowa has adopted —as you will doubtless see before this reaches you —resolutions in this sense, which seem too ridiculous to treat seriously; but all these senseless charges indicate the intention of the opposition to make a party matter of our relations with England, and to oppose any treaty we may make with that country.

Now the irreparable mistake of our Constitution puts it into the power of one third + 1 of the Senate to meet with a categorical veto any treaty negotiated by the President, even though it may have the approval of nine tenths of the people of the nation. If it be true that the Democrats as a body are determined that we shall make no arrangement with England, we shall have to consider whether it is more expedient for us to make a treaty which will fail in the Senate, or to wait for a more convenient season.

For my part, I should have no hesitation in making a treaty on the basis of a lease and right of way and taking the chances of the Senate throwing it out, if I could foresee the effect it would have on the vastly important elections of next year. The President has no great desire for reëlection and is ready to take the consequences of any action he may think to the

advantage of the country without regard to its effect upon himself. His words as I left him yesterday were, "If you think best, go ahead and conclude a treaty on those lines."

To Henry White

September 9, 1899.

I wish that I could believe that Lord Salisbury would let the Clayton-Bulwer convention go through independent of Canadian matters.

Whatever we do, Bryan will attack us as slaves of England. All their state conventions put an anti-English plank in their platform to curry favor with the Irish (whom they want to keep) and the Germans whom they want to seduce. It is too disgusting to have to deal with such sordid liars.

Our relations with Germany are perfectly civil and courteous. They are acting badly about our meats and cannot help bullying and swaggering. It is their nature. But we get on with them. We are on the best of terms about Samoa; Sternburg backed up Tripp in everything. So that, to our amazement, Germany and we arranged everything perfectly harmoniously. It was rather the English Commissioner who was offish. The Emperor is nervously anxious to be on good terms with us — on his *own* terms, *bien entendu*.

September 24, 1899.

As soon as I can get a clear copy of my letter to the Ohio Committee, I will send it to you. . . . You will see there is nothing in it incompatible with the most friendly relations with England. I simply refute the Democratic platform's charge that we have made "a secret alliance with England." This charge was having a serious effect on our Germans and it had to be denied. The fact is, a treaty of alliance is impossible. It could never get through the Senate. As long as I stay here no action shall be taken contrary to my conviction that the one indispensable feature of our foreign policy should be a friendly understanding with England. But an alliance must remain, in the present state of things, an unattainable dream.

Have you seen Bourke Cockran's fool letter to the President demanding that we shall side with the Boers against England? I declined to answer it, except by acknowledging receipt, and he then printed it. All the Irish, and many Germans, take the same attitude. But of course we shall do nothing of the kind. I hope, if it comes to blows, that England will make quick work of Uncle Paul. Sooner or later, her influence must be dominant there, and the sooner the better.

To Joseph H. Choate

January 15, 1900.

. . . Mr. Hepburn has introduced a bill for the immediate construction of the Canal, which, if it passes the House, Mr. Morgan is quite sanguine he can carry through the Senate. This bill is in many respects highly objectionable, especially as it absolutely ignores the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and, in fact, in many features, is an absolute violation of it. I think we should be in a most unenviable attitude before the world if that bill should pass in its present form. My own position would be one of very especial awkwardness and would raise very serious questions as to what would personally be required of me. I think we ought to make an effort to arrange the matter through diplomatic channels, so that at least the Administration would have its skirts clear of any complicity in a violent and one-sided abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Two or three facts seem evident enough. The Canal is going to be built, probably by the Nicaragua route. Nothing in the nature of the Clayton-Bulwer prohibition will finally prevent the building of the Canal. As soon as Congress is convinced that the people of the country demand the construction of the Canal, it will be done. It will be a great bene-

faction to the entire civilized world. It is hard to say whether we or England will profit by it most. It would be a deplorable result of all our labor and thought on the subject if, by persisting in postponing the consideration of this matter until all the Canadian questions are closed up, England should be made to appear in the attitude of attempting to veto a work of such world-wide importance, and the worst of all for international relations is that the veto would not be effective.

The Secretary and the Ambassador signed their treaty on February 5, 1900, but it had a rough passage in the Senate. Eager Senators began at once to find flaws in the treaty and to offer amendments. The Secretary wrote to Senator Lodge: "I hope you may see your way to opposing any change in the treaty in Committee [on Foreign Relations]. I would far rather see it defeated by a minority than so changed as virtually to defeat it, by a majority." (February 7, 1900.)

To Whitelaw Reid

February 7, 1900.

. . . It is disheartening to think that what the country has wanted and striven for during forty years, and at last has attained without an atom of

compensation, should be thrown away through mere spite. It is as if you should offer Yale College a million dollars and the trustees should refuse the gift on the ground that they wanted a million and a half.

To Senator C. K. Davis[1]

February 8, 1900.

It may be of interest to you and the Committee to know that the Ministers from Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Guatemala have expressed their gratification at the conclusion of the Canal Treaty and are particularly pleased with the article about fortifications which, they say, will make our dealings with them, in relation to the Canal, more agreeable and easy — their natural susceptibilities having been considered, and their apprehensions allayed by that clause.

To Mr. Choate in London, Hay wrote on February 6: "We signed our treaty and got it into the Senate yesterday. And to-day there is the usual hubbub of comment, of praise and dispraise. Senator Hoar, you will regret to hear, thinks that we have been unmindful of the honor of our country and the glory of the flag, and various other gentlemen think that we are

[1] Cushman K. Davis, Senator from Minnesota, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

derelict in our duty in having got a whole loaf and not having demanded two."

An unidentified correspondent sent him a letter of criticism which called out this appealing reply: —

To ———?

February 12, 1900.

Et tu! Cannot you leave a few things to the President and the Senate, who are charged with them by the Constitution?

As to "Sea Power" and the Monroe Doctrine, we did not act without consulting the best living authorities on those subjects.

Do you really think the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty preferable to the one now before the Senate? There is no third issue, except dishonor. Elkins and Pettigrew say "Dishonor be damned." I hardly think you will.

Please do not answer this — but think about it awhile.

To Joseph H. Choate

March 7, 1900.

We have a clear majority, I think, in favor of all of them, but as the Fathers, in their wisdom, saw fit to ordain that the kickers should rule forever, the chances are always two to one against any government measure passing.

It is a curious state of things. The howling lunatics, like Mason and Allen and Pettigrew, are always on hand, while our friends are cumbered with other cares and most of the time away. "W" has been divorcing his wife; Morgan is fighting for his life in Alabama; Cullom, ditto in Illinois; even when Providence takes a hand in the game, our folks are restrained, by "Senatorial Courtesy," "from accepting His favors." Last week "X" had *delirium tremens;* Bacon broke his ribs; Pettigrew had the grippe, and Hale ran off to New York on "private business," and the whole Senate stopped work until they got around again. I have never struck a subject so full of psychological interest as the official mind of a Senator.

During the next month Hay watched, with alternate resentment, sarcasm, and regret, the Senate Committee at work spoiling, as he thought, the treaty by amendments. At last, when these were introduced, he sent his resignation to the President.

To President McKinley

Department of State,
Washington, March 13, 1900.

Dear Mr. President: —

The action of the Senate indicates views so widely divergent from mine in matters affecting, as I think, the national welfare and honor, that I fear my power

to serve you in business requiring the concurrence of that body is at an end. I cannot help fearing also that the newspaper attacks upon the State Department, which have so strongly influenced the Senate, may be an injury to you, if I remain in the Cabinet.

I therefore hand you my resignation as Secretary of State.

I need not say with what profound regret I shall sever our official relations. I shall carry into private life the deepest sense of obligation, not only for all your personal kindness, but for the confidence and the powerful support you have given to all efforts to improve the service, to extend the influence and the commerce of the country, and to promote in every way its prosperity.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN HAY.

McKinley to Hay

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 13, 1900.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY HAY, —

I return your resignation. Had I known the contents of the letter which you handed me this morning, I would have declined to receive or consider it.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than to have you retire from the Cabinet. The personal loss would

be great, but the public loss even greater. Your administration of the State Department has had my warm approval. As in all matters you have taken my counsel, I will cheerfully bear whatever criticism or condemnation may come. Your record constitutes one of the most important and interesting pages of our diplomatic history. We must bear the atmosphere of the hour. It will pass away. We must continue working on the lines of duty and honor. Conscious of high purpose and honorable effort, we cannot yield our posts however the storm may rage.

With hearty assurance of appreciation and confidence I am

Yours devotedly,

(Signed) WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

HON. JOHN HAY,
Sec. of State.

The Secretary's desire to resign was not prompted by personal pique, but by chagrin at seeing a project of incalculable benefit rejected by a body, not merely incompetent, but so immovably hostile that he feared it would be useless for him to struggle against it further. He always dreaded also lest through any act of his, or through personal animosity against him, the prestige of the President himself should suffer. His lack of robust health made him over-

sensitive and probably increased his constitutional tendency to periodic fits of depression. Nevertheless, upon the President's immediate return of his resignation, coupled with words of warm appreciation and confidence in him, he went ahead manfully.

He writes his son Adelbert on March 17, 1900:—

". . . I am horribly busy, and am having, now in my old age, my first experience of filthy newspaper abuse. I have made some mistakes, but they have not got onto them. The things they blackguard me for are the ones where I am absolutely sure I am right. But all this will pass away."

To understand Hay's almost morbid depression at the failure of his treaty, we must remember that he regarded the securing of that compact as of supreme importance, both for the carrying out of America's Imperial destiny, and for the binding together of England and the United States. To his mind the great fact to be striven for was the friendly annulment by England of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. He had succeeded in persuading England to do this; the matters of detail over which the Senate and his other critics quarreled seemed to him unessential. To jeopard the great project for the sake of mere minor considerations, was wanton. Not obstinacy, therefore, nor self-inflation caused him to condemn the opponents of the treaty.

We can see, however, that they were wiser than he. If the United States were to build, own, and direct the Canal — and that was Hay's desire — no treaty should be ratified which left any doubt as to their rights; and such a pledge as that which bound them not to fortify the Canal ought not to be made. Perhaps Hay, although he did not actually define it to himself, assumed that all those "non-essentials" would be adjusted later, when experience in the actual working of the Canal should show what was needed.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BOXER ORDEAL AND THE OPEN DOOR

THE winter and spring of 1900 crowded new business upon him. The situation in China, which had grown more and more angry since the Germans pounced upon Kiao-chau in 1897, now threatened an outburst. The Boer War in South Africa indirectly affected American politics by giving Irish and German-Americans an excuse for heckling England at a time when the McKinley Administration was trying to arrange with the English Government a friendly settlement of long-standing disputes. The insurrection of the Filipinos; the status of Cuba; the excitement of the Central American Republics at the prospect of an Isthmian canal; secret negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, and the campaign for the nomination of presidential candidates, were among the business on the Secretary's docket. I cannot do more here than quote a few passages from his letters showing his position on some of these matters.

This extract refers to the Boers, whose baffling resistance to enormously superior British forces was not properly admired by the Secretary.

To Henry Adams

June 15, 1900.

What do you think now of our poor dear British? Was there ever seen anything like it since Xenophon? The slim Boers flanked out of Bloemfontein, Croonstadt, the Vaal, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, not to mention Laing's Nek and other places, and not losing a man or a mule, a gun or a cart. It looks now as if Oom Paul will get to Lydenburg with his whole army intact — bar Cronje — having put *hors de combat* a force fully equal to his own, with every ounce of his material saved.

I have the greatest admiration for the Boers' smartness, but it is their bravery that our idiotic public is snivelling over. If they were only as brave as they are slim, the war would have ended long ago by their extermination. We do occasionally kill a Filipino, but what man has ever yet seen a dead Boer? Your friend Bryan . . . says the Boer War is an issue in our campaign — I suppose because the British are 16 to 1.

The serious thing is the discovery — now past doubt — that the British have lost all skill in fighting; and the whole world knows it, and is regulating itself accordingly. It is a portentous fact, altogether deplorable in my opinion; for their influence on the

whole made for peace and civilization. If Russia and Germany arrange things, the balance is lost for ages.

The abuse which the Administration, and particularly the Secretary of State, suffered for its friendliness toward England caused Hay anxiety. With a hostile Senate on one side and an irresponsible but perniciously active horde of demagogues on the other, he feared that his projects would be hopelessly shattered. While he betrayed neither resentment nor trepidation to the enemy, he spoke out almost with ferocity to his few confidants.

Uninformed historical writers have recently revived an old rumor to the effect that the United States made, in Hay's time, a secret alliance with England. After his denial which follows, this silly assertion ought to be allowed to stay dead.

To Senator McMillan

July 3, 1900.

The Administration has observed the laws of neutrality strictly. . . . You ask me if there is a secret alliance between Great Britain and the United States. You know, of course, that there can be no secret alliance between this country and any other. The Senate of the United States must be a party to

it, if any such exists. None exists. None has been suggested on either side. None has been thought of.

To J. W. Foster

June 23, 1900.

. . . What can be done in the present diseased state of the public mind? There is such a mad-dog hatred of England prevalent among newspapers and politicians that anything we should now do in China to take care of our imperiled interests, would be set down to "subservience to Great Britain." France is Russia's harlot — to her own grievous damage. Germany we could probably get on our side by sufficient concessions, and perhaps, with England, Germany, and Japan, we might manage to save our skins. But such a proceeding would make all our fools throw fits in the market-place — and the fools are numerous.

We had great trouble to prevent the convention from declaring in favor of the Boers and of the annexation of Canada. Every morning I receive letters cursing me for doing nothing, and others cursing me for being "the tool of England against our good friend Russia." All I have ever done with England is to have wrung great concessions out of her with no compensation. And yet, these idiots say I'm not an

American because I don't say, "To hell with the Queen," at every breath.

Cassini has gone to Europe; Cambon was to have sailed last week, but has stayed over for a few days; Holleben is absolutely without initiative, and in mortal terror of his Kaiser. Pauncefote has apparently no power to act, nor even to talk. And even if he had, every Senator I see says, "For God's sake, don't let it appear we have any understanding with England." How can I make bricks without straw? That we should be compelled to refuse the assistance of the greatest power in the world, *in carrying out our own policy*, because all Irishmen are Democrats and some Germans are fools — is enough to drive a man mad. Yet we shall do what we can.

To Senator M. A. Hanna

August 2, 1900.

I am sorry to hear what you say about the Canadian boundary question. . . . The matter was not carried on by me privately and alone as the *Sun* says. Every step of the negotiations was considered by the Cabinet and approved. And the entire Joint High Commission — that is the American side of it — recommended what was done as the best possible temporary settlement of the case. All the present row is being made by the New York *Sun*.

P.S. The whole thing is, Paul Dana [Editor of the *Sun*] wants to get me out of the Cabinet. It is his fourth attempt. If you will help him, I shall be greatly obliged. I am not stuck on my job.

In the middle of the summer, there suddenly flared up in China a tragedy which fastened the world's attention. The Boxers, a Chinese association whose aim it was to rid China of foreigners, started, with the apparent collusion of high officials, a campaign of extermination. On June 14 they assailed the foreign Legations at Peking, and during the next eight weeks they blocked the relief of the beleaguered Occidentals, who defended themselves with unflagging endurance and valor in the British compound. These numbered in all only about five hundred persons, including the women and children. Their ammunition was scanty, their provisions insufficient.

About June 20 the outside world ceased to have news of them. An appalling silence brooded over the Legations week after week. On June 15 Secretary Hay, little suspecting that the crisis had already come, telegraphed to General Conger, the American Minister: "Do you need more force? Communicate with the Admiral and report." No answer. In vain did Mr. Hay try to get tidings through Mr. Wu, the

Chinese Minister in Washington. Foreign Governments were equally unsuccessful. Then Mr. Hay appealed to Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy of greatest influence, to send the following message through the Boxer lines to Conger in the Legations: "July 11. Communicate tidings bearer." Days passed, but brought no reply. The world began to believe the rumors which had been circulating for weeks, that the Boxers had captured the Legations, and slaughtered all the foreigners.

At last on July 20, Secretary Hay received a despatch, dated July 16: "For one month we have been besieged in British Legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre. — CONGER."

Although this despatch came in the State Department's cipher, many persons doubted its genuineness, for they argued that if the Boxers had taken the Legation, they might have discovered the cipher book also. Accordingly, Secretary Hay hit upon a clever device, and telegraphed on July 21: "Despatch received. Authenticity doubted. *Answer this giving your sister's name.* Report attitude and position of Chinese Government." In due course a reply came, with the name of Mr. Conger's sister, which it was hardly probable that the wiliest Boxer could know.

Convinced that the besieged were still alive, Mr. Hay now urged Li Hung Chang that the Ministers be allowed to communicate freely with their governments. Li answered that he and the other Viceroys had petitioned the Imperial Government either to do this or to deliver the Ministers, under safe escort, at Tien-Tsin.

"I told him" (Minister Wu), Hay wrote President McKinley on July 29, "that we could not consent to any such arrangement as the latter alternative; that if the Chinese Government was able to send them safely to Tien-Tsin, it was able to put us into free communication with them; that if the Chinese Government undertook without previous arrangement to deliver them and failed by any accident, nothing would convince the foreign Governments that the Chinese had acted in good faith.

"He [Wu] finally consented to telegraph Li again to-day. . . . He is greatly perturbed in spirit, but seems to be acting squarely with us. He admits there are many things he cannot explain. He does not attempt to account for the silence of the Legations, but believes the Ministers, except Ketteler,[1] are alive."

On August 14, Conger cabled Hay: "Do not put trust in Li Hung Chang. He is an unscrupulous tool

[1] The German Minister had been shot by a Chinese assassin.

of the cruel Dowager. There can be no adequate negotiation with Peking until the high authors of this great crime have surrendered. Imperial troops firing on us daily. Our losses 60 killed, 120 wounded. We have reached half rations horse-flesh. Have food only for a fortnight. 6 children have died. Many others sick."

That same day the relief expedition entered Peking and saved the Legationers.

A week earlier Secretary Hay, on the brink of an alarming collapse, caused by the intense strain and by the volume and difficulty of his work for nearly a year, was forced to take refuge in his summer home at Newbury, New Hampshire. From his sick-bed he directed the chief business of the State Department for several weeks. "I should soon get back to my usual form," he wrote Senator Fairbanks, "if I could keep my thoughts away from the thousand worries of this crazy old world of ours."

When he began to convalesce, he confessed to his oldest friend, Nicolay: "I did not imagine when I left Washington, how bad it was. If I had stayed another day, I should not have got away at all. I have had two or three slight complications — the last and most agreeable is a lumbago which makes my walk slantendicular, so I don't walk much. . . . The thing that has aged me and broken me up has

been the attitude of the minority of the Senate which brings to nought all the work a State Department can do. . . . But what is the use of all this buzzing? You and I cannot make a new Constitution."

Hay might have consoled himself with the thought that probably to him, more than to any one else, was due the saving of the Legations. Almost alone he believed that they were still alive and so spared no effort to reach them. His trust kept Secretary Root on the alert, so that when the first telegram came from Peking, Mr. Root, without a day's delay, ordered General Chaffee to proceed to China and command the American relief expedition.

The Boxer upheaval interrupted and made more difficult Hay's endeavor to preserve the Chinese Empire. After the Japanese defeated the Chinese in 1894, China lay like a stranded whale, apparently dead, or dying, and the chief Powers of Europe came, like fishermen after blubber, and took here a province and there a harbor, and were callous to the fact that their victim was not dead. They not only seized territory, but forced from the Chinese concessions for mines, railways, commercial privileges, and spheres of influence. From the time that Hay became Secretary, he strove to keep intact the political integrity of China and to persuade all the Powers to maintain there the policy of the Open Door.

As early as March 16, 1899, Hay wrote confidentially to a New York editor, who was anxious for the protection of American interests: —

To Paul Dana

March 16, 1899.

. . . We are, of course, opposed to the dismemberment of that Empire, and we do not think that the public opinion of the United States would justify this Government in taking part in the great game of spoliation now going on. At the same time we are keenly alive to the importance of safeguarding our great commercial interests in that Empire and our representatives there have orders to watch closely everything that may seem calculated to injure us, and to prevent it by energetic and timely representations. We declined to support the demand of Italy for a lodgment there, and at the same time we were not prepared to assure China that we would join her in repelling that demand by armed force. We do not consider our hands tied for future eventualities, but for the present we think our best policy is one of vigilant protection of our commercial interests, without formal alliances with other Powers interested.

During the summer the Secretary's instructions to Mr. Conger bore the same burden. But as the

European Powers continued making mutual bargains for the partition of the Empire, on September 6, 1899, Mr. Hay finally addressed to London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg his famous note on the Open Door. He did not originate the phrase, and the fact of free commercial intercourse with all nations had existed here and there in Europe during many centuries. But in applying the word to China, Hay defined a policy which would affect the political not less than the commercial status of four hundred millions of Chinese, and of the rest of the world which had relations with them.

The American circular requested each of the European Governments to respect the existing treaty ports and vested interests; to allow the Chinese tariff to be maintained and be collected in the respective spheres of influence; and not to discriminate against other foreigners in port and railroad rates. The Powers addressed did not reply promptly. England was the first to accede; the others, which stated that they sympathized with the principle, refrained from formally endorsing it. Mr. Hay, after sufficient delay, sent word to each that in view of the favorable replies from the others, he regarded that Power's acceptance as "final and definitive." And he subsequently addressed France, Italy, and Japan.

Next to England, Hay regarded Russia as the most

important party to the agreement. Russia would sign no paper, but her Foreign Minister, Count Mouravieff, gave an oral promise to do what France did. Later, he "flew into a passion" and insisted upon it that Russia would never bind herself in that way; that whatever she did she would do alone and without the concurrence of France. "Still," Hay adds, "he did say it, he did promise, and he did enter into just that engagement. It is possible that he did so thinking that France would not come in, and that other Powers would not. If now they choose to take a stand in opposition to the entire civilized world, we shall then make up our mind what to do about it. At present I am not bothering much." (To Henry White, April 2, 1900.)

By what was one of the most adroit strokes of modern diplomacy, Hay thus accustomed the world to accept the Open Door as the only decent policy for it to adopt toward China. Not one of the Governments concerned wished to agree to it; each saw more profit to itself in exploiting what it had already secured and in joining in the scramble for more; but not one of them, after Hay had declared for the Open Door, dared openly to oppose the doctrine. It was as if, in a meeting, he had asked all those who believed in telling the truth to stand up: the liars would not have kept their seats.

Hardly, however, had the world begun to accustom itself to the ideal of the Open Door, before the Boxer Rising intervened, and before this was put down demands for vengeance on the Chinese rose from many quarters. The German Emperor, whose Minister Ketteler had been shot in Peking, sent out a "punitive" expedition under Count Waldersee, bidding his soldiers to give no quarter and to comport themselves so like Huns that for a thousand years to come no Chinese would dare to look a German in the face. Other Powers uttered their wrath more guardedly; but they all suspected, and probably hoped, that the new situation would justify them in dismembering China.

To prevent this Hay worked indefatigably. He sent Mr. W. W. Rockhill — whom he regarded as being, next to Mr. Henry White, the best diplomat in the service — to China. He made his note of July 3 the basis of American action. As Russia occupied Niu-chwang, he sent to her a serious inquiry, to which he "received a reply, most positive and satisfactory, that their occupation was military and temporary and that our commerical interests should not in any case be limited or injured. Russia," he adds, "has been more outspoken than before in her adhesion to the Open Door." (September 8, 1900.)

"The approach of the much-prepared Waldersee,"

wrote one of Hay's colleagues, "seemed a peril. There was the danger that after all the Emperor's windy eloquence he might feel the necessity of kicking up a row to justify the appointment of Waldersee. I was very glad therefore that the Russians gave us an opportunity to say that we would stay under a definite understanding and not otherwise. It begins to look as if there was some chance for the Open Door after all."

This was Hay's view also. He wished to hold the other Powers to their adherence to the Open Door, and at the same time to avoid the semblance of organizing an Anti-Russian coalition. To exact from the Chinese indemnities and the punishment of the chief culprits appeared to the Secretary the best sort of retribution; but the Germans went much further. Indeed, Count Waldersee's army obeyed with relish the Kaiser's command and played the congenial rôle of Huns in several districts.

"Everything appeared to be going well until this promenade of Waldersee's to Tao Ping," Hay writes on October 16, "which I fear will have very unfavorable results upon the rest of China. The Great Viceroys, to secure whose assistance was our first effort and our success, have been standing by us splendidly for the last four months. How much longer they can hold their turbulent populations

quiet in the face of constant incitements to disturbance which Germany and Russia are giving is hard to conjecture. . . .

"The success we had in stopping that first preposterous German movement when the whole world seemed likely to join in it, when the entire press of the Continent and a great many on this side were in favor of it, will always be a source of gratification," he confides in the same letter to an intimate friend. "The moment we acted, the rest of the world paused, and finally came over to our ground; and the German Government, which is generally brutal but seldom silly, recovered its senses, climbed down off its perch, and presented another proposition which was exactly in line with our position." (October 16, 1900.)

In spite of his having warded off the worst danger, the Secretary was both puzzled and somewhat troubled by the drawing together of England and Germany, because he feared that they intended, at the critical moment, to wring other exactions from China. It came out later, however, that their mutual purpose was to check Russian aggression in Manchuria, and that Germany wished to prevent England from enjoying a monopoly of the Yangtse Valley trade. Before the end of the year the Powers were sufficiently agreed among themselves to join in drawing up a note in which they laid their demand be-

fore the Emperor of China, who perforce yielded to them.

The negotiations went on for a long time yet: but this was the culmination of the diplomatic battle, in which Secretary Hay won the most brilliant triumph of his career.

Into the intricacies of the efforts to prevent China from being vivisected after the Boxer troubles, I will not enter. Hay's part in saving that Empire alive was greater than that of any other statesman. He made a magnificent bluff — which the United States could not have backed up if it had been called — and he won. Two quotations will bring before the reader the Secretary's state of mind in the autumn of 1900. First, as to the policy he upheld: —

"About China, it is the devil's own mess. We cannot possibly publish all the facts without breaking off relations with several Powers. We shall have to do the best we can, and take the consequences, which will be pretty serious, I do not doubt. 'Give and take' — the axiom of diplomacy to the rest of the world — is positively forbidden to us, by both the Senate and public opinion. We must take what we can and give nothing — which greatly narrows our possibilities.

"I take it, you agree with us that we are to limit as far as possible our military operations in China,

to withdraw our troops at the earliest day consistent with our obligations, and in the final adjustment to do everything we can for the integrity and reform of China, and to hold on like grim death to the Open Door. . . ." (September 20, 1900.)

From the next most confidential outpouring to Mr. Adams, we have Hay's private opinion of the other nations with whom he had to deal in the Chinese imbroglio.

To Henry Adams

November 21, 1900.

. . . What a business this has been in China! So far we have got on by being honest and naif — I do not clearly see where we are to come the delayed cropper? But it will come. At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China, than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Bülow said yesterday in substance — "We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be d — d to you" — and not a man in the world kicks.

My heart is heavy about John Bull. Do you twig his attitude to Germany? When the Anglo-German pact came out, I took a day or two to find

out what it meant. I soon learned from Berlin that it meant a horrible practical joke on England. From London I found out what I had suspected, but what it astounded me, after all, to be assured of — THAT THEY DID NOT KNOW! Germany proposed it, they saw no harm in it, and signed. When Japan joined the pact, I asked them why. They said, "We don't know, only if there is any fun going on, we want to be in." Cassini is furious — which may be because he has not been let into the joke.

Hay's achievement in this Chinese contest gave him an immense prestige. Throughout the world he was now looked upon as a statesman honest, disinterested, resourceful, and brilliant. His advocacy of arbitration, which was preached at the first Hague Peace Conference in 1899, had already singled him out. The enthusiasm with which he received the Czar's project of the Hague Conference and the fervor with which he instructed Mr. Andrew D. White and the other American delegates to promote the great objects of the Conference did much to insure its success. For it was indispensable that the coöperation of the United States, the great nation not entangled in Europe's feuds, should be secured. By his work in China Secretary Hay carried out in practice what he had professed at The Hague.

CHAPTER XXVII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

THE question for the American voters to decide in the presidential election of 1900 was, logically, Imperialism. Since 1896 Fate had thrust that issue, with all its adjuncts, to the front. Imperialism involved not only constitutional questions, such as the right of the American Government to hold protectorates and subject peoples, but also, what we may consider morally a deeper problem, in the relation of so-called "superior" to "inferior" races. Since land-grabbing began, some twenty years previously, European nations had appropriated territory in Africa and Asia wherever they could, irrespective of the choice of the inhabitants of those continents. This process of seizure and colonization was speciously named "taking up the White Man's Burden." In reality, the White Man was not a philanthropist: he would treat the Black, Yellow, or Brown Man humanely if it was convenient, but if the dark-skinned resisted, the White Man would destroy him. Biology, according to the scientific cant of the day, required no less, in order that the Fittest might survive.

This doctrine seemed simple when applied to Bantus or Borneans or Basutos or Burmese, but what if one of the great European Powers, mad with the unbridled madness of egomania, should announce that it was *the* superior people and that biology required it to conquer the other civilized nations, to impose upon them its dominion and its doctrines, or if they demurred, to exterminate them?

The American people were cunningly prevented from expressing their verdict on Imperialism, because Mr. Bryan, again the Democratic nominee, again raised the bogey of Free Silver. Professing himself a champion of peace, he nevertheless was quick to clutch a colonel's commission when the Spanish War broke out, with an eye, evidently, to the soldier vote in the future. So, too, although in some of his utterances he let it be inferred that he hated Imperialism, he persuaded, if common report can be trusted, hesitating Senators to vote to ratify the Treaty of Paris, by which the United States took over the Philippines.

The Republican nominee was President McKinley. However opinion might differ as to his policies, there was general approval of his personal traits. He made a dignified President. He treated Republicans and Democrats who came before him with equal courtesy. He knew how to say no to applicants without offend-

ing them. Six different Senators might in turn press a claim of six of their protégés and Mr. McKinley, without duplicity, would send each Senator away believing that *his* man would be appointed; and all the while the President had settled on another candidate. His good intentions, his understanding of the hearts, and above all of the minds, of average American citizens, were indubitable. The Republican Party, having backed him up in all the novel enterprises since 1897, could do no less than support him for a second term. Quite unwillingly, the managers of the party found themselves compelled, by a cyclone of popular enthusiasm, to submit to the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President.

Mr. Hay's health did not permit him to return to Washington until October, 1900, but he watched the progress of the presidential campaign somewhat anxiously, because he believed that the position of the State Department on international questions might influence voters against Mr. McKinley. The public knew the rebuffs that had been received — the failure of the Alaskan negotiations and of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty; it did not know of all of its successes, and, as Hay said, it would not be becoming in him to boast of them, much less to publish them prematurely.

The enemies of the Administration made Anglophobia one of their trump cards.

"No sane man," Hay wrote to a friend abroad, "can appreciate the stupid and mad malignancy of our Anglophobia. It is not merely the Yellows, the Irish, and the Tammany people, — they are a matter of course, — but by far the worst of the lot is the [*New York* ———], which claims to be supporting McKinley, and whose furious attacks on the State Department from time to time scare our own managers out of their five wits. Just now they are having all colors of fits over our *modus vivendi* in Alaska. That was, as you know, one of the best bargains for us ever made. I cannot even defend myself by saying how good the bargain was. I do not want to publish to the world the details of an engagement some of whose features are as yet incomplete, and it is abominable form for a Government to brag of its diplomatic success. So I must let the tempest of dust and foul air blow itself out."

Mr. Hay was in the condition where everything hostile, however slight, rasped his always sensitive nature.

To Samuel Mather

September 28, 1900.

I cannot figure Bryan's election, no matter how I try. The coal strike, which was unquestionably en-

gineered by ———, will lose us a big block of votes — but they will be mostly in Pennsylvania where we can best afford it. The Mugwump defection headed by Olney and Schurz amounts to nothing in the way of votes at home or in other States. I think the field is pretty well taken care of — only Indiana, of the important, so-called *pivotal* States, seems doubtful and Fairbanks thinks we have got it. We have certainly made great gains west of the Mississippi, and our losses in the East are not sufficient to lose us any States except perhaps Maryland. I shall be greatly deceived if it should turn out otherwise — and I have no personal interest at stake. For I have definitely made up my mind not to continue in office. The attitude of the Senate makes it impossible for me to carry out the policies I hoped for when I entered the Department, and office-holding *per se* has no attraction for me. I shall be sorry to part with the President, who has stood nobly by me in everything; but there will always be 34% of the Senate on the blackguard side of every question that comes before them. . . .

October 2, 1900.

The newspapers have been unusually busy inventing lies. They said I was dying; that I was perfectly well but sulking because the President had turned me down; that I was in a deadly quarrel with Root; that

I had at last come back, after extorting from the President a promise not to meddle again with foreign affairs. What can be the use or the motive for such ingenious falsehoods? I do not believe they can influence a vote for Bryan.

"I think the canvass is going on very satisfactorily," the Secretary wrote Ambassador Porter on October 2. "Hanna got considerable of a panic early in the canvass, but I imagine it was nothing but a money panic, and if, after Bryan's letter of acceptance, the men who have money refuse to do anything in their own defense, they will deserve to be robbed to the enamel of their teeth." (October 2, 1900.)

To Samuel Mather

October 8, 1900.

Every day increases the chances of a big electoral majority for McKinley. The attitude of the *Staats-Zeitung* in New York will be worth a good many votes to him, and the tremendous odds of two and a half to one seem now to be increasing up to three to one. Of course, the fellows who bet know no more about it than the others, but there is a sort of brutish instinct among gamblers which is rarely at fault when the odds are so great as they are to-day. A letter just received from Lodge, who has been all over the

United States stumping, tells me that, although our majorities in the East, where they were unnecessarily great, will be reduced, we shall get so many States we lost in 1896 that the majority in the Electoral College will be greater than ever.

October 31, 1900.

This last week of the campaign is getting on every body's nerves. There is a vague uneasiness among Republicans, which there is nothing in the elaborate canvasses of the Committee to account for. I do not believe defeat to be possible, though it is evident that this last month of Bryan, roaring out his desperate appeals to hate and envy, is having its effect on the dangerous classes. Nothing so monstrous has as yet been seen in our history. He starts with the Solid South where he does not need to spend a postage stamp: he has Tammany with its vast vote and big corruption fund; and every walking delegate in the country; and of course adds to that all the regular Democratic vote of the North. We have an awful handicap to overcome.

As the campaign drew to a close, however, signs of McKinley's reëlection became unmistakable. Among the Anti-Imperialists there was an ominous lack of harmony, as appeared in the public utterances

of two of the most conspicuous among them. Hay summed up their contradictory attitudes in this brief paragraph to the President: —

"Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous as that [Charles Francis] Adams and [Carl] Schurz correspondence? Schurz thinks that it will be best to elect a lunatic President, and trust to a sane Congress to keep him in order. Adams thinks that the best way would be to elect a sane man President, and have a lunatic Congress for him to control; and neither of them seems to realize that it makes not the slightest difference what both of them think." (November 1, 1900.)

To another correspondent Hay commented with equal freedom: —

"Why should anybody want to vote for Bryan this year? I can perfectly understand a man refusing Mr. McKinley, on well-known principles of human conduct, — but I cannot — never could — comprehend that polarization of hatred that induces a man, because he hated Blaine or McKinley or Gladstone, to adore Cleveland or Bryan or Disraeli. What a spectacle the Schurzes and Godkins present! Asking people to vote for Bryan because the Republicans can tie him up, and prevent him from raising Cain when he gets in."

The election soon put an end to all doubt. Hay

wrote to his son Adelbert, who was American consul at Pretoria, that it "went off magnificently. It was, in almost every State of the Union, better than we expected. . . . It is the most overwhelming victory in this generation."

The failure to come to an agreement with England over the Isthmian Canal weighed upon Hay's conscience. England, having rejected the amendments to the first treaty, and being impeded by the Canadian negotiations, seemed to be in an unpropitious mood. But Hay would not be balked. After waiting awhile he instructed the American Ambassador to inquire what could be done.

When Mr. Choate sounded Lord Salisbury as to reopening negotiations on this topic, the Prime Minister again consented willingly, saying that the negotiations might be carried on as before at Washington, and stipulating only that no nation should be discriminated against in the tolls charged for using the Canal.

Having this assurance Secretary Hay proceeded to confer with Lord Pauncefote, and by the end of April, 1901, he sent the project of the new treaty to Mr. Choate, who, with Lord Lansdowne, had a large if not preponderating share in bringing the treaty to its final form. Hay explained that the most im-

portant change involved the question of fortifying the Canal.

This point, over which there had been the hottest debate the year before, was now passed over in silence. "I hope it will not be considered important enough for the British Government to take exceptions to their omission," Hay wrote. "The fact is that no Government, not absolutely imbecile, would ever think of fortifying the Canal, and yet there are members of the Senate so morbidly sensitive on the subject, that it might seriously injure the passage of the treaty through the Senate if this provision were retained after the omission of the Davis Amendment." [1]

Secretary Hay underrated the weight of some of the Senators who had disapproved of the terms of the first treaty and he seems not to have given sufficient credit to their argument. One of these Senators was Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. On March 28, 1901, Senator Lodge wrote privately to the Secretary: —

[1] The Davis Amendment, passed by the Senate December 13, 1900, provided that the clause in the first treaty establishing the complete neutralization of the Canal, in time of war as in peace, should not "apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order."

" . . . The American people can never be made to understand that if they build a canal at their own expense and at vast cost, which they are afterwards to guard and maintain at their own cost, and keep open and secure for the commerce of the world at equal rates, they can never be made to understand, I repeat, that the control of such a canal should not be absolutely within their own power. . . . I think we could ratify a treaty which abrogated and superseded the Treaty of 1850, and which agreed that the United States could maintain and defend the canal, keep it open for the commerce of all nations, at the same rates of toll which were imposed on vessels of the United States, and which further agreed that the United States would maintain the neutrality of the canal as between belligerents when the United States itself was not engaged in war. A treaty of this kind, I am sure, could be ratified."

Mr. Lodge also said, referring to the first treaty: —

"There was great difficulty in getting the Senate to accede to the clause prohibiting fortifications. Whether we could again secure a two-thirds vote for a treaty containing that clause, I do not know. Personally I was willing to accept it, on account of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and because I thought, with the Davis Amendment in, it would be better if it could be omitted."

In August, Secretary Hay wrote Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the member of the Committee on Foreign Relations who had made the Canal Question his special province, that the new treaty would probably come up at the next session; that, as it contained virtually the amendments suggested by the Senate, and especially those which Morgan himself had kindly suggested, he hoped it would go through. "The British Government," he remarked, "have shown a very fair and reasonable spirit."

Secretary Hay himself was converted to the need of fortifying the Canal; and no doubt the advent of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency hastened his conversion.

On November 18, 1901, Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote signed the treaty, which the Senate ratified on December 16, by a vote of 72 ayes to 6 noes. The British Government concurred without any delay.

Hay was naturally elated, because, although this treaty differed widely from that which he first drew, it contained two provisions which he deemed essential — the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, and the acknowledgment that the United States should control undisturbed the building and operation of the Isthmian Canal.

"You will have seen by the newspapers of the

rapid and prosperous journey of our treaty through the Senate," he wrote to his loyal assistant, Mr. White. "Cabot [Senator Lodge], who felt himself particularly responsible for the wreck of the last one, put his whole back into promoting this one. The President likewise was extremely zealous in rounding up the bunch of doubtful Senators, and the treaty at last went through with no opposition, except from the irreclaimable cranks. Seventy-two to six was near enough unanimity." (December 26, 1901.)

To turn from political to personal matters, death brought to Mr. Hay in 1901 losses which almost crushed him. In June, his elder son Adelbert, whom President McKinley had just appointed his Private Secretary, died instantly by a fall from a window. He had gone to New Haven to attend the Yale Commencement.

"If sympathy could help," Mr. Hay writes Mr. White, "our sorrow would be brief. But every word of praise and affection which we hear of our dead boy but gives a keener edge to our grief. Why should he go, I stupidly ask, with his splendid health and strength, his courage, his hopes, his cheery smile which made everybody like him at sight; and I be left, with my short remnant of life, of little use to my

friends, and none to myself? Yet I know this is a wild and stupid way to wail at fate. I must face the facts. *My* boy is gone, and the whole face of the world is changed in a moment.

"Have you heard how it happened? The night was frightfully hot and close. He sat on the window-sill to get cool before turning in, and fell asleep. He was the soundest sleeper I ever knew. He probably did not wake." (June 30, 1901.)

To Mr. Adams, Mr. Hay wrote: " . . . I do not know yet whether I shall get through or not. I am not making any progress. I am waiting to see if the nerves will stand the strain.

"I have hideous forebodings. I have been extraordinarily happy all my life. Good luck has pursued me like my shadow. Now it is gone — it seems forever. I expect to-morrow to hear bad news, something insufferable. . . . I am too old to stand this, I suppose. The commonplaces of consolation look entirely different to me now. I see what a dunce I was, ever to use them with my friends. . . ." (July 11, 1901.)

To Whitelaw Reid, a little later, he wrote: "Our loss grows greater as we move away from it, and are able to see it more distinctly. He was a part of all our lives; our hopes, our plans, our pride, our affections, were all so bound up in him that we find,

wherever we turn, something broken, crippled, shattered, torn. . . .

"My one source of comfort is the courage and sanity with which my wife bears her trouble. Through all that first horrible Sunday, my keenest anguish was for her. I wondered what was to become of her. I dreaded to meet her — but when she arrived and stood with me beside him, looking into his serene and smiling face, — he never looked so handsome and so happy, — I felt and have felt ever since that she had character enough for both of us." (July 22, 1901.)

This is again to Mr. White: —

" . . . I hardly know what to say about myself. I am dull and inert. I am inclined to hold on if possible a little while longer. The President is most kind and insistent. If I keep afloat till next winter, we shall then see. . . . Mrs. Hay bears up wonderfully, and keeps us all alive and sane. She said at the very beginning, — 'We must act as if he were away on one of his long journeys, and as if we were to see him again in due time. We must make no change whatever in our way of life.' So the children go on, asking his and their friends up here, trying to make no difference. I am sure she is wise — and I hope for the best. . . ." (July 26, 1901.)

There brooded over him anxiety for Clarence

King who was dying of consumption, alone, but invincibly cheerful.

A letter from King prompted this outcry of Hay:

To Henry Adams

August 9, 1901.

"What would I give to be with you" (King asks, on hearing of Adelbert's death) "to take my share of the passing shadow and the coming light. But I am a poor, sick, old fellow, uncertain yet of life or of death, suffering more than my lot, and simply waiting till nature and the foe have done their struggle."

Here you have it in the face! The best and brightest man of his generation, who with talents immeasurably beyond any of his contemporaries, with industry that has often sickened me to witness it, with everything in his favor but blind luck, hounded by disaster from his cradle, with none of the joy of life to which he was entitled, dying at last, with nameless suffering, alone and uncared for in a California tavern. *Ça vous amuse, la vie?*

Mr. Hay's "hideous forebodings" were soon verified in a definite and hardly expected form. Early in September President McKinley was shot by the demented assassin Czolgosz, and hung for a week between life and death. On September 14 he died.

While Vice-President Roosevelt and the other members of the Cabinet hastened to Buffalo, where the crime was committed, Secretary Hay remained in Washington.

To Lady Jeune

September 14, 1901.

The President [McKinley] was one of the sweetest and quietest natures I have ever known among public men. I can hear his voice and see his face as he said all the kind and consoling things a good heart could suggest. And now he too is gone and left the world far poorer by his absence.

I wonder how much of grief we can endure. It seems to me I am full to the brim. I see no chance of recovery — no return to the days when there seemed something worth while. Yet I feel no disgust of life itself, — only regret that so little is left, and so narrow a field of work remaining.

. . . What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine — to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, three of the gentlest of men, all risen to the head of the State, and all done to death by assassins.

I think you know Mr. Roosevelt, our new President. He is an old and intimate friend of mine: a young fellow of infinite dash and originality. He

has gone to Canton to lay our dear McKinley to rest, and asked me to stay here on the avowed ground that, as I am the next heir to the Presidency, he did not want too many eggs in the same Pullman car. . . .

To Henry Adams

September 19, 1901.

The President's death was all the more hideous that we were so sure of his recovery. Root and I left Buffalo on Wednesday [September 11] convinced that all was right. I had arranged with Cortelyou that he was to send a wire the next day telling me if the Doctors would answer for the President's life. He sent it, and I wrote a circular to all our Embassies saying that recovery was assured. I thought it might stop the rain of inquiries from all over the world. After I had written it, the black cloud of foreboding, which is always just over my head, settled down and enveloped me, and I dared not send it. I spoke to Adee and he confirmed my fears. He distrusted the eighth day. So I waited — and the next day he was dying.

I have just received your letter from Stockholm, and shuddered at the awful clairvoyance of your last phrase about Teddy's luck.

Well, he is here in the saddle again. That is, he is in Canton [to attend President McKinley's funeral],

and will have his first Cabinet meeting in the White House to-morrow. He came down from Buffalo Monday night — and in the station, without waiting an instant, told me I must stay with him — that I could not decline nor even consider. I saw, of course, it was best for him to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, forever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay a while than it would be to go out at once. I can still go at any moment he gets tired of me, or when I collapse.

Before the year ran out, death took John Nicolay and Clarence King, two of Hay's dearest friends. Well might he write, "I have acquired the funeral habit." The shocks of that summer left an indelible impression on Hay's health; but he had still nearly four years of service before him under the masterful young President.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE GERMAN MENACE LOOMS UP

THIS is not the place in which to discuss the question of the unwisdom of the Fathers in giving the Senate a share in making treaties. That Hay did not accept the fact and make the best of it lays bare the chief defect in his equipment as a statesman. If he had only remembered Lincoln's remark to him, "We must use the tools we have," if he had only profited by this advice, he would have been spared constant personal irritation and would have easily carried through some of the treaties on which he had set his heart. His gradually failing health undoubtedly led him to resent adverse criticism. But the flaw went deeper than that. All his training, after he came back from Spain, tended to unfit him for the close, crude, rough, and sometimes fierce, man-to-man conflicts which are the commonplaces of political strife. Even his service on the *Tribune*, while it brought him wide acquaintance with men, was not a preparation for what he had to do in Washington. As editor, like other editors, he laid down the law and need not reply to those who differed from him; but as Secretary of State he could

not attain his ends without securing the concurrence of Senators and Congressmen, to whom he would not pay court.

Among Mr. Hay's colleagues in the Cabinet he had the highest regard for the ability of Secretary Root, who succeeded him in the State Department. I am allowed to quote from a private letter from Mr. Francis B. Loomis, who served under both of them, this interesting statement of the contrast in their methods.

Mr. Loomis writes: "He had very little acquaintance among politicians and many of the leaders of Congress were almost unknown to him. His failure to get on comfortably and successfully with the Senate and with many of the important members of the lower House of Congress, I think, was due primarily to the fact that he had come to have very little in common with the men who had the hard work in politics in hand and he did not always have a just appreciation of their usefulness and of their power. . . . Mr. Root, who is, broadly speaking, a man of affairs and who has had to deal with all sorts and conditions of men and with very practical problems of life, learned while Secretary of War that it was highly important to be on pleasant terms with members of the Senate and House. He brought to the Department of State the knowledge and experi-

ence which he acquired during his previous term of service in the Cabinet and immediately set out to establish good relations with the Senate. He succeeded in his efforts and much of his success may be traced to his ability to get on with men. He was less hampered by traditions and knowledge of diplomatic usage than Mr. Hay. In estimating the two men justly, this must be taken into account. Mr. Hay had certain notions respecting the dignity and rights of his office, concerning which Mr. Root had little knowledge; but he was eminently more practical than Mr. Hay when it came to treating with the average Congressman, Representative, Senator, or business man. The Secretary believed, if a certain appropriation for the Department or for carrying out the provisions of a treaty was needed, that he had fulfilled his duty in the matter when he had written a letter to the chairmen of the various committees who had to do with the matter in Congress, making a request for the needed appropriation. I did not agree with him at all as to the practical wisdom of this course and often asked him to let me go before the committees, discuss the proposed appropriation with the members, with the view of getting them personally interested in the matter. He thought this course would be improper and undignified. Mr. Root, when he came in, adopted it immediately and

his appearances before the committees were very frequent and very successful." [1]

My purpose in this book is not to analyze Mr. Hay's opinions and acts, but to state them so far as possible in his own words; so that readers may know the basis and the aim of his work as a statesman. For this reason I have quoted freely his views of the public men whom he had to deal with, because men are the statesman's tools. We have seen that, almost from the first, he held the Senate as his antagonist. That a few men, not diplomats by training, should have the right to shatter a delicate piece of diplomacy seemed to him as monstrous as if a clodhopper should be privileged to trample on a violin. The artist in him revolted; his reason revolted; his conscience revolted.

And yet he did not hide from himself that his feeling toward the Senate had grown to be an obsession. From his sick-bed at Newbury he wrote almost pathetically to Mr. Adams: —

"I need you no end, but, alas, the inevitable has happened and I have become a bore. I cannot tell when the malady attained its present proportions — its progress is always insidious. . . . I can think of nothing but the Senate and talk of little else. Even when I get out of office, which will be, D. V., next

[1] Hon. Francis B. Loomis to the author, August 1, 1915.

March, I have a grisly suspicion that it will be no better. The poison is immanent. I shall begin every phrase with: 'When I was....'" (September 25, 1900.)

An exhaustive study of Hay's treaties will show that the most important of them were not so badly mishandled by the Senate as he supposed under the smart of disappointment. The draft of the first Canal Treaty, which he virtually wrote and Pauncefote merely adopted, contained such an anomaly as that of putting the Canal under the protection of many Powers, as was done in the case of the Suez Canal. If that had passed, where would it have left the Monroe Doctrine? Or how could the United States have protected the Canal which it constructed and owned? Here is one example of the benefit which came from the Senate's revision. Mr. Hay was too sore when he passed judgment on that revision to give due credit to the senatorial improvement.

"I long ago made up my mind," he wrote to a correspondent, "that no treaty on which discussion was possible, no treaty that gave room for a difference of opinion, could ever pass the Senate. When I sent in the Canal Convention, I felt sure no one out of a madhouse could fail to see that the advantages were all on our side. But I underrated the power of ignorance and spite, acting upon cowardice." (April 22, 1900.)

In all his other relations, as Secretary of State, Hay outshone most of his predecessors. He knew how to treat with equal dignity and courtesy the variegated personnel of the Diplomatic Corps, and on state occasions he made an impressive appearance, and he was always an effective speaker. By taste, not less than by training, he was fitted to deal with ambassadors and cabinet ministers rather than with some of the leaders who emerged into eminence from the rough-and-tumble of politics.

And as usually happens with a man of poetic cast, — and Hay's nature was primarily that of a poet, — the mood of the day colored his expressions. Thus, on April 24, 1900, he writes to Richard Watson Gilder: —

"Many thanks for your kind letter from Berlin. I need all the help and comfort I can get from the apostles of sweetness and light, for verily I am in deep waters these days. Matters have come to such a pass with the Senate that it seems absolutely impossible to do business. . . . The fact that a treaty gives to this country a great, lasting advantage, seems to weigh nothing whatever in the minds of about half the Senators. Personal interests, personal spites, and a contingent chance of a petty political advantage are the only motives that cut any ice at present."

And yet, only two months later, he wrote again to Gilder: —

"I am afraid you read too many newspapers while you are away. I am an old man, and have had opportunities of observation most of my days, and I give it to you straight that there never has been less corruption in American affairs than there is to-day, nor, as I devoutly believe, in the affairs of any other people."

As we have already had several references to Germany and as others will follow, it is necessary now to speak of the German Conspiracy against the United States. When the history of that plot comes to be written in detail, Hay's contacts with it will be seen in their true significance. He could not foresee, of course, the full extent of the Pan-Germanist purposes nor the time and manner in which they would burst into open activity. But he was one of the first to perceive that the intrigue was hatching, and it fell to him, both as Ambassador and as Secretary of State, to guard the United States against the earliest masked assaults of Germany.

Soon after William II succeeded his father as German Emperor, he uttered several declarations to the effect that his will was absolute law, and that he held the life and death of every German in the

hollow of his hand, and other boasts of similar purport. The Germans at first were startled and used to tell you privately that the young monarch did not really mean that; or that he was simply having his fling; or that he was neurotic by temperament; and they would remind you of the taints of scrofula, cancer, and insanity in the Hohenzollerns and of his own diseased ear and crippled arm. German-Americans looked a little ashamed when they were questioned about these declarations and protested that they themselves, of course, "took no stock in medievalism." The Kaiser went on, however, informing his subjects and the world of the omnipotence of himself and God, and his declaration steadily worked a change in the hearts of the submissive German people; so that, even when he left God out of the partnership, the Germans, having the Kaiser, were not aware of the void.

Thanks to her vigor, efficiency, and enterprise in material things, Germany prospered. She needed more territory for her growing population. She listened to the seductive incitations to world-dominion. Looking at existing conditions, the Germans concluded that the British Navy alone stood between them and their ambition. The existence of England depended upon that navy, therefore if the navy were destroyed, England would sink. About 1895, the

German Navy League was organized and the building of a great German fleet was begun. But the Germans hoped, even before they had finally despatched England, to be able to expand by colonization, and they coveted especially, as I have before remarked, Brazil. The reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine by President Cleveland warned them that they must keep hands off in America. Thenceforward, for twenty years, they have been watching an opportunity to humble the United States.

It soon occurred to them that there is more than one way of colonizing a country. Hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of Germans were scattered through the world under alien flags. Why should these Germans be "lost" to the Fatherland? Why should they not rather in each country form a veritable German colony, bound by stronger ties to the Fatherland, using their foreign citizenship for the benefit of the Fatherland, and preparing for the happy day, when, through some turn in Fortune's wheel, they might dominate their adopted countries in the name of the Kaiser.

The United States held the largest number of emigrants from Germany. They had come here to escape military system at home, or to break through the rigid lines of caste, or simply to better their fortunes; and they had thriven here. Under the

pretense of promoting political and commercial friendship, the German Government began secretly to organize the German-Americans. Agents of all kinds were sent out from Germany and the German-Americans, who had been looked at rather as absconders by the Imperial Government, were now flattered, courted, and encouraged in all ways to renew their intimacy with the Fatherland and to regard it as their real home. The time came when those among them who had achieved wealth or eminence visited Germany. They were effusively welcomed. The Emperor condescended to receive them and permitted even German Jews to penetrate to the antechambers of the Court. He distributed decorations lavishly. Toward native Americans, also, he showed great affability. His paid pamphleteers discovered that, in essence, the Prussians and the Yankees were singularly alike. No form of seduction which occurred to the Prussic imagination was left untried.

Gradually, the United States were permeated by the spies, advocates, and surreptitious promoters of the glory of the Hohenzollern dynasty. Bismarck had long before taught how to direct a reptile press, and journalists trained in his teachings came to the United States.

German teachers in American colleges and universities did not let slip the advantage which their

position gave them for presenting German ideals to the American public in most alluring forms. In many institutions they found Germanized faculties who welcomed them. As the German Government saw the efficacy of this form of propaganda, it gladly arranged for an exchange of professors, sending out some men of distinction who, incidentally, served the Germanist cause here; while American professors went over to tell the Fatherland about this great country in which the Kaiser was so ostentatiously interested. The American people, good-natured as is its wont, suspected nothing.

Now it happened, as I have stated in an earlier chapter, that when John Hay was in Europe in 1896, he got wind of the changed purposes of German Imperialism. Two years later, being Ambassador in London, he knew of the desperate and undisguised attempt of both the Germans and the French to protect Spain from a war with the United States. He knew of the effort of the German Emperor to persuade England to join the coalition against us. He probably heard from Mr. Chamberlain himself the remark which the Kaiser made to an Englishman, who reported it to Mr. Chamberlain: "If I had had a larger fleet I would have taken Uncle Sam by the scruff of the neck."[1] Ambassador Hay knew also

[1] *Boston Herald*, editorial, August 16, 1915.

that, after the American victory at Manila, an American official at Berlin, talking quite informally and without instructions, said in substance, with regrettable indiscretion, to certain German personages: "We don't want the Philippines; why don't you take them?" Whether this unguarded remark led to the appearance, a few weeks later, of a German squadron in Manila Bay, cannot yet be authenticated by documents: the fact is undenied that Diederichs acted as if he intended to seize the islands. Mr. Hay knew not only of Admiral Dewey's refusal to be browbeaten, but of the aid rendered by the British commander Chichester, and of other things which have not yet been made public. He knew also, as he wrote in a letter printed above, that England, if requested, would put her fleet at our service. In brief, his experience in London revealed to him the aims of Pan-Germanism.

On his return to Washington, one of Mr. Hay's first duties as Secretary of State brought him into immediate relation with German diplomacy. For some time past the United States had exercised a condominium with Great Britain and Germany over the Samoan Islands. Disputes arose; the friction between the Germans and the British threatened to become acute. By common consent, however, the three Powers agreed, after negotiations in which

Hay took a leading part, to give up the condominium. Germany kept all the islands except Tutuila, and the English had compensation elsewhere.

The following extracts refer to these negotiations. The Secretary writes to Mr. Henry White on September 9, 1899: —

"Our relations with Germany are perfectly civil and courteous. They are acting badly about our meats and cannot help bullying and swaggering. It is their nature. But we get on with them. We are on the best of terms about Samoa; Sternburg backed up Tripp in everything, so that, to our amazement, Germany and we arranged everything harmoniously. It was rather the English commissioner who was offish. The Emperor is nervously anxious to be on good terms with us — on his own terms, *bien entendu*."

When England and Germany came to an agreement, Mr. Hay wrote privately to Mr. Choate: —

To Joseph H. Choate

November 13, 1899.

I was kept quite in the dark up to the last moment as to the arrangement made between Germany and England. The newspapers have announced, without the least reserve, that England was to keep Samoa and Germany get the Gilbert and Solomon

Islands, or, as the boys with a natural reminiscence of the *opera bouffe* called them, "The Gilbert and Sullivan." I should have been glad if you had squandered a little of the public money, letting me know by telegraph the true state of the case. It is a satisfaction to me to know that Lord Salisbury assured you that equal rights as to trade and commerce would be reserved for the other Powers in Samoa, and of this he was informed by your letter before the German Embassy received the authentic news that the arrangement had been made. Germany, it is true, has been excessively anxious to have the matter concluded before the Emperor's visit to England, and, in the intense anxiety, I am inclined to think they have somewhat lost sight of their material interests in the case. . . .

Our interests in the archipelago were very meager always excepting our interest in Pago Pago, which was of the most vital importance. It is the finest harbor in the Pacific and absolutely indispensable to us. The general impression in the country was that we already owned the harbor, but this, as you know, was not true. . . . Seeing the intense anxiety of the Emperor that the negotiations should be hastened, I sent at his personal request the dispatches which you have received; assured that all our interests would be safeguarded and knowing also that in

case the arrangement proposed was not satisfactory we always had the power of a peremptory veto. . . .

The arrangement seems to have been received with general satisfaction in the country, though the New York *Sun* which is usually very friendly to us, is greatly displeased by it; while the *Tribune*, which has of late been playing the rôle of "the candid friend," highly approves. Our Navy Department has for a long time been very anxious for this consummation, and of course, they are delighted with it. Tutuila, though the smallest of the islands, is infinitely the most important and the most useful to us. The argument from size, which the *Sun* makes so much of, is hardly worth a moment's consideration. An acre of land at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets is worth something like a million acres in Nevada. The proof that size has nothing to do with the case is that Savii, by far the largest of the islands, was considered by Germany and by England as entirely worthless. My own opinion is that Germany has the least valuable bargain of the three and that she was led by her sentimental eagerness into a bad trade. . . .

The next year, in his labor to save China, Hay had a still closer view of German methods. What he thought of them may be summed up in his sentence

already quoted: "I had almost rather be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser." After Hay's discovery that the foreigners at the Legations were still alive, it was Secretary Root's quick decision to send General Chaffee with a relief force to Peking, that saved the day. Incidentally the swiftness of that movement prevented Count Waldersee from taking command of the joint expedition as the Kaiser had planned; for Chaffee and his associates had put down the Boxers before Waldersee arrived.

From this time on, as the Isthmian Canal project came to be a certainty, the Germans redoubled their efforts to get a foothold in the Western Hemisphere and if possible within striking distance of the Canal. In May, 1901, Hay received information that German warships had been inspecting the Santa Margarita Islands, off the coast of Venezuela, with a view to occupying them as a naval base. Later he learned that the Kaiser was secretly negotiating for the purchase of two harbors "for his own personal use"—whatever that meant—on the desolate coast of Lower California. Both these essays came to nought.

In that same year, 1902, one of the periodic outbreaks to which Venezuela was addicted gave him an excuse for putting to the test whether or not the United States would defend the Monroe Doctrine by force of arms. The Venezuelans owed the Germans,

the English, and the Italians large amounts which they had put off paying until their creditors began to suspect that they never intended to pay at all. The Kaiser apparently counted on the resistance of the Venezuelans to furnish him a pretext for occupying one or more of their seaboard towns. In order to disguise the fact that this was a German undertaking he looked about for accomplices who would give to it an international semblance. It happened just at that time, that Germany found herself isolated, as France and Russia had renewed their bond of friendship. England, too, always suspicious of Russia, and recently irritated by France, seemed to be looking for a friend. By offers which cannot yet be made public, Germany persuaded the Tory Government to draw closer to her. The immediate result of this adventure in international coquetry was the joint demand of Germany and England on Venezuela to pay them their dues. Venezuela procrastinated.

The allies then sent warships and established what they called a "pacific blockade" on the Venezuelan ports (December 8, 1901). During the following year Secretary Hay tried to persuade the blockaders of the unwisdom of their action. He persistently called their attention to the fact that a "pacific blockade" was a contradiction in terms and that its

enforcement against the rights of neutral nations could not be tolerated. He also urged arbitration. Germany deemed that her opportunity had now come, and on December 8, 1902, she and Great Britain severed diplomatic relations with Venezuela, making it plain that the next steps would be the bombardment of Venezuelan towns and the occupation of Venezuelan territory.

Here came the test of the Monroe Doctrine. If the United States permitted foreign nations, under the pretense of supporting their creditors' claims, to invade a weak debtor state by naval or military expedition, and to take possession of its territory, what would become of the Doctrine? At this point the direction of the American policy passed from Secretary Hay to President Roosevelt.

England and Italy were willing to come to an understanding. Germany refused. She stated that if she took possession of territory, such possession would only be "temporary"; but such possessions easily become permanent; and besides, it is difficult to trust to guarantees which may be treated as "scraps of paper."

President Roosevelt did not shirk the test. Although his action has never been officially described, there is no reason now for not describing it.

One day, when the crisis was at its height, he

summoned to the White House Dr. Holleben, the German Ambassador, and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate, the American squadron under Admiral Dewey would be given orders, by noon ten days later, to proceed to the Venezuelan coast and prevent any taking possession of Venezuelan territory. Dr. Holleben began to protest that his Imperial master, having once refused to arbitrate, could not change his mind. The President said that he was not arguing the question, because arguments had already been gone over until no useful purpose would be served by repeating them; he was simply giving information which the Ambassador might think it important to transmit to Berlin. A week passed in silence. Then Dr. Holleben again called on the President, but said nothing of the Venezuelan matter. When he rose to go, the President asked him about it, and when he stated that he had received nothing from his Government, the President informed him in substance that, in view of this fact, Admiral Dewey would be instructed to sail a day earlier than the day he, the President, had originally mentioned. Much perturbed, the Ambassador protested; the President informed him that not a stroke of a pen had been put on paper; that if the Emperor would agree to arbitrate, he, the President, would heartily praise him for such action,

and would treat it as taken on German initiative; but that within forty-eight hours there must be an offer to arbitrate or Dewey would sail with the orders indicated. Within thirty-six hours Dr. Holleben returned to the White House and announced to President Roosevelt that a despatch had just come from Berlin, saying that the Kaiser would arbitrate. Neither Admiral Dewey (who with an American fleet was then manœuvring in the West Indies) nor any one else knew of the step that was to be taken; the naval authorities were merely required to be in readiness, but were not told what for.

On the announcement that Germany had consented to arbitrate, the President publicly complimented the Kaiser on being so stanch an advocate of arbitration.

The humor of this was probably relished more in the White House than in the Palace at Berlin. The Kaiser suggested that the President should act as arbiter, and Mr. Roosevelt was ready to serve; but Mr. Hay dissuaded him. Mr. Hay had permitted Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, American Minister to Venezuela, to act as arbitrator for that country, and Mr. Bowen regarded it as improper that the United States, which also had claims against Venezuela, should sit in judgment on the case. Mr. Hay, desirous of validating the Hague Tribunal, saw a further

advantage in referring to it this very important contention. The President acquiesced, therefore, and Venezuela's claims went to The Hague for arbitrament.

England and Italy, Germany's partners in the naval expedition, gladly complied. England, we presume, had never intended that her half-alliance with Germany should bring her into open rupture with the United States. Although her pact was kept as secretly as possible at home, inklings of it leaked out, and it has since been esteemed, by those who know the details, one of the least creditable items in Lord Salisbury's foreign policy. Whether he or Mr. Balfour originated it, the friends of neither have cared to extol it, or indeed to let its details be generally known.

In a letter to a private correspondent, Secretary Hay takes a parting shot at the Venezuelan settlement: —

"They [the German Government] are very much preoccupied in regard to our attitude, and a *communiqué* recently appeared in the Berlin papers indicating that the negotiations would have gone on better but for our interference. We have not interfered, except in using what good offices we could dispose of to induce all parties to come to a speedy and honorable settlement, and in this we have been,

I think, eminently successful. I think the thing that rankles most in the German official mind is what Bowen said to Sternburg:[1] 'Very well, I will pay this money which you demand, because I am not in position to refuse, but I give you warning that for every thousand dollars you exact in this way, you will lose a million in South American trade.'" (February 16, 1903.)

In this wise the German Kaiser learned that the Monroe Doctrine was a fact. But while he was secretly working for a foothold in America, his blandishments and protestations of friendliness to the people of the United States became more and more marked. As a sign of his hearty favor he sent over his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to bear his Imperial greetings to the President and to various distinguished institutions and representative bodies. Prince Henry's visit, however, was really intended to solidify the German-American movement in behalf of the Fatherland. Through his somewhat inept informers, Dr. Holleben and his satellites, the Kaiser had been led to believe that a million Germans were already organized and most eager to bow down and do homage to a Hohenzollern as their accepted lord. But it turned out that the German-Americans were not yet entirely Prussianized. Many

[1] Freiherr Speck von Sternburg, soon after this appointed German Ambassador to succeed Holleben.

of them had joined the German societies without suspecting that these were intended ultimately to substitute imperial German for democratic American ideals. Prince Henry's whirlwind passage from city to city evoked everywhere curiosity, — for Americans are always eager to be amused,— but it failed in some quarters to stimulate the pro-Prussian and pro-Hohenzollern enthusiasm which had been expected. From that time forward, however, the paid agents and organizers pushed on their work secretly, and they were aided by many enthusiasts, not all of whom suspected the object for which they were being used. It is enough to cite the close league between the Irish and German elements of Tammany Hall — a league to which Hay has several times referred — in order to show how "practical" and how "ideal" was one element of the pro-Hohenzollern propagandists in this country.

"It is a singular ethnological and political paradox," Hay wrote the President, "that the prime motive of every British subject in America is hostility to England, and the prime motive of every German-American is hostility to every country in the world, including America, which is not friendly to Germany. . . . The Irish of New York are thirsting for my gore. Give it to them, if you think they need it." (April 23, 1903.)

Count von Bülow was the Kaiser's chief adviser during the years of Hay's secretaryship. The Count promoted, if he did not invent, the policy of recovering the "lost" Germans for the Fatherland. He encouraged the Kaiser's growing ambition, serving as the medium between the great industrialists and the militarists and the Emperor. Outwardly a sleek man, he made German diplomacy, as Hay remarked, as brutal as possible. During his ten years' service the Pan-Germanist propaganda passed from the stage of dreams to that of an unrestrained impulse. When he was dismissed by a sudden caprice of the Emperor, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had succeeded in leaving Germany without a friend in the world, — except Austria, which was really her servant, and Turkey, which was subsidized by her gold. In so short a time to succeed in alienating the world's sympathy from his country was a feat of which no other contemporary statesman could boast.

Von Bülow's mouthpiece at Washington, Dr. Holleben, attempted rather crudely to imitate the alternating brusqueness and blandishment which the Kaiser adopted toward this Government according as its acts pleased or displeased him. When William was going through one of his periodic tensions with the Foreign Office, Holleben, working on in-

structions which he must have had from Berlin, — for no German official acts without instructions, — strove to irritate our people against England. He declared that before the outbreak of the Spanish War, England surpassed the other Powers in hostility to us, and as a proof of this he recalled the fact that Pauncefote headed the members of the Diplomatic Corps who interviewed President McKinley to protest against American menace to Spain. Now every one in Washington knew that Pauncefote went simply as the dean of the Diplomatic Corps and that he had consistently worked to strengthen friendship between England and the United States. That Holleben had waited until Pauncefote was dying before uttering this low insinuation against him caused general contempt. The Kaiser, provoked at last by Holleben's failures, recalled him at a day's notice.

Secretary Hay soon found German diplomacy the most difficult to deal with. Even trifles assumed a pompous gravity which might have been excessive if great matters were at stake. The Germans seemed to be afraid that they would not be taken at their own valuation, and so they constantly kept reminding those with whom they had to deal, of their importance. Two or three American warships happened to be at Villefranche when the French President paid a casual visit to Marseilles. The Marseilles munici-

pality, out of common politeness, invited the ships to visit the port on the day when the President was there. This they did and the incident, which had no significance, would have been promptly forgotten had not the German Foreign Office intimated to our State Department that the Emperor would feel slighted if our ships did not pay their respects to him. To such trifles do the controllers of empires sometimes descend. Another small embarrassment was caused by William's presentation to the American people of a statue of Frederick the Great; but here also Hay, by his urbanity, prevented friction.

I have given in some detail this aspect of Secretary Hay's work, because in justice to him it should be known. For during his lifetime some of his critics attributed to mere prejudice his attitude towards Germany, and to downright Anglomania his friendliness towards England. To those who believe that the English-speaking peoples all over the world should not be supplanted by Prussianized Teutons, Hay's foresight and his choice appear now in their proper light.

His conduct toward Germany was in fact always correct; and although he had reason to believe that the treaty he negotiated with Denmark for the purchase of the Danish West Indies was defeated in the Danish Parliament by German influence, he never

let his suspicion be known. Later, as we shall see, he worked in harmony with the Kaiser in regard to the Chinese situation because the Kaiser in this case was simply bent on enforcing Hay's own policy of protecting China. In his private letters Hay's references to William II are usually amusing. He was not deceived into mistaking the Emperor's bustle in politics, art, literature, and religion for greatness. But although he smiled, he recognized that such a monarch, working upon such a people as the German, might become a danger to civilization, and when, before Hay died, the Kaiser took to "rattling his scabbard" too frequently, the Statesman of Peace had no longer any delusions as to the purpose of the Emperor of War. Only after the German Kaiser had forced his Atrocious War upon the world in 1914, did his agents in the United States proclaim that they had built up an organization so powerful that it would compel the American Government to do their bidding, which was his.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

IN an address on "American Diplomacy" which Secretary Hay delivered at the New York Chamber of Commerce Dinner on November 19, 1901, he uttered a sentence which went over the country.

"If we are not permitted to boast of what we have done," he said, "we can at least say a word about what we have tried to do and the principles which have guided our action. The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, *the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule.* With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong."

Mr. Hay had already done much to deserve to be called "the Statesman of the Golden Rule," and he was still to do more before he died. The new generation associates with his memory the qualities which justify that noble description. While he still lived men said, "If John Hay did that, it must be right"; and since his death they say, of a given policy, "If John Hay were alive he would never approve of this."

I come now to the creation of the Republic of

Panama — that transaction in his career as Secretary of State about which there has raged the most vehement debate. Opponents have called it "immoral," "piratical," "treacherous"; some supporters have defended it on the ground of international expediency, or on technical legal points; others, while admitting the ugly appearances, have consoled themselves with the thought that, inasmuch as John Hay gave it his sanction, the affair could not have been dishonorable.

Mr. Hay used to tell his friends that often President McKinley did not send for him once a month on business, but that he saw President Roosevelt every day. That statement illustrates the difference in initiative between the two Presidents; or, at least, the ratio of their interest in foreign relations. From the moment of Mr. Roosevelt's accession, the State Department felt a new impelling force behind it. The Secretary still conducted the negotiations, but the origination and decision of policy came to rest more and more with the President.

In no other case was this so true as in that of the Panama Canal. In the earlier stages Mr. Roosevelt gave directions which Mr. Hay carried out; before the end, however, the President took the business into his own hands; and has always frankly assumed entire responsibility for the decisive stroke.

The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in December, 1901, left the field open for the United States Government to construct, maintain, and control a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Two parties urged their claims — one, advocating the route through Nicaragua, the other, the shorter way through Panama. Each set of promoters put forward the special advantages for its route and pointed out the drawbacks of its rival. Senator John T. Morgan, the most zealous champion of a canal, preferred the Nicaragua plan, and wished to bind the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to it. The Government had appointed a commission of experts, under Admiral John G. Walker, to study all possible routes for a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and this commission reported in favor of Nicaragua.

Before Congress voted in favor of Nicaragua, however, the advocates of Panama got a hearing. The old De Lesseps Company, after its collapse, had sold its plant, good-will, and excavations to the New Panama Canal Company. No sooner had the Walker Commission reported than the President of the new company, which had previously offered to sell all its interests for $109,000,000, cabled from Paris that he would accept $40,000,000 — the estimate of value made by the Walker Commission.

On January 8, 1902, the House passed, by an overwhelming majority, the Hepburn Bill, authorizing the construction of the Nicaragua Canal; but this measure was fought in the Senate, and only after it had been amended beyond recognition by Senator Spooner was it accepted by the Senate, on June 19, and by the House a week later. President Roosevelt signed it on June 28, 1902. Briefly, the Spooner Bill provided for the purchase by the Government, at forty million dollars, of the New Panama Canal Company's rights; for acquiring at a fair price from the Republic of Colombia a strip of territory six miles broad from Colon to Panama, together with as much additional land as the President should deem necessary; and then for proceeding with the work of construction.

Such was the tangled skein of the Panama Canal affair when diplomacy took it up.

The American Government concluded its bargain with the new company without difficulty, whereas, from the outset, its negotiations with Colombia awakened distrust. While Congress was discussing the Spooner Bill, Secretary Hay had been busy sounding the Central American republics and Colombia, and he kept Senator Morgan, the zealot of the Canal project, informed of each move.

To Senator John T. Morgan

April 22, 1902.

. . . It is true that the Panama people [New Panama Canal Company] have at last made their proposition. I have been trying to induce them to make some changes in it which might render it more acceptable to the Senate and to our people. When it is completed I shall give them a note announcing the readiness of the Government of the United States to enter into a convention respecting the canal, when Congress shall have authorized the President to do so and when the legal officers of the United States shall have been satisfied of the power of the Panama Canal Company to transfer all their rights in the case.

I regret to say that I have not yet been able to get a firm offer from the Government of Nicaragua. . . . Let me assure you in strictest confidence that I was unwilling to send in the Panama proposition until I was able also to send in the Nicaragua proposals. . . . The principal difficulty in the case is this, that both in Colombia and in Nicaragua great ignorance exists as to the attitude of the United States. In both countries it is believed that their route is the only one possible or practicable and that the Government of the United States in the last resort will

accept any terms they choose to demand. The ministers here of both Powers know perfectly well that this is untrue, and they are doing all they can to convince their people at home that no unreasonable proposition will be considered by the Government of the United States; but it is slow work convincing them.

April 23, 1902.

. . . I conceive my duty to be to try to ascertain the exact purposes and intentions of both the Governments [Nicaragua and Costa Rica] and, when I have done so, to inform your committee of the result for your information. . . . I do not consider myself justified in advocating either route, as this matter rests within the discretion of Congress. When Congress has spoken, it will then be the duty of the State Department to make the best arrangement possible for whichever route Congress may decide upon.

I cannot but believe that you are approaching the realization of the great enterprise which has so long occupied your thoughts and your endeavors, and certainly when the hour comes no name in the world can compare with yours in the praise and honor which would belong to it for the accomplishment of this beneficent work which will be for the benefit of many generations yet unborn.

But the capacity of the Latin-Americans to postpone seemed limitless: witness this note to Senator Morgan, dated May 12: —

"It is impossible for you, as it would be for any one, to appreciate the exasperating difficulties that have been placed in my way in trying to get a definite proposition from our Central American friends. I have finally sent a note to Mr. Corea [Nicaraguan Minister at Washington], telling him I can wait no longer upon the convenience of his Government; that he must, before Tuesday of this week, let me know what they propose, and that, in case I get no definite proposition from them by that time, I shall submit to Congress the proposition made by the Colombian Government, and also a statement that it has been impossible to get anything definite from the Government of Nicaragua.

"In regard to your other question, the President has no desire for any delay by Congress in the consideration of the Canal matter. He greatly prefers, as did President McKinley, that the question of the route should be decided by Congress, but, in case it should seem best to Congress to leave to him the decision of the route which the Canal shall take, he will not evade that labor and responsibility."

The significance of the following extract from a letter of May 19 needs no comment: —

". . . In our final negotiations we shall insist upon a provision being inserted which will prevent this Government from being mulcted in enormous indemnities for land which has been recently purchased by speculators with that intention."

As soon as the President signed the Spooner Bill, Mr. Hay began conferring with General Concha, the Colombian Minister in Washington, and on July 15 he writes Senator Spooner: —

"I embodied in a draft of the treaty with Colombia all the ideas you set forth in our recent conversations, and think we have got it in very satisfactory shape. General Concha did not think he had authority to accept these amendments to the draft which we had formerly agreed upon, and has transmitted them to his Government for their approval and acceptance. I do not imagine that we shall get an answer immediately. . . ."

Mr. Hay closes his letter with this noteworthy postscript, written in his own hand: —

"Gen. Morgan says we ought to acquire Panama — the entire State — from Colombia. I told him I would consult, as occasion offered, some of the leading members of the Senate on that subject."

Senator Morgan seems to have already been asking himself, as were other American public men, whether the simplest way to assure the political safety of the

Isthmian Canal would not be to annex the Province of Panama. On September 27, 1902, in one of his many urgent notes to Mr. Hay, he sends a copy of a letter just received from a Virginian friend, who had spent several years on the Isthmus. "In regard to the temper of the Isthmus population," this gentleman writes, "looking to annexation to the United States, I think it would be favorable, but Colombia, in every other section, would be likely to be opposed, as the Isthmus is looked upon as a financial cow to be milked for the benefit of the country at large. This difficulty might be overcome by diplomacy and money."

This last sentence contains the kernel from which sprang the violent climax of the Canal negotiations. The Province of Panama, once independent, had, in the course of endemic revolutions, been annexed to the United States of Colombia. Its interests were quite distinct from Colombia's, and since the construction of the railway across the Isthmus, forty years before, its revenues had gone mostly into the pockets of statesmen at Bogotá, the Colombian capital, distant a fifteen days' journey from Panama. As soon as the construction of the Canal seemed probable, those statesmen quickly saw great profit in it for themselves. The Government, virtually despotic, was in the hands of President Marroquin,

who had crushed a rebellion of so-called Liberals in 1900.

Making a treaty with such elements was much like putting a lid on an intermittent geyser. Nevertheless, Secretary Hay took up the task with Dr. Tomas Herran, the Colombian *Chargé* in Washington, and, after many months' deliberation they agreed that the United States should pay Colombia ten million dollars for her consent to the purchase of the New Panama Company's rights and plant, and for ceding the required territory, and that, after nine years, Colombia should receive an annual bonus of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On January 27, 1903, the Hay-Herran Treaty was signed, and on March 17 the Senate ratified it. Then the instrument went to Bogotá for ratification.

The politicians there at once showed their hand. Ten million dollars, followed by the annual subsidy, looked a very small sum to them: why not double or treble it?

Mr. Hay writes Senator Hanna how matters stand.

To Senator M. A. Hanna

May 14, 1903.

Walker told me that there was at Colon no accurate source of information, but the air was full of

rumors, which it was impossible to verify on the spot. From Bogotá we get occasional very meager dispatches from Beaupré [American Minister to Colombia]. He tells us that there is very great opposition based on two or three points — one, the inadequacy of the terms; two, the pretended loss of sovereignty; and three, the talk of demagogues who want to get office by denouncing the encroachments of the Yankees. You know that for some days past there has been a rumor of the resignation of Marroquin and the succession of Reyes. This seems to be untrue. I never have believed it, and should have been greatly surprised if it had been confirmed. On the contrary, the retirement of Fernandes and the entrance into the Cabinet of Mendoza seems clearly to me to indicate that Marroquin has the situation pretty well in hand, and that he would not have called his Congress together in extra session on the 20th of June unless he had pretty positive assurances that he will have his way. Still, you know enough about those countries to know that nothing is certain until it is done.

The Colombian Congress met on June 20, but the treaty was not even presented to it for discussion. Marroquin and his friends thought that, having committed the United States to accept the Panama

route, they could extort any price they chose, — an intelligible attitude for a seller to take. So they declared, unofficially, that the ten millions which Dr. Herran, their accredited envoy, had agreed to, was not enough. They planned, therefore, to hold up the treaty until they should get all they could; and instead of attacking the United States directly, they demanded of the New Panama Canal Company another ten millions for allowing it to sell its rights to the United States.

That company, whose seat was in Paris, was represented by its general counsel, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, of New York. In 1900 he urged Senator Hanna to include in the Republican platform a plank advocating the construction by the United States of an inter-oceanic canal, preferably by way of Panama. Senator Hanna demurred, and only after Mr. Cromwell had contributed sixty thousand dollars to the Republican campaign fund was such a plank, very general in terms, adopted.[1]

Thenceforward Mr. Hanna took increasing interest in Mr. Cromwell, and supported the upholders of the Panama route. Mr. Cromwell refused Colombia's demands, and during the summer of 1903 it was

[1] *The Story of Panama.* Hearings on the Rainey Resolution before the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives. Washington, 1912. Statement of Hon. Henry T. Rainey, of Illinois p. 71.

hinted by the *World* and other New York papers that he was busy plotting dire things on the Isthmus. How far this was true we cannot know until he publishes his memoirs; but if he had a sense of humor perhaps he enjoyed the mystery and notoriety and the suggestion of turpitude which his enemies in the press whispered about him.

Colombia also intimated that it expected the United States to raise its payment from ten millions to fifteen. The Colombian dreams of avarice grew as rapidly as Jack's beanstalk.

All this while at Washington, Secretary Hay kept impressing upon Dr. Herran that unless the treaty went through unmaimed, and within a "reasonable time," it would be void; and Dr. Herran kept assuring the Secretary that the statesmen at Bogotá would surely ratify it. On July 17 Mr. Hay wrote President Roosevelt: —

"I have wired Beaupré to let Colombia understand that their strike for more money would probably be rejected by the Senate and that any amendment or delay would greatly imperil the treaty."

In July a special committee of the Colombian Senate took up the treaty and, on August 4, reported it so amended as to denature it. Only a few days before Secretary Hay had cabled Mr. Beaupré, the American Minister at Bogotá, to warn the Colom-

bians that "No additional payment by the United States can hope for approval by the United States Senate, while any amendment whatever requiring consideration by that body would most certainly imperil its consummation."

Despite these warnings the Colombian Senate, on August 12, unanimously rejected the treaty; but in order to prevent the United States from losing its patience, General Reyes, in behalf of the Government, said that it had counted on a speedy reaction in which it would be possible to come to terms. He asked that a fortnight longer be granted to the Colombians. To this request Mr. Hay cabled the reply on August 24: "The President will make no engagement on the Canal matter, but I regard it as improbable that any definite action will be taken within two weeks."

The Colombians, unable to coerce the New Panama Company into paying the ten million dollars, hit upon a plan for realizing their dream of avarice. According to an early agreement their concession to the builders of the Panama Canal would expire in 1904; but this limit they had subsequently extended to October 31, 1910. By asserting now that the first date was the true one, they reckoned that within a year the rights of the New Canal Company would revert to Colombia. This would bring her,

not a paltry ten or even twenty millions, but forty, besides whatever additional price she could wring from the next concessionnaire. On September 5 the Special Committee of the Colombian Senate advised that the treaty be rejected; on October 14 another committee reported in favor of regarding 1904 instead of 1910 as the limit of the concession; and on October 31 the Congress adjourned, without voting on either of these bills. Why vote, when their acts spoke so plainly?

To a correspondent in San Francisco who inquired of Mr. Hay as to the action of this Congress, he replied: —

"The extravagant propositions you refer to were many times presented in various ways to the Bogotá Congress. None of them were passed upon, and no firm proposition has ever been made by the Government of Colombia to the United States. Their aim was evidently to pursue a dilatory policy until next year, when they would probably have declared the French concession forfeited, and have demanded of us the whole sum agreed upon with the Panama Company. The only officially ascertained fact in the case is that they refused to ratify the treaty they had made with us and offered nothing in its place." (November 23, 1903.)

News that the Colombian Senate had rejected the

treaty reached Washington on August 16. Some persons concluded that the Colombian Congress intended to adjourn, after conferring on Marroquin full powers to ratify the treaty; others suspected that the act foreboded a break; others again, familiar with the state of feeling on the Isthmus, predicted that Panama would secede, declare its independence, and offer the Canal route to the United States.

Secretary Hay, on his vacation at Newbury, New Hampshire, received frequent summaries of the state of departmental business from the tireless Mr. Adee in Washington. Some of his brief comments are enlightening. The first refers to the proposal from Rico, Colombian Foreign Secretary, at the moment when Hay believed the President was not inclined to say anything more to Bogotá. "I can imagine his reception of Rico's calm proposition to make some new proposal next August." (September 18, 1903.)

Mr. Adee's own witty summary of the situation was: "It seems to me that the Colombian cow, having kicked over the pail, says: 'See here; if I should kick over this pail, would you give me "an extension of time" to see what I will do with another pailful to-morrow?'" (Adee to Hay, September 21, 1903.)

By this time the New Canal Company had become thoroughly alarmed. Its officers seem to have

counted on Marroquin's display of dictatorial power in their favor. Now it was clear that he either would not or dared not interfere. From the next extract we infer that Mr. Cromwell had carried their grievances to the State Department. Hay writes: —

"X must not whimper over the ruin of the treaty through the greed of the Colombians and the disinclination of the Canal Company to satisfy it. If they were willing to be bled, why not say so at the time? It is a thing we could not share in, nor even decently know." (September 21, 1903.)

On September 20 the Secretary remarks: —

"As to Colombia the President has nothing to say at present. They have had their fun — let them wait the requisite number of days for the consequent symptoms."

Meanwhile, what of the Panamanians? The territory to be ceded was theirs; the persons directly concerned were themselves. Neither love, loyalty, nor self-interest bound them to Colombia. As early as June they showed signs of restlessness, and at the delays of the Colombian Congress they talked more and more openly of independence, which would enable them to make the Canal agreement with the United States, receive the ten million dollars to be paid for the concession, and enjoy ever after whatever benefits the Canal might bring to the Isthmus.

Otherwise, the political machine at Bogotá would divide the spoils.

The very critics who were so sensitive over the wrongs of the Filipinos fighting for their freedom, had been strangely stony toward the Panamanians, who also desired *their* liberty. Granted that the Panamanians may not have been on a higher moral plane than the Colombians, ought we to ignore the fact that their cause was worthy, and that of the Colombians was odious? Let us at least be consistent. If those who conspire for liberty in Manila are heroes and martyrs, we must not dismiss those who conspire for liberty at Colon as outlaws.

The Panamanians were quite competent to initiate any conspiracy themselves. Within the space of two years — between October, 1899, and September, 1901 — they had indulged in four revolutions against the Colombians. As to a revolution of secession and offer of annexation to the United States, Mr. Adee, forwarding to Mr. Hay the daily news of the State Department, writes on August 18: "Such a scheme could, of course, have no countenance from us — our policy before the world should stand, like Mrs. Cæsar, without suspicion. Neither could we undertake to recognize and protect Panama as an independent state, like a second Texas. Such a state would have a hard time of it between Colombia on

one side and Costa Rica on the other." To follow scrupulously the terms of the Spooner Law, which gave President Roosevelt no authority to accept amendments without the approval of the American Senate, was the feeling of the State Department. "We are very sorry, but really we can't help it if Colombia does n't want the Canal on our terms," summed up this feeling, even after Mr. Hay was assured that the Panamanians intended to secede in case Colombia threw over the treaty.

The Colombians miscalculated in assuming that the United States had fixed irrevocably on the Panama route. Mr. Roosevelt was authorized, if they did not ratify within a reasonable time, to strike a bargain with Nicaragua. When they realized that he might do this they became panicky, like a speculator who sees his margin-based fortune about to evaporate. It is rumored that they offered to ratify the treaty if the New Canal Company would pay them clandestinely eight, or even only five, of the extra millions they demanded. The company refused, although later there was a suspicion that it was ready to pay up if it could be guaranteed that a second demand and a third would not follow. What Colombian could insure against that?

For the New Canal Company as well as for Colombia the need of a settlement pressed. The

company stood to lose forty millions by Colombia's double-dealing — a loss which Mr. Cromwell did everything to avert. Through his agent, Señor Mancini, he kept in touch with the politicians at Bogotá; through Mr. Farnham, or by telephone, he communicated with the State Department at Washington; while various trusted emissaries worked for him on the Isthmus. Late in the summer Mr. Cromwell made a flying trip to Paris to confer with the officers of the company there. Still, through occasional rifts in the curtain we see the Panamanians being encouraged in their desire for freedom. That desire was so far from being secret that, in August, when the Colombian Government appointed Senator Obaldia Governor of Panama, he announced that "in case the department found it necessary to revolt to secure the Canal he would stand by Panama."

Things were at this pass when a new character broke his way into the drama — M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, a Frenchman who had worked on the Isthmus with the old De Lesseps Company. A somewhat picturesque personage was M. Varilla, to whom the earth seemed like a school globe which he, the teacher, made to revolve at his pleasure. He was fired with the mission of seeing the Canal completed by the Panama route. So he hurried from

Paris to New York, where he got in touch with Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, a conspirator-patriot from Panama, whom he despatched to the Isthmus on October 20. Varilla visited Washington, and on October 9 called on the President, to whom he reported that the only way out in Panama was a revolution. A week later (October 16) he saw Secretary Hay, and when he repeated his prediction of a revolution, the Secretary replied that American warships had orders to proceed to the Isthmus in case there was a disturbance there. From that time forward M. Varilla imparted to every one that the revolution would come off on November 3.

President Roosevelt states that it was not the urgency of M. Varilla which moved him, but the visit of two American officers (Captain Humphrey and Lieutenant Murphy) who, having been to the Isthmus, reported to him what they saw there. They "had discovered," he says, "that various revolutionary movements were being inaugurated, and that a revolution certainly would occur, probably immediately after the closing of the Colombian Congress at the end of October, but probably not before October 20. . . ." This was known on the Isthmus.

"After my interview with the army officers named, on October 16, I directed the Navy Depart-

ment to issue instructions to send ships to the Isthmus so as to protect American interests and the lives of American citizens if a revolutionary outbreak should occur."[1]

Throughout October Mr. Hay seems to have had less and less communication with the Isthmus and Bogotá, whereas the activity of President Roosevelt increased.

On November 2, he ordered the *Nashville*, *Boston*, and *Dixie* to keep the transit across the Isthmus free, to "prevent landing of any armed force, either government or insurgent, at any point within fifty miles of Panama." Such orders were by no means novel: similar ones had been issued during many previous upheavals, as late as 1901.

The revolution "happened" on November 3 — bloodless so far as the combatants were concerned, although one Chinaman and one dog were accidentally killed. On November 4 the Republic of Panama was proclaimed; on the 6th the United States recognized it.

A few days later M. Bunau-Varilla returned to Washington as the accredited envoy of the new Republic, with full powers to conclude a treaty. In a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Secretary Hay describes what happened: —

[1] *Metropolitan Magazine*, February, 1915.

To Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney

WASHINGTON, November 19, 1903.

As for your poor old dad, they are working him nights and Sundays. I have never, I think, been so constantly and actively employed as during the last fortnight. Yesterday morning the negotiations with Panama were far from complete. But by putting on all steam, getting Root and Knox and Shaw together at lunch, I went over my project line by line, and fought out every section of it; adopted a few good suggestions: hurried back to the Department, set everybody at work drawing up final drafts — sent for Varilla, went over the whole treaty with him, explained all the changes, got his consent, and at seven o'clock signed the momentous document in the little blue drawing-room, out of Abraham Lincoln's inkstand, and with C———'s pen. Varilla had no seal, so he used one of mine. (Did I ever tell you I sealed the Hay-Herbert Treaty with Lord Byron's ring, having nothing else in the house?)

So that great job is ended — at least this stage of it. I have nothing else; will come up before Thanksgiving.

When the Colombians at last comprehended that they had overreached themselves, they made a

desperate effort to propitiate the United States. They sent General Rafael Reyes, their most respectable public man and former president, to Washington to beg the Government to reconsider. He engaged as his counsel Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, than whom none was more resourceful or adroit. According to a trustworthy statement he was authorized to say that Colombia, for eight million dollars, would let bygones be bygones and concede everything.

On December 4, 1903, Mr. Hay wrote to the President: —

"Can you receive Reyes to-morrow, Saturday? If so, at what hour? Permit me to observe the sooner you see him, the sooner we can bid him good-bye.

"I have a complaint to make of Root. I told him I was going to see Reyes. He replied, 'Better look out. Ex-Reyes are dangerous.' Do you think that, on my salary, I can afford to bear such things?"

Mr. Hay had more than one interview with General Reyes, and on December 24, 1903, he reported to the President.

To President Roosevelt

General Reyes called yesterday. Said he was candidate for Presidency of Colombia.

I could give him no positive assurances of what he could accomplish. I left no doubt in his mind, how-

ever, that we regarded the establishment of the Republic of Panama as an accomplished fact which we would neither undo ourselves nor permit any outside parties to overthrow; that we had made the treaty with Panama on grounds which we thought right, and to which we still adhere; that the treaty was going to be ratified and carried into effect; but that, these facts being accepted by Colombia, we should then use our utmost influence to bring about a satisfactory state of things between the two Republics and ourselves; that, as to negotiating with Colombia without regard to the existence of Panama, it was out of the question.

He then handed me a written memorandum of complaints and grievances, which is the result of MacVeagh's work for the last fortnight. It is very long, some twenty-two typewritten pages, in Spanish. It attacks and impeaches our action all along the line with considerable energy, but with the usual Spanish courtesy of manner, which, I imagine, shows the hand of the translator more than the author, and ends by asking the submission of all pending questions to The Hague. I at once sent the document to the State Department to be translated, with orders that it be submitted to you as soon as it is written out.

Responsibility for the dynamic solution of the

Panama Question rested entirely with the President, who seems not even to have informed Secretary Hay and the Cabinet officers of his acts. As early as October 10 he wrote confidentially to Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, that, as "there was absolutely not the slightest chance of securing by treaty" [from Colombia], the alternatives were to accept the inferior Nicaragua route or to take the Panama territory by force. . . . "I cast aside the proposition at this time to foment the secession of Panama. Whatever other Governments can do, the United States cannot go into the securing, by such underhand means, the cession." What followed we need no longer conjecture. M. Bunau-Varilla laid the train for the explosion; the arrival of American warships created the condition by which the revolution must succeed.

Although Secretary Hay did not take part in the actual revolution, he immediately announced his approval of it, and he never qualified — much less withdrew — this approval. Among his papers, I have found no hint that he felt remorse — as has been alleged — for the crime; nor can I believe that any regrets secretly preyed upon him and shortened his days. If testimony has any weight, his own confidential statements should be preferred to the surmises of persons who never knew him.

To Senator George F. Hoar

January 11, 1904.

The President tells me that in a letter to him you refer to a newspaper publication to the effect that, in discussing the subject of the coming revolution in Panama with a Mr. Duque, on his informing me that the revolution was to take place on the 23d of September, I had said to him that that was too early, and it ought to be deferred. I now find the same statement copied from the *Evening Post* in a speech by Senator Morgan in the Senate.

It seems rather humiliating to be obliged to refer to such a story, but, since you mentioned it to the President and since it seems to have made some impression upon your mind, I venture to say to you, confidentially, that I never saw Mr. Duque but once, that I never saw him alone, and that nothing in the remotest degree resembling this printed conversation was ever said by either of us.

When members of the Yale Faculty wrote protesting against the iniquity of the "rape of Panama," he wrote the following letter, to which Secretary Root sent a counterpart, declaring even more emphatically the need of action on the Isthmus, and his belief that the action taken was right.

To Professor George P. Fisher

WASHINGTON, January 20, 1904.

Your letter of the 19th of January has given me great pleasure. I can even congratulate myself on the unexpected and unaccountable action of some of your colleagues which has procured me so agreeable a letter. I shall take pleasure in bringing it to the notice of the President.

Some of our greatest scholars, in their criticisms of public life, suffer from the defect of arguing from pure reason, and taking no account of circumstances. While I agree that no circumstances can ever justify a Government in doing wrong, the question as to whether the Government has acted rightly or wrongly can never be justly judged without the circumstances being considered. I am sure that if the President had acted differently when, the 3d of November, he was confronted by a critical situation which might easily have turned to disaster, the attacks which are now made on him would have been ten times more virulent and more effective. He must have done exactly as he did, or the only alternative would have been an indefinite duration of bloodshed and devastation through the whole extent of the Isthmus. It was a time to act and not to theorize, and my judgment at least is clear that he acted rightly.

Among the stern censors of the "crime" was James C. Carter, then the leader of the American Bar. Of his criticisms Mr. Hay wrote to a colleague:—

To Secretary Elihu Root

March 12, 1904.

How on earth a fair-minded man could prefer that the President should have taken possession of the Isthmus, mailed hand, and built a canal in defiance of the Constitution, the laws, and the treaties, rather than the perfectly regular course which the President did follow, passes my comprehension. And that he should persist in this view after reading your speech[1] only adds to the mystery. I have not hitherto spoken to you about that admirable address, I believe, but as a work of art, as a piece of oratory, and history, I think it is incomparable. And, as a legal argument, better lawyers than I think it is without a flaw. Carter could not have read it with an open mind and persist in his error. I frankly confess myself unable to add anything to the unanswerable demonstration which you have made of the case.

Finally, Mr. Loomis, who was Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Hay, gives his testimony in a letter to me dated June 15, 1915:—

[1] "The Ethics of the Panama Question." Address before The Union League Club of Chicago, February 22, 1904.

"I think . . . I can possibly be of slight assistance in so far as the matter of Mr. Hay's connection with the Panama revolution is concerned. If Mr. Hay were alive you would probably enjoy his comment upon those 'good people' who assure you 'that he died of remorse for his share in the rape of Panama.' People who think and say things of that sort he particularly detested.

"I am sure that you find no trace of remorse in any of his letters or anywhere else, for the sufficient and solid reason that he felt no such remorse and therefore could not have expressed it. I had very many talks with Mr. Hay about the Panama revolution and what followed and what preceded it. I spent two hours with him or more on the last afternoon he was in Washington and I recall distinctly that in one conversation on that occasion he spoke with pride and satisfaction of what had been done in Panama."

Not all the critics condemned him. To Mr. Rhodes, the historian, he sent this grateful reply: —

To James Ford Rhodes

WASHINGTON, D.C., December 8, 1903.

I thank you for breaking an occasional lance for us in the headquarters of Mugwumpery. When I think of how many mistakes I have made which have

escaped notice, I ought not to be dissatisfied with being lambasted in an occasional case where I have done right. It is hard for me to understand how any one can criticize our action in Panama on the grounds upon which it is ordinarily attacked. The matter came on us with amazing celerity. We had to decide on the instant whether we would take possession of the ends of the railroad and keep the traffic clear, or whether we would stand back and let those gentlemen cut each other's throats for an indefinite time, and destroy whatever remnant of our property and our interests we had there. I had no hesitation as to the proper course to take, and have had no doubt of the propriety of it since.

When Mr. Hay negotiated a treaty with the infant Republic of Panama as to the building of the Canal, he met with denunciation from an unexpected quarter. Senator Morgan broke loose in violent letters, one of which he addressed to the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

To President H. S. Pritchett

December 28, 1903.

I return herewith General Morgan's letter. . . . He is in such a state of mind in regard to the Canal that if you should answer everything he said cate-

gorically, contradicting him with his own public utterances, it would have no effect on him. As he admits in paragraph 3, page 1, he is as much the author of the present Canal Treaty as I am. Not only did I embody in it all his amendments to the Herran Treaty, but I went further than he has ever done in getting the proper guaranties for jurisdiction over the Canal. A year ago he wrote me a series of earnest and impassioned letters, which he afterward embodied in articles in some of the religious periodicals, denouncing the Government of Colombia as the sum of all iniquities, and saying that we were violating every law human and divine in favor of the Government of Colombia against the Liberals of Panama, insisting that it was our bounden duty to aid them in attaining their liberty. How can you argue with a man whose prejudices are so violent and so variable as this?

Reviewing the transaction after a dozen years, Mr. Roosevelt says in a private letter to me dated July 2, 1915: —

"To talk of Colombia as a responsible Power to be dealt with as we would deal with Holland or Belgium or Switzerland or Denmark is a mere absurdity. The analogy is with a group of Sicilian or Calabrian bandits; with Villa and Carranza at this moment.

You could no more make an agreement with the Colombian rulers than you could nail currant jelly to a wall — and the failure to nail currant jelly to a wall is not due to the nail; it is due to the currant jelly. I did my best to get them to act straight. Then I determined that I would do what ought to be done without regard to them. The people of Panama were a unit in desiring the Canal and in wishing to overthrow the rule of Colombia. If they had not revolted, I should have recommended Congress to take possession of the Isthmus by force of arms; and, as you will see, I had actually written the first draft of my Message to this effect. When they revolted, I promptly used the Navy to prevent the bandits, who had tried to hold us up, from spending months of futile bloodshed in conquering or endeavoring to conquer the Isthmus, to the lasting damage of the Isthmus, of us, and of the world. I did not consult Hay, or Root, or any one else as to what I did, because a council of war does not fight; and I intended to do the job once for all."

To sum up. So far as I know, the apologists of the Colombians have never brought forward a single fact that palliates, much less excuses, the acts of the dominant ring at Bogotá from the beginning to the end of this affair. That ring was moved by the in-

stinct of blackmailers, one of the lowest of human instincts, because it combines fraud and cowardice. By the Treaty of 1846 the Colombians were bound to grant a charter for an Isthmian canal; and the price to be paid by the United States for this charter was to be settled by mutual agreement. They broke that obligation in refusing to accept the terms which their agent, Dr. Herran, negotiated; yet those terms must have been communicated to him from Bogotá, and the Government which sent them must have thought at the time of sending that they were ample. It went further and showed no intention of making any other proposal. Again, the Bogotá ring broke faith in arbitrarily changing the date of the expiration of the French company's concession from 1910 to 1904. How exorbitant their demands were, and how shameless they were themselves, appeared when, having lost Panama, they offered to sell out to the United States for eight million dollars, and even for five million, all the rights for which in their greed they had demanded twenty-five million. At the end of October, with the truculence of blackmailers who suppose they have their victim at their mercy, they demanded the twenty-five millions; but by the middle of December they were begging for five.

Although their action was odious, we must ask

whether blackmailers have no rights, even when they deny the rights of others. Must we not keep faith even with the faithless? The laws of each civilized state recognize that the rights of individuals may be set aside by the State for the prosecution of works of great public importance; but this law of eminent domain in international affairs does not exist. When we were building the transcontinental railways we should never have allowed a tribe of Modocs, or of Apaches, who happened to occupy territory through which the line was to go, to block the construction; if they had attempted to resist we should have driven them off. So if some villages of Cretins had stood at the Swiss entrance of the Simplon Tunnel, they would have been removed. In such cases the proper action is self-evident. But where shall we draw the line between right action and injustice and brutality? How shall we escape from justifying the shockingly cynical treatment of Inferior by Superior peoples? Evidently, each case must be decided on its merits. Morally, the Colombians were Cretins, but with the rapacity of wild Indians. The Canal which the American Government planned was for the benefit of the entire world. Should the blackmailing greed of the Bogotá ring stand in the way of civilization? I believe there is only one answer to this question — blackmailers

must not be tolerated; but I believe also that it is so important that respect for legality should never be undermined that it would have been better if the United States had openly given notice that they intended to take the Canal Zone rather than to have it appear that they were conniving at a conspiracy. Our action in Panama had of course nothing in common with such international crimes as the German destruction of Belgium in 1914. That was a deliberate, atrocious act of a nation which had reverted to the war code of barbarians. It could not be defended on the plea that a Superior People was assimilating an Inferior People, for the Belgians were as "superior" as the Germans. The only justification which the Germans offered was that it was a military necessity for their own selfish aggrandizement. Until there is some international tribunal to apply the law of eminent domain where it is needed, we shall probably find selfishness the test or measure which determines our judgment in such matters. We cannot allow the specious plea that a State may do ill that good may follow. Atrocity condemns itself.

CHAPTER XXX

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SKETCHED BY JOHN HAY

JOHN HAY had the unique fortune of serving President Lincoln as Private Secretary and President Roosevelt as Secretary of State. He was a youth when he lived in the White House with Lincoln; he had passed threescore when, after McKinley's death, he accepted Roosevelt's urgent invitation to continue at the head of the State Department. Having assembled elsewhere the extracts from his diaries and letters in which he portrays the intimate life of Lincoln carrying the burden of the Civil War, I propose to present here the pieces, bit by bit, which make up his mosaic portrait of Roosevelt.

John Hay had known Theodore Roosevelt's father, his senior by only seven years, in Washington at the time of the war, and afterwards when Hay was on the editorial staff of the *Tribune* and lived in New York. No doubt he watched intently the early career of Theodore, who, within two years of his graduation from Harvard in 1880, came to be known throughout the country by his work as a reformer in the New York Assembly.

Thereafter, Mr. Roosevelt soon enjoyed a national reputation. In 1889, on being appointed by President Harrison a member of the National Civil Service Commission, he removed to Washington, where he quickly made a place apart for himself, mixing cheerily with all sorts of men, equally at home with Cabinet officers and cowboys, surprising some, puzzling others, amusing nearly all. I have heard Mr. Rudyard Kipling tell how he used to drop in at the Cosmos Club at half past ten or so in the evening, and presently young Roosevelt would come and pour out projects, discussions of men and politics, criticisms of books, in a swift and full-volumed stream, tremendously emphatic and enlivened by bursts of humor. "I curled up on the seat opposite," said Kipling, "and listened and wondered, until the universe seemed to be spinning round and Theodore was the spinner."

Among old friends were the Henry Cabot Lodges — Mr. Lodge, now a member of Congress, having been instructor in history at Harvard and a valued political mentor during Mr. Roosevelt's undergraduate days. At Mr. Henry Adams's he found a ready welcome. There, of course, he met Mr. Hay, and before long the Hays and the Roosevelts stood on the friendliest footing.

Of this period no letters remain, and naturally,

because persons who live in the same town, and see each other often, have little need to write. In 1895, Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York City, where he was Police Commissioner for two years. Then President McKinley made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a post which he resigned in the spring of 1898 to organize the regiment of Rough Riders and take part in the Spanish War.

Just as Mr. Roosevelt was coming to Washington to enter the Navy Department, John Hay was leaving for London to be American Ambassador. From the steamer *St. Paul* Hay writes, on April 20, 1897:—

Hay to Roosevelt

We are nearing land after a voyage of such extraordinary mansuetude that my wife and daughter have joined us at lunch every day. Herodotus [Henry] Adams has been as fit as a fiddle; Bigelow has kept us keyed up to a proper degree of Brahminical optimism; Chandler Hale has had only one headache a day, which he bears with a cheerful meekness which makes the rest of us ashamed to swear; and Colwell is always on hand with quaint seafaring wisdom.

We all send over our loves and best wishes to you and Mrs. Roosevelt in your old-new home. Decidedly, Washington cannot do without you. We have given the thing a fair trial and it does not go.

It seems a long day since we left Lafayette Square. Take good care of all our beloveds. Hurry up Mrs. C.'s convalescence and send her over here to finish her conquest of the peerage. And as to them there Lodges, June won't be June unshared with them.

From London, after he had been several months in the Embassy, Hay wrote:—

Hay to Roosevelt

[London, September 29, 1897.]

I have your letter of the 21st and agree with every word of it. I assure you I shall bear no hand in such business — unless I am ordered, which I do not think possible — and in that case I will consider. I have not heard of it and it sounds faky.

I try to hold the scales as level as I can over here, not kissing them nor kicking them. I have received a great deal of kindness from all sorts of people and have read a lot of abuse of my country from all sorts of papers. I used rather to think we had a monopoly of abusive newspapers, but I really believe these people are our equals in vituperation.

It is a curious fact that while no Englishman, not a madman, wants to fight us, and no American, not an idiot, wants to fight England, there is never a civil word about England printed in America, and rarely

a civil word about us printed in England. Whether this ill-will is all historical, or partly prophetical, I cannot say.

I implore my friends at Washington not to be too nasty in their talk about John Bull; for every idle word of theirs *I* get banged about the lot, till I am all colors of the rainbow.

There are many things of which I would fain discourse to you, but most of them are unfinished and not decent subjects of conversation. Sometimes, in the future, for which I already begin to long, we may have our will of them over a pipe and a bottle. I neither drink, nor smoke, nor talk, but it sounds jovial.

X, the outcast wretch, was in town this week, but only gave me five minutes; he was flying to Paris to see Mrs. C. Germany certainly queers a man's taste; fancy any one preferring to see Mrs. C. rather than me. But [Senator] Wolcott is coming to-night. C. F. Adams is here. He goes roaring about that neither McKinley, nor Wolcott, nor I want the Commission [on Bi-metallism] to succeed.

Particularly characteristic are the whimsical passages in this letter.

Nearly a year later, when the Spanish War was at an end, Mr. Hay sent these greetings to the Colonel of the Rough Riders: —

Hay to Roosevelt

[London, July 27, 1898.]

I am afraid I am the last of your friends to congratulate you on the brilliant campaign which now seems drawing to a close, and in which you have gained so much experience and glory. When the war began I was like the rest; I deplored your place in the Navy where you were so useful and so acceptable. But I knew it was idle to preach to a young man. You obeyed your own dæmon, and I imagine we older fellows will all have to confess that you were in the right. As Sir Walter wrote: —

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

You have written your name on several pages of your country's history, and they are all honorable to you and comfortable to your friends.

It has been a splendid little war; begun with the highest motives, carried on with magnificent intelligence and spirit, favored by that Fortune which loves the brave. It is now to be concluded, I hope, with that fine good nature, which is, after all, the distinguishing trait of the American character.

A few months wrought great changes in the position of both correspondents. Colonel Roosevelt came

back from the war and was elected Governor of New York; Ambassador Hay took up in October the work of Secretary of State. The following letter is from Governor Roosevelt.

Roosevelt to Hay

EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY,
Feb. 7th, '99.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: —

Just a few lines to congratulate you on bringing to so successful an end so great a work. Ambassador, and Secretary of State, during the most important year this Republic has seen since Lincoln died — those are positions worth filling, fraught with memories that your children's children will recall with eager pride. You have indeed led a life eminently worth living, oh, writer of books and doer of deeds! — and, in passing, builder of beautiful houses and father of strong sons and fair daughters.

Compared with the great game of which Washington is the centre, my own work here is parochial. But it is interesting too; and so far I seem to have been fairly successful in overcoming the centrifugal forces always so strong in the Republican party. I am getting on well with Senator Platt, and I am apparently satisfying the wishes of the best element in our own party; of course I have only begun, but so far I think

the state is the better, and the party the stronger, for my administration.

With love to Mrs. Hay, I am

Ever faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The draft of the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty drew forth from Governor Roosevelt the following friendly but keen and destructive criticism in a private letter to Secretary Hay: —

Roosevelt to Hay

STATE OF NEW YORK,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY,
Feb. 18th, 1900.

I hesitated long before I said anything about the treaty through sheer dread of two moments — that in which I should receive your note, and that in which I should receive Cabot's.[1] But I made up my mind that at least I wished to be on record; for to my mind this step is one backward, and it may be fraught with very great mischief. You have been the greatest Secretary of State I have seen in my time — Olney comes second — but at this moment I cannot, try as I may, see that you are right. Understand me. When the treaty is adopted, as I suppose

[1] Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

it will be, I shall put the best face possible on it, and shall back the Administration as heartily as ever; but oh, how I wish you and the President would drop the treaty and push through a bill to build *and fortify* our own canal.

My objections are twofold. First, as to naval policy. If the proposed canal had been in existence in '98, the *Oregon* could have come more quickly through to the Atlantic; but this fact would have been far outweighed by the fact that Cervera's fleet would have had open to it the chance of itself going through the canal, and thence sailing to attack Dewey or to menace our stripped Pacific Coast. If that canal is open to the warships of an enemy, it is a menace to us in time of war; it is an added burden, an additional strategic point to be guarded by our fleet. If fortified by us, it becomes one of the most potent sources of our possible sea strength. Unless so fortified it strengthens against us every nation whose fleet is larger than ours. One prime reason for fortifying our great seaports is to unfetter our fleet, to release it for offensive purposes; and the proposed canal would fetter it again, for our fleet would have to watch it, and therefore do the work which a fort should do; and what it could do much better.

Secondly, as to the Monroe Doctrine. If we invite foreign powers to a joint ownership, a joint guaran-

tee, of what so vitally concerns us but a little way from our borders, how can we possibly object to similar joint action say in Southern Brazil or Argentina, where our interests are so much less evident? If Germany has the same right that we have in the canal across Central America, why not in the partition of any part of Southern America? To my mind, we should consistently refuse to all European powers the right to control, in any shape, any territory in the Western Hemisphere which they do not already hold.

As for existing treaties — I do not admit the "dead hand" of the treaty-making power in the past. A treaty can always be honorably abrogated — though it must never be abrogated in dishonest fashion.

Yours ever,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To understand the sarcasm of the next paragraph we must remember that Governor Roosevelt proved too independent to be acceptable to Senator Platt, the Republican boss of New York State. While his popularity with the people was undiminished, the machine found him so inconvenient that it plotted to get him out of the way by nominating him for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt, however, had no

desire to be put into the vice-presidential chair, whose occupant, like that of the dodo's nest, becomes painlessly obsolete.

Secretary Hay on June 15, 1900, wrote as follows in confidence to his friend Mr. Henry White, at the American Embassy in London: —

"Teddy has been here: have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came down with a sombre resolution thrown on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all that he would not be Vice-President, and found to his stupefaction that nobody in Washington except Platt had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *nolo episcopari* at the major. That statesman said he did not want him on the ticket — that he would be far more valuable in New York — and Root said, with his frank and murderous smile, 'Of course not, — you're not fit for it.' And so he went back quite eased in his mind, but considerably bruised in his *amour propre*."

Mr. Roosevelt, however, has always had a way of surprising his friends and his opponents, too, by doing what seemed to him the most natural thing. He forced Platt to agree that he should have the Republican renomination for Governor. But in the Convention, when the delegates from one state after another outside of New York stampeded to him and

would not nominate anyone else, he accepted the second place on the Republican ticket.

Thereupon Secretary Hay sent him the friendliest greeting on June 21: —

Hay to Roosevelt

My dear Governor, —

As it is all over but the shouting, I take a moment of this cool morning of the longest day in the year to offer you my cordial congratulations. The week has been a racking one to you. But I have no doubt the future will make amends. You have received the greatest compliment the country could pay you, and although it was not precisely what you and your friends desire, I have no doubt it is all for the best. Nothing can keep you from doing good work wherever you are — nor from getting lots of fun out of it.

We Washingtonians, of course, have our own little point of view. You can't lose us; and we shall be uncommonly glad to see you here again.

During the few months which Mr. Roosevelt served as Vice-President, his relations with the Secretary seem to have been purely social, with no interchange of letters. Then, suddenly, the assassination of President McKinley brought the "young fellow

of infinite dash and originality" — as Hay described him to Lady Jeune — into the White House. On September 15, 1901, the Secretary wrote to the new President: —

Hay to Roosevelt

My dear Roosevelt, —

If the Presidency had come to you in any other way, no one would have congratulated you with better heart than I. My sincere affection and esteem for you, my old-time love for your father — would he could have lived to see you where you are! — would have been deeply gratified.

And even from the depths of the sorrow where I sit, with my grief for the President mingled and confused with that for my boy, so that I scarcely know, from hour to hour, the true source of my tears — I do still congratulate you, not only on the opening of an official career which I know will be glorious, but upon the vast opportunity for useful work which lies before you. With your youth, your ability, your health and strength, the courage God has given you to do right, there are no bounds to the good you can accomplish for your country and the name you will leave in its annals.

My official life is at an end — my natural life will not be long extended; and so, in the dawn of what

I am sure will be a great and splendid future, I venture to give you the heartfelt benediction of the past.

God bless you.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY.

When the President reached Washington, Mr. Hay met him at the railway station; and Mr. Roosevelt, instead of listening to the Secretary's desire to resign, made him promise to stay on and carry out the work he was doing. "I saw it was best for him to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, forever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay awhile, than it would be to go out at once."

Until Mr. Hay's death, nearly four years later, he and President Roosevelt lived on intimate terms, official and personal. The President enjoyed Hay's sparkling conversation and irony: Hay appreciated the President's vigor and downrightness, his humor and dash and talent, and his enlivening surprises; he felt, too, the President's masterful grip on the international relations of the Government. Mr. Roosevelt, a voracious reader, found in Mr. Hay not only a lover of literature but a maker of it, and a critic of fine taste. At the outset a day rarely went by when the Secretary and his Chief did not meet to confer on public matters, and on the margins of the frequent

notes which passed between them there were often jotted informal comments, or witty asides. Sundays, after church, the President stopped regularly at the Secretary's for a chat.

The following letter, for example, shows how Hay's sense of humor enabled him to refer playfully to a matter which, in Berlin, seemed monstrously important. The Kaiser had had struck off medals to commemorate the glories of the German Army in China, and apparently the official of the German Embassy, who was ordered to present one of these to President Roosevelt, was almost overpowered at the honor which the President was about to receive.

Hay to Roosevelt

[State Department, November 12, 1901.]

Count Quadt has been hovering around the State Department in ever-narrowing circles for three days, and at last swooped upon me this afternoon, saying that the Foreign Office, and even the Palace, Unter den Linden, was in a state of intense anxiety to know how you received His Majesty's Chinese medal, conferred only upon the greatest sovereigns. As I had not been authorized by you to express your emotions, I had to sail by dead reckoning, and, considering the vast intrinsic value of the souvenir — I should say at least thirty-five cents — and its won-

derful artistic merit, representing the German Eagle eviscerating the Black Dragon, and its historical accuracy, which gives the world to understand that Germany was IT and the rest of the universe nowhere, I took the responsibility of saying to Count Quadt that the President could not have received the medal with anything but emotions of pleasure commensurate with the high appreciation he entertains for the Emperor's majesty, and that a formal acknowledgment would be made in due course. He asked me if he was at liberty to say something like this to his Government, and I said he was at liberty to say whatever the spirit moved him to utter.

I give thanks to "whatever powers there be" that I was able to allow him to leave the room without quoting "*quantula sapientia!*"

On Christmas Day, 1901, the President sent this little note to the Secretary, to whom death had recently brought another loss, his friend Clarence King having died the day before.

Roosevelt to Hay

DEAR JOHN: —

I am very, very sorry: I know it is useless for me to say so — but I do feel deeply for you. You have been well within range of the rifle pits this year —

so near that I do not venture to wish you a merry Christmas. But may all good henceforth go with you and yours.

Your attached friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In 1902, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay attended the Harvard Commencement exercises where both received the degree of Doctor of Laws. At the Alumni Dinner, President Roosevelt made a stirring speech in which, after declaring that it was "indeed a liberal education in high-minded statesmanship to sit at the same council-table with John Hay," he eulogized the great work of Wood, Taft, and Root.

The next day Mr. Hay wrote him from the Hotel Touraine, Boston: —

Hay to Roosevelt

[BOSTON, June 26, 1902.]

DEAR THEODORE: —

I must congratulate you with all my heart on yesterday's triumph — it was nothing less. That great company was a *corps d'élite*, and you had them with you from start to finish. President Eliot when you sat down said, "What a man! Genius, force, and courage, and such evident honesty!"

And another thought was in everybody's mind also. "He is so young and he will be with us for many a day to come." We are all glad of that — even the old fellows, who are passing.

I can never tell you how much I thank you for your kind reference to me. But your splendid defense of Root, Wood, and Taft touched me still more deeply. It was the speech of a great man, and a great gentleman — and will not be forgotten.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN HAY.

The little note, undated, which follows, seems to refer to a literary point which had come up in conversation.

DEAR THEODORE —

> "Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of Folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy!"
>
> *Il Penseroso.*

"With thee conversing I forget all" authorities.

J. H.

In the spring of 1903, the President made a long tour of the West during which he addressed many gatherings. Hay writes: —

Hay to Roosevelt

[WASHINGTON, April 5, 1903.]

Your speeches have been admirable — strong lucid, and eloquent; they will make a splendid platform for next year.

They are having an extraordinary reception all over the country. I send you a leader from to-day's *Sun*. It carries out what I said the other day — they are going to give you a hearty support. Root made a very fine speech in Boston. . . . Do not let them work you too hard. Wisconsin has been terribly exacting. You owe something to the rest of the country — not to speak of Mrs. Roosevelt and the children.

The next note refers to messages addressed to Edward VII and William II at the time of the cruise of the American fleet abroad.

Hay to Roosevelt

[July 13, 1903.]

I thank you a thousand times for your kind and generous letter of the 11th. It is a comfort to work for a President who, besides being a lot of other things, happened to be born a gentleman. . . .

Perhaps you may think your telegram to King

Edward rather deficient in warmth. But you did not want to make it warmer than the one to your great and good friend William. I am always in favor of the *ne quid nimium*. The whole cruise has been a great success. Germany and England have both bid high, and our attitude of platonic friendship to both has been well maintained.

From John Hay's Diary, which he kept from January 1, 1904, until a few days before his death, I extract the most interesting passages about Mr. Roosevelt: —

"*1904. Jan. 17.* The President came in for an hour and talked very amusingly on many matters. Among others he spoke of a letter he had received from an old lady in Canada denouncing him for having drunk a toast to Helen [Hay] at her wedding two years ago. The good soul had waited two years, hoping that the pulpit or the press would take up this enormity. 'Think,' she said, 'of the effect on your friends, on your children, on your own immortal soul, of such a thoughtless act.'

"*March 14.* We lunched with the President; Cardinal Gibbons, the Hengelmüllers, Thayers, and others were there. . . . The Cardinal told the President he hoped earnestly for his election. He is deeply disgusted with the campaign of Gorman against the

negroes. He told the President that he had seen a memorial drawn up by an eminent lawyer in favor of paying a large sum to Colombia for her rights in Panama. He would not tell the name of the eminent lawyer, but a light of recognition came into his cold blue eye when the President told him that X. favored paying the money to Reyes, as that would strengthen the Liberals as against the Clericals!

"*March 18.* At the Cabinet meeting to-day the President said some one had written asking if he wanted to annex any more Islands. He answered, 'about as much as a gorged anaconda wants to swallow a porcupine wrong end to.' . . . He was *éreinting* some one, when it was observed that the man was doubtless conscientious. 'Well,' he burst out, 'if a man has a conscience which leads him to do things like that, he should take it out and look at it — for it is unhealthy.'

"*March 20.* The President talked of the situation, which seems to him very rosy: he thinks that Congress will adjourn by the first of May and that everything will go smoothly during the summer; that Parker will probably be nominated by the Democrats, but that he will not be formidable. The things that annoy him most are trifles; such as the cost of the White House improvements, the upholstering of the *Mayflower*, etc. He has heard that some people

in New York have said he was a grotesque figure in the White House, and wonders what they mean.

"*March 27.* The President is much preoccupied about the Chairmanship of the National Committee. His mind is now turned to Root. I should be glad if he would take it: it would still further extend his reputation and his national standing, to carry on a campaign which is sure to be interesting and wholesome, and crowned by a great success. It would be an advantage also to the party to keep its best men like Root and Taft, etc., as much to the front as possible, for the sake of the contrast, etc.

"*April 5.* At the Cabinet meeting this morning it was suggested that ——— would be a good candidate 'to carry Maryland' — (which Gary says we will carry anyhow). Taft said: 'Mr. President, are you particular about your company?' T. answered: 'I am a liberal man,' and said no more.

Shaw told a good story about poor Senator ———. He and some more grafters had agreed to press a certain bill through the ——— Legislature, and had been paid for it. As the session drew near its close the lobbyist grew alarmed and went to see ———, who demanded a supplement. The man said: 'What can I say to my principals, who thought this matter settled?' 'Tell them,' said ——— thoughtfully, 'that I'm acting dam strange.'

"*April 10.* The President came in and talked mostly about the situation in New York, which annoys him greatly and somewhat alarms him. He sees a good many lions in the path — but I told him of the far greater beasts that appeared to some people as in Lincoln's way, which turned out to be only bobcats after all.

"*April 26.* At the Cabinet this morning the President talked of his Japanese wrestler, who is giving him lessons in Jiu Jitsu. He says the muscles of his throat are so powerfully developed by training that it is impossible for any ordinary man to strangle him. If the President succeeds, once in a while, in getting the better of him, he says, 'Good! lovely!'

"*May 8.* The President was reading Emerson's 'Days' and came to the wonderful closing line: 'I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.' I said, 'I fancy you do not know what that means.' 'O, do I not? Perhaps the greatest men do not, but I in my soul know I am but the average man, and that only marvelous good fortune has brought me where I am.'

"*May 12.* Bade the President good-bye. He said, with jeering good nature, he hoped I would enjoy my well-earned rest. [Mr. Hay was going to make an address at the World's Fair in St. Louis.]

"*June 5.* [The President] spoke of his own

speeches, saying he knew there was not much in them except a certain sincerity and kind of commonplace morality which put him *en rapport* with the people he talked with. He told me with singular humor and recklessness of the way X and the late lamented Holls tried to put him on his guard against me.

"*June 21.* The President returned from Valley Forge yesterday and we all congratulated him at the Cabinet meeting to-day on his sermon on Sunday. It seems it was entirely impromptu, Knox having asked him to speak only just before church time. K. says the question what is to become of Roosevelt after 1908 is easily answered. He should be made a Bishop.

"*August 11.* I dined with the President last night. . . . After dinner we adjourned to the library and the President read his letter of acceptance. I was struck with the readiness with which he accepted every suggestion which was made.

"*August 13.* I went to the White House this morning and found the President screaming with delight over a proposition in the [New York] *Evening Post* that Wayne MacVeagh should be Secretary of State in Parker's Cabinet. So the dear Wayne has wearied of waiting for my envied shoes at the hands of Roosevelt.

"*October 17.* I lunched at the White House —

nobody else but Yves Guyot and Theodore Stanton. The President talked with great energy and perfect ease the most curious French I ever listened to. It was absolutely lawless as to grammar and occasionally bankrupt in substantives; but he had not the least difficulty in making himself understood, and one subject did not worry him more than another.

"*October 23.* The President came in this morning badly bunged about the head and face. His horse fell with him yesterday and gave him a bad fall. It did not occur to me till after he had gone that I had come so near a fatal elevation to a short term of the Presidency.[1] *Dei avertite omen!*

"He was in high spirits, though he always speaks of the election as uncertain. I showed him Lincoln's Pledge of August, 1864, written when he thought McClellan might be elected. He was much impressed, and went on as he often does to compare Lincoln's great trials with what he calls his little ones. He asked me to read Stannard Baker's article about him in *McClure's* — which he likes.

"*October 30.* The President came in for an hour. We talked awhile about the campaign and at last he said: 'It seems a cheap sort of thing to say, and I would not say [it] to other people, but laying aside

[1] There being no Vice-President, Mr. Hay, as Secretary of State, stood next in line of succession to the Presidency.

my own great personal interests and hopes, — for of course I desire intensely to succeed, — I have the greatest pride that in this fight we are not only making it on clearly avowed principles, but we have the principles and the record to avow. How can I help being a little proud when I contrast the men and the considerations by which I am attacked, and those by which I am defended?'

"*November 3*. The President's fall from his horse, ten days ago, might have been very serious. He landed fairly on his head, and his neck and shoulders were severely wrenched. For a few days there seemed a possibility of meningitis. But he is strong and well-knit, and the spine escaped injury. I am thankful to have escaped a four months' troubled term of the Presidency. Strange that twice I have come so hideously near it — once at Lenox and now with a hole-in-a-bridge. The President will of course outlive me, but he will not live to be old.

"*November 5*. This morning, the President published his answer to Parker's stupid slanders.[1] I was sorry for the necessity of it, but of course he could not let these blatant falsehoods go uncorrected, and nobody but he could give a satisfactory answer.

"I wrote a letter about it myself, but did not print

[1] At the close of the campaign Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate, accused President Roosevelt of employing a large corruption fund.

it, as I felt sure that Parker would continue to say Roosevelt admitted his guilt by silence. So the only way was to give him the lie direct — and I think the President did it very effectively. . . .

"I went to see the President. He said: 'I did not show you my statement because I thought you might not approve and I did not want to be persuaded out of it.' He said further that he had to do it now or never — as whatever might be the result of the election, he could not refer to it afterwards.

"*November 6.* The President came in this morning radiant over the effect of his statement and Parker's speech, which seemed to him, as it did to me, a complete collapse of his accusations. He has evidently thought, for a week past, that the President would not answer him, and he was exulting in his immunity when all at once he was struck silly by this unexpected bolt from the blue. He has 'softly and silently vanished away in the midst of his boisterous glee.' The Snark was a Boojum.

"The President said he felt a repose of mind today he had never felt before. He supposed, from what his friends said, he should probably be elected; but whether successful or not, he should feel that he had gone through the campaign with no stain on his character, and that this, the only attack upon his honor, had been met and refuted. He was particu-

larly gratified at the way in which he had been supported: the other side had nothing to compare with the speeches of Root, and Taft, and Knox, and he was good enough to include me — 'though I had trouble enough to get you on the platform.'

"*November 8.* I went over to the White House at a quarter after nine, thinking that the returns must have begun to come in by that time. I found the Red Parlor full of people, the President in the midst of them with his hands full of telegrams. I asked him if he had anything decisive as yet. He said: 'Yes, Judge Parker has sent his congratulations.' . . . Everywhere the majorities are overwhelming. . . . 'I am glad,' said Roosevelt, 'to be President in my own right.'

"*November 12.* The papers this morning announce on the authority of the President that I am to remain Secretary of State for the next four years. He did it in a moment of emotion, — I cannot exactly see why, — for he has never discussed the matter seriously with me and I have never said I would stay. I have always deprecated the idea, saying there was not four years' work in me; now I shall have to go along awhile longer, as it would be a scandal to contradict him. . . .

"J. B. Bishop told me to-day of the tumultuous dinner last night at the White House and the speech-

less amazement of John Morley at the *faconde* of the President. He said afterwards to Bishop: 'The two things in America which seem to me most extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt.'

"*November 20.* I read the President's message in the afternoon. . . . Made several suggestions as to changes and omissions. The President came in just as I had finished, and we went over the matters together. He accepted my ideas with that singular amiability and open-mindedness which form so striking a contrast with the general idea of his brusque and arbitrary character.

"*December 4.* The President talked about revision. He has omitted the passage about the tariff from his message and rather doubts whether he can find enough support in Congress for attempting any revision at present. . . .

"He told me to say to [Henry] White that he would expect the resignations of all the Ambassadors in the spring, as well as those of the Cabinet. . . . He is trying to harden his heart, in several directions, but I doubt very much if he succeeds.

"*December 25.* The President came in out of the snow-storm looking as breezy as the weather. He had just got Choate's resignation [as Ambassador to Great Britain] and was charmed by the tone of his letter. He will leave to him the time and manner

of his recall. He was a little annoyed at being told by ——— that McKinley had promised [Whitelaw] Reid the place. I assured him there was nothing in it. People like instinctively to diminish their apparent obligations by assigning part of the load to the dead. . . .

"I sent him a MS. Norse Saga of William Morris. He replied in a charming letter.

"*1905. January 1.* The President came in at 12.15 saying it seemed more like Easter than New Year's. We talked of the Bureau of American Republics without coming to any conclusion. . . . He is quite firm in the view that we cannot permit Japan to be robbed a second time of the fruits of her victory — if victory should finally be hers.

"*January 3.* Little of importance at Cabinet meeting. The President was talking of an erring chaplain, which reminded Morton of a Methodist who, on giving an account of himself on the witness stand, said he had been an exhorter for twenty years, but for only six a regular licentious preacher."

Secretary Hay's records during the months of January and February are largely taken up with memoranda on the arbitration treaties, which the Senate ruined, as he and the President thought, by amendments; on negotiations for protecting China;

and on the closing phase of the Russo-Japanese War. Here is a vivid description of Mr. Roosevelt dictating: —

"*February 27.* The President asked me to dine at the White House, as Root was to be there and he wanted to talk over Santo Domingo. After dinner we went to the study up-stairs and for two hours went over the whole business. The President sent for his stenographer and dictated a brief message he proposes to send to the Senate next week. It was a curious sight. I have often seen it, and it never ceases to surprise me. He storms up and down the room, dictating in a loud and oratorical tone, often stopping, recasting a sentence, striking out and filling in, hospitable to every suggestion, not in the least disturbed by interruption, holding on stoutly to his purpose, and producing finally, out of these most unpromising conditions, a clear and logical statement, which he could not improve with solitude and leisure at his command."

Meanwhile, Secretary Hay's health, which had been visibly declining for several months, showed such alarming symptoms that his physicians prescribed for him a complete rest from official duties, and treatment at Nauheim. On March 3, he sent the President a ring, with this note.

Hay to Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1905.

DEAR THEODORE —

The hair in this ring is from the head of Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Taft cut it off the night of the assassination, and I got it from his son — a brief pedigree.

Please wear it to-morrow; you are one of the men who most thoroughly understand and appreciate Lincoln.

I have had your monogram and Lincoln's engraved on the ring.

Longas, O utinam, bone dux, ferias
Præstes Hesperiæ.[1]

Yours affectionately.

"*Saturday, March 4.* The President wrote me last night a charming letter of thanks for the Lincoln ring I gave him. He wore it to-day at his inauguration and seemed greatly pleased to have it.

"The weather seemed very doubtful, but after a slight rain in the morning it cleared off and was very fine at ten o'clock when we started for the Capitol. The procession was well arranged and we got

[1] HORACE, *Odes*, IV, v: "Mayest thou, Good Captain, give long holiday to Hesperia!" The correct quotation is:

Longas, O utinam, dux bone, ferias, etc.

there in about half an hour. There was very little to do, Congress having completed its work, and taken a recess for an hour, to kill time. At eleven o'clock there was a threatening cloud came up in the North, but it blew away, and when, after the inauguration of the Vice-President, we went out to the East Front, the skies were clear, though a bitter wind was sweeping the plaza. The President took the oath in a clear, resonant voice and then delivered his Inaugural. The high wind made speaking difficult, but his voice lasted well — the address was short and in excellent temper and manner. . . .

"The Ball was a success in numbers if nothing else. The President appeared once or twice in the Reserved Gallery — the crowd of say 10,000 stood patiently on the floor of the vast hall staring all the evening at his tribune, a pathetic and strange spectacle.

"*March 5*. The President sent me a note this morning saying he wished to see me, but that he would prefer I should come to him this morning, instead of expecting him here as usual. I went over to the White House and saw the reason of his action. Every approach was filled with a curious crowd. They swarmed over the porch and stood staring in the windows. As I came into his study, the President started up with a jar of lilies in his hand and came to

the door to greet me — recalling Bunthorne 'Walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his medieval hand.' He said: 'You will see why I asked you to come over. If I had come, I should have arrived at your door with a tail like a Highland chief.'

"*March 12.* The President came this morning, wearing an overcoat, a garment which his hardy habit generally rejects. . . .

"I tried to walk this afternoon, but it was tough work. By going very slowly and stopping often I was able to cover about a mile — but the pain does not pass away as it used. It continued all the way home."

That last item indicates the seriousness of Mr. Hay's condition. The following Saturday he embarked, in an almost desperate condition, on the *Cretic* for Genoa. After resting in Italy, he went to take the cure at Nauheim. His improvement there was very slow. On May 20 he wrote the President:—

Hay to Roosevelt

[NAUHEIM, May 20, 1905.]

I hate to be in this condition of Mahomet's coffin. If I were fit for work, I would gladly go back to my desk. If I were ready for the Knacker, I would at once get out of the way. But when all the doctors

tell me I am going to get well, but that it will be a matter of some months yet, I feel that I ought not to be a dead weight in the boat for an indefinite time. . . . I need not say that when you think a change would be, for any reason, advisable, I shall go. I don't say willingly, but as Browning says, "Go dispiritedly, glad to finish."

My association with you has been altogether delightful, and if there is to be any space left me for memory, I shall always remember it with pleasure and gratitude.

Hay lived to reach home; went to Washington, conferred several times with the President, and on June 22 bade him good-bye. This proved to be their final parting.

The quotations I have given serve to outline John Hay's portrait of Theodore Roosevelt and to record their memorable friendship.

CHAPTER XXXI

HAY'S LAST LABORS

FOR convenience we group a statesman's work according to topics; in real life, however, there is no such grouping. We cannot isolate tasks which overlap, or go forward simultaneously. So it was with Secretary Hay. Long before he signed the treaty with the new Republic of Panama, he had many other issues on his hands. I pass over Hay's eager support of the first Hague Tribunal and of subsequent appeals to it, and his efforts in behalf of international copyright. The chief business which absorbed him at the end of 1903 concerned the Far East.

Although constantly professing her intention of evacuating Manchuria, Russia not only stayed on there, but menaced Korea. Japan formed, in 1902, a league with England which wonderfully strengthened the self-reliance of the little men of Nippon. Early in 1903 Secretary Hay pressed upon the Russian Government, the need of respecting the integrity of China.

On May 12 he writes: —

To President Roosevelt

We have the positive and categorical assurance of the Russian Government that the so-called "convention of seven points"[1] has not been proposed by Russia to China. We have this assurance from Count Cassini here, from Mr. McCormick [American Ambassador to Russia] directly from Count Lamsdorff in Petersburg, and through Sir Michael Herbert [British Ambassador at Washington] from the Russian Ambassador in London. . . . *Per contra*, we have from Conger in Peking, from our Commissioners in Shanghai, from the Japanese Legation here, and from the British Embassy, substantially identical copies of the "convention of seven points," which there is no shadow of doubt the Russians have been, and perhaps still are, forcing upon the Government of China. . . .

I have intimated to Cassini that the inevitable result of their present course of aggression would be the seizure by different Powers of different provinces in China, and the accomplishment of the dismemberment of the empire. He shouts in reply: "This is already done. China is dismembered and we are entitled to our share."

[1] See *Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1903, page 54. Despatch, Conger to Hay, April 29, 1903.

The next confidential letter, addressed to Mr. White, in London, reveals the difficulties against which Hay was working: —

To Henry White

May 22, 1903.

The Manchurian matter is far more delicate and more troublesome. Russia, as you know, has given us the most positive assurances that the famous "convention of seven points" never existed. We have a verbatim copy of it as it was presented, with preamble and appendix, by Monsieur Plançon, to the Chinese Government. If they choose to disavow Plançon, and to discontinue their attempts to violate their agreements, we shall be all right; but, if the lie they have told was intended to serve only for a week or two, the situation will become a serious one. The Chinese, as well as the Russians, seem to know that the strength of our position is entirely moral, and if the Russians are convinced that we will not fight for Manchuria — as I suppose we will not — and the Chinese are convinced that they have nothing but good to expect from us and nothing but a beating from Russia, the open hand will not be so convincing to the poor devils of Chinks as the raised club. Still, we must do the best we can with the means at our disposition.

"Our strength in Russia is, of course, not with the military or diplomatic sections of the Government [Mr. Hay writes to Minister Conger in Peking], but with Mr. Witte and the whole financial world of Russia." (June 13, 1903.)

In spite of warnings and dissuasions Russia pursued her policy, and at the beginning of 1904 she forced the Japanese to conclude that they must either accept Russian domination down to the shores of the Japan Sea — a domination which would soon overshadow themselves — or attack the Russians before they had assembled their full strength. To the surprise of the Powers, the Japanese chose the latter course.

Mr. Hay's Diary gives us the clue to the swiftly maturing events.

"*January 5, 1904.* From dispatches received from Tokio and from the Japanese Legation here it is evident that no attempt at mediation will do any good. Russia is clearly determined to make no concessions to Japan. They think — that is Alexieff and Bezobrazoff, who seem to have complete control of affairs — that now is the time to strike, to crush Japan and to eliminate her from her position of influence in the Far East. They evidently think there is nothing to be feared from us — and they have of course secured pledges from Germany and France, which make them feel secure in Europe."

"*January 6.* The President notices a decided change of opinion against Russia. Herman Ridder has told him he can get up a big dinner in New York of Germans and Irish to express sympathy with Japan.

"*January 9.* Takahira [the Japanese Minister at Washington] saw, for the first time in some weeks, a possible gleam of light. He asked me whether it would seem ungracious on the part of Japan to desist from claiming 'foreign settlements' in Manchuria — showing that this is one of the points Russia is insisting on. I told him that we reserved our treaty right to discuss the matter, but that we were not at present insisting on it.

"*January 11.* I saw Takahira who read me several long dispatches from his Government. One saying they had asked strict neutrality from China, in the interest of China and the civilized world — and another giving excellent reasons why they did not desire the mediation of other Powers; as they would inure to the advantage of Russia through endless delays."

America's good offices had as little effect as had the counsels of European bankers and diplomats in averting the war. On February 8, Admiral Togo, commanding the Japanese fleet, made a dash on Port Arthur and attacked the Russians. The day

before, Secretary Hay, just returned from a trip to Georgia, was shown a memorandum which the German Ambassador, Speck von Sternburg, had presented to the President. Read now, it proves to be the clue to a puzzle which mystified diplomacy then. It suggested that the German Emperor desired "that we 'take the initiative in calling upon the Powers to use good offices to induce Russia and Japan to respect the neutrality of China outside the sphere of military operations.' I said I thought we ought to eliminate the last clause and include 'the administrative entity of China.' The President agreed."

On February 8, Mr. Hay had the draft ready to show to the President and other persons, who approved of it. Among them were the German and Chinese envoys. The latter "was greatly pleased to know what we had done. So was Takahira, who came in and talked of the situation with profound emotion, which expressed itself in a moment of tears and sobs as he left me. Cassini [the Russian Ambassador] came to my house at 2.30 and stayed an hour. He spent most of the time in accusing Japan of lightness and vanity; he seemed little affected by the imminence of war, expecting a speedy victory, but admitting that the war, however it resulted, would profit nobody."

From this time forward Mr. Hay received almost daily visits from Takahira and Cassini. The Japanese was always courteous and dignified; the Russian was often fretful, peevish, and complaining, if bad news came, — and the news was usually bad for Russia, — or he was surly and overbearing to such a point that Mr. Hay seems more than once to have been on the point of showing him the door. Count Cassini deceived himself by thinking that the way to propitiate the Secretary and the American people was to arraign the Government for unneutrality. He would come to the State Department in a rage over some newspaper article, or some joke or cartoon, and once, when a Japanese Consul was reported to have shouted "*Banzai!*" at a public dinner in New York, Count Cassini could hardly refrain from making an international question of it.

Appreciating how much the unexpected reverses must embitter him, Secretary Hay did his best to make allowances for the tactless Russian, but from the start he feared, and with reason, that Cassini was "in no humor to be a safe counselor to Lamsdorff," the Russian Foreign Minister.

Having already had unofficial notice that England, France, Russia, China, and Japan would be glad to consider it, on February 12, Hay launched his circular. He took for granted Germany's adherence

because the Kaiser had made the original suggestion. "I get many inquiries as to the exact meaning of a note which," Hay writes, "was properly left indefinite." Within ten days, the Powers chiefly interested agreed in substance to the American circular.

Three more extracts from the Diary on this matter must suffice: —

"*March 1.* Cassini came at three and stayed till five. His object was to hand me a memorandum from Russia limiting the theatre of war in Manchuria, which, like everything from that country has a 'false bottom.' He talked for an hour about American unfriendliness. I told him that the Japs were cleverer — they talked of our friendliness.

"*March 2.* There is an interview with Cassini printed in the papers to-day containing much that he said to me yesterday; giving the Government credit for being correct, but going for the people and the press. Takahira also resorts to the newspapers to sustain the attitude of Japan.

"*March 9.* [The President] is determined to do his duty by Russia and not be swerved from strict neutrality by her pettishness, nor to show any unfriendliness to Japan by reason of it."

Throughout the year Secretary Hay had the war

in the Far East constantly in his mind, and the days were rare when he escaped a call from Mr. Takahira and Count Cassini. But many other perplexing matters required his attention. I omit the later efforts of the Colombians to undo the Republic of Panama; nor can I detail the negotiations to protect China.

Early in the spring the coming Presidential campaign began to absorb the Republican Administration. Months before, Hay foresaw that Mr. Roosevelt's renomination would not be disputed. At a time when Senator Hanna, the Republican "Warwick," was supposed to be casting about for a more pliable candidate, Hay wrote as follows to a journalist in Brooklyn, who seems to have suggested that Hay himself should run: —

To W. F. G. Shanks

November 24, 1903.

A veteran observer, like you and me, ought never to shut his eyes to accomplished facts. Roosevelt is already nominated. Hanna knows this as well as the rest of us. He is not going to oppose him, and Roosevelt will be nominated by acclamation in the convention. I do not believe another name will be put forward in opposition. Of course, I am for him against all comers, if the matter were in con-

troversy; but even if it were not, and if I were a possibility (which I am not), no earthly consideration would induce me to accept a nomination for that place. When I get through with my present job I shall never hold another public office.

On Secretary Root's declination, Mr. Cortelyou was chosen manager of the Republican campaign. The Democrats temporarily shook off Mr. Bryan and his free-silver platform, and sought another candidate with different issues. In spite of their hold on power, the Republicans felt anxious until late in the summer. Hay's Diary again serves to light up the campaign and his own attitude toward it: —

"*April 12.* In the Cabinet meeting to-day the President set forth at great length the difficulties and dangers of the campaign, as a preliminary to the suggestion that the welfare of the Republican Party in this trying hour demanded that I should make some speeches. The motion was seconded by Shaw and Moody with considerable eloquence. I sat mute — fearing to speak lest I should lose my temper. It is intolerable that they should not see how much more advantageous to the Administration it is that I should stay at home to do my work than that I should cavort around the country making lean and jejune orations.

"*April 24.* The President had only been here a few minutes this morning when Nicholas Murray Butler and Joe Bishop came in. They were very much amused at the frantic energy with which Mr. Cleveland is denying that he ever showed any common civility to a negro. They seem to think it indicated that in spite of all protestations he still desires the Presidential nomination."

The Republicans, at their convention in June, nominated Roosevelt and Fairbanks for President and Vice-President. The next day Hay records: —

"*June 24.* Cabinet meeting to-day. The President was not specially elated — it was too clear a walk-over."

On July 9 the Democrats chose Judge Alton B. Parker as their nominee for the Presidency. Secretary Hay wrote to Mr. Choate the following caustic and partisan criticism of Judge Parker's action: —

To Joseph H. Choate

July 11, 1904.

The conventions have met and adjourned, and I think we are left in an excellent position for the campaign. The last day of the St. Louis Convention was the scene of several dramatic incidents which the Democratic papers seem to think will be to the advantage of Parker. I cannot agree with them. He

held his tongue rigidly, giving no hint of his position on any question until the platform was made and he was nominated. The next morning the three most important opposition papers in New York — the *Sun*, the *Times*, and the *World* — had leaders furiously denouncing the platform. Upon this, Parker took a sudden fright, feeling that his nomination would be worthless if he was to lose his Eastern support in the press, and he at once sent a telegram to St. Louis, saying that he was in favor of the gold standard, and if they did not like it they could nominate somebody else. He knew perfectly well they could not nominate any one else, nor could they change their platform, but he accomplished his purpose in extorting from them permission for him to accept without changing his views. So they are now before the country, the platform by its silence endorsing the Bryanite view of the money question, and the candidate trying to save himself by a repudiation of the convention — something which has never happened before, so far as I remember, except in the case of McClellan, with consequences not to be envied. They are all extolling to-day the boldness of Parker, his boldness consisting in his having held his tongue until he had secured the nomination, and then, in a blue funk over the outburst of the newspapers Saturday morning, repudiating the platform,

to which his representatives had explicitly consented. Yet, singularly enough, this rather pitiful performance has helped him in public opinion.

The next letter discloses President Roosevelt's willingness to accept suggestions, and, incidentally, it repeats Mr. Hay's opinion of the Democratic adversaries: —

To President Roosevelt

July 13, 1904.

I return herewith the draft of your speech. I am sorry to return it almost absolutely intact. Knowing how you yearn for the use of the meat-axe on your offspring, I always feel in default when I send back your drafts with no words but those of unlimited admiration. I really think this is one of the best speeches you have ever made. The first two pages are severe, but absolutely just and dignified, and the rest is history with a fine flavor of actuality. [Here follow three suggestions as to verbal changes.]

We are in the world and we have got to be patient with our environment, but I find it hard to keep my temper over the falsetto shrieks of rapture of the *Evening Post* about the trick which Parker played on his convention. I cannot say I have much sympathy

with the Tillmans, the Williamses, and the Clarks, but I think Bryan has the right to go to his Nebraska home chanting the immortal refrain of Bret Harte:—

"He played it that day upon Williams and me in a way I despise."

And the most exasperating thing about it is that Parker really seems to have scored by this act of treachery, dictated by abject cowardice. But it is a good while until election and the hard-headed common sense of the American voters "won't do a thing to him" in the mean time.

In spite of his reluctance, Mr. Hay made three speeches during the season: at the opening of the St. Louis Fair; at the Semi-Centennial Celebration, at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6, of the birth of the Republican Party; and at Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 26. Only the last was directly political; but the Jackson speech, judging by its wide circulation, was regarded by the Republican managers as their best campaign document.

Hay's later addresses, carefully thought out and much polished, contrast in style with the spontaneity of his earlier prose, and especially of his familiar letters. He writes now as one sophisticated in the art of writing. This does not imply that some of his later pieces have not much excellence. Best of

them all is "Franklin in France" (1904); most popular is the brief praise of Omar which he delivered in England (December 8, 1897). For pure eulogy which makes no pretense at criticism his oration on President McKinley might serve as a model — affectionate, dignified, imputing only the best motives and giving full credit to every good deed. The laudation of the Republican Party, to which Hay attributed almost every beneficent act in fifty years, except possibly the introduction of antiseptic surgery, must have tickled Hay's sense of humor in the writing, as it surely fed the satisfaction of the thousands who heard it. Underneath the exuberance of encomium there is still an honest outline of the services of the party.

Not long before election, Judge Parker publicly accused President Roosevelt of employing a corruption fund to turn the votes to his side. Mr. Roosevelt waited for several days in silence, and then issued a crushing denial. Secretary Hay describes this episode in a letter to Mr. Frank H. Mason, Consul-General at Berlin: —

To Frank H. Mason

November 26, 1904.

I am getting to be an old man, and naturally take a calmer view of political contests than when I

was young, but never since the early Frémont days have I been so absolutely certain of the justice of our cause and of its certain triumph. The other side had no programme, and, as it turned out in the last week of the campaign, no candidate. Their platform was as complete a humbug as Parker himself. The force of comparison could go no farther. When he emerged from Esopus for the whirlwind close of his campaign, he first insinuated his charges against the President half under his breath, but, receiving no reply for a day or two, he grew bolder and bolder, until at last he went roaring about that the President knew he was guilty and dared not answer. This was simply a vulgar gamble on what he assumed was the President's sense of dignity, but when, on Saturday morning, he got a blow square between the eyes from the "big stick" and was called a liar, and a malignant liar, and a knowing and conscious liar, we were all of us a little curious during the day to know what reply he would make Saturday night. Of course, we knew that his charges were absolutely false, but we could not regard it as possible that he had made them without any foundation whatever in his own mind. The two or three possibilities we thought of were a forgery, or some fool letter from some fool friend of the President; but, when it turned out that all the proofs he had of his charges were his own assertions

made during the week, it became too ridiculous. It reminded one of the lines in the "Hunting of the Snark": "I have said it once; I have said it again; when I say it three times, it's true." I have no doubt that the pitiful collapse of his campaign of mendacity cost him many, many thousands of votes. . . .

I do not amount to much myself this fall. I do not know that I have any local lesion anywhere, but I feel a gentle flavor of mild decay which gives the contradiction — which I am too polite to give myself — to the President's announcement that I shall be here for four years to come.

One example of Secretary Hay's success in securing immediate attention to an ultimatum occurred in June, 1904, when an American citizen, Ion H. Perdicaris, was seized by Raizuli, a Moroccan bandit, and held for a ransom. After much shilly-shallying, and threats by Raizuli that he would kill his prisoner unless the money were speedily paid, Hay cabled to Gummeré, the American Consul at Tangier, June 22: "We want Perdicaris alive or Raizuli dead": adding that "he [Gummeré] was not to commit us about landing marines or seizing custom house."

"*June 23*. My telegram to Gummeré had an uncalled-for success. It is curious how a concise impropriety hits the public.

"*June 24.* Gummeré telegraphs that he expects Perdicaris to-night.

"*June 27.* Perdicaris wires his thanks."

So speedily did even a brigand, apparently safe in the depths of Morocco, recognize the note of command in the voice from overseas.

Toward the end of this year rumors of peace kept cropping up. Takahira expressed anxiety lest the European Powers by compelling mediation should deprive Japan of the fruits of victory. Secretary Hay assured him that the American Government, while remaining strictly neutral, would not consent to a repetition of the injustice of 1894. On November 17, Hay received a telegram from St. Petersburg saying: "I am requested to inform you that the Emperor earnestly desires to accept the President's proposal, but will be prevented by existing conditions." It required further defeats — at the Hun River and Mukden on land, and in the Sea of Japan — to bring Russia to terms. From the Diary: —

"*1905. January 3.* The air is still full of rumors of peace by our intervention. I gave the newspapers to understand that we were doing nothing and had no intention of interfering in a matter where our interference is not wanted."

On January 5 is this still more important entry, in which the Kaiser's suggestion is set forth:—

"Sternburg wires the President that he communicated his views to the Emperor, who requested him to telegraph the President: 'He is highly gratified to hear that you firmly adhere to the policy of the Open Door and uphold the actual integrity of China, which the Emperor believes at present to be gravely menaced. Close observation of events has firmly convinced him that a powerful coalition, headed by France, is under formation directed against the integrity of China and the Open Door. The aim of this coalition is to convince the belligerents that peace without compensation to the neutral Powers is impossible. The formation of this coalition, the Emperor firmly believes, can be frustrated by the following move: you should ask all Powers having interests in the Far East, including the minor ones, whether they are prepared to give a pledge not to demand any compensation for themselves in any shape, of territory, or other compensation in China or elsewhere, for any service rendered to the belligerents in the making of peace or for any other reason. Such a request would force the Powers to show their hands and any latent designs directed against the Open Door or integrity of China would immediately become apparent. Without this pledge the belligerents would find it impossible to obtain any territorial advantages without simultaneously

provoking selfish aims of the neutral brokers. In the opinion of the Emperor, a grant of a certain portion of territory to both belligerents eventually in the North of China is inevitable. The Open Door within this territory might be maintained by treaty. Germany, of course, would be then first to pledge herself to this policy of disinterestedness.'

"Sternburg then says he is also impressed with the danger of such demands of neutrals — asks a reply.

"*January 9.* I found [the President] full of the proposition of the German Emperor. He had come to the same conclusion at which I had arrived the day before: that it would be best to take advantage of the Kaiser's proposition: 1st, to nail the matter with him, and 2nd, to ascertain the views of the other Powers. I went home and wrote out a letter for the President to send to Sternburg for the Emperor, expressing gratification at his assurances of disinterestedness and promising to sound the Powers.

"*January 10.* I submitted my letter to the President, which he approved and sent by cable. I then wrote a circular for our Ambassadors, speaking of the apprehension entertained by some courts, which the President was loath to share, etc. I then repeated our own attitude as to the integrity of

China, etc., and asked for the views of the respective Powers.

"*January 13.* I sent off the 'self-denying' circular this morning and wired Choate that we hoped the British Government would join, and told him to let Lord Lansdowne know the disposition of Germany toward it. Speck's letter, amplifying his telegram, arrived yesterday, in which he quotes the Kaiser as saying he is afraid of a combination between England, France, and Russia for the spoliation of China. It is a most singular incident. If the Kaiser is speaking frankly, he is far less intimately *lié* with the Czar than most people have believed. But either way our course is clear. Our policy is not to demand any territorial advantage and to do what we can to keep China entire.

"*January 18.* Choate telegraphed from London that Lord Lansdowne, who was at Bowood, had wired him 'full concurrence' in our neutral Powers circular. Meyer says the same thing from Italy. . . . The answers from England and Italy show clearly the extent of the Kaiser's illusion.

"*January 19.* This morning a cable from Porter saying that the French Government fully concurs in our view and does not desire concession of territory from China. That virtually finishes the series: America, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy

make a body of power which nobody will think of gainsaying.

"*January 20.* [Despatch says] that Bülow has answered our circular of the 13th. He is gratified that we have resolved to take steps to maintain integrity of China and Open Door, and at our promise not to make territorial acquisition — which corresponds entirely to attitude of German Emperor. Refers to Anglo-German agreement of October 14, 1900! ! In that agreement binds itself to principle [of the] Open Door and therefore scarcely necessary to add, does not seek further acquisition of territory in China.

"What the whole performance meant to the Kaiser it is difficult to see. But there is no possible doubt that we have scored for China."

Historians can see pretty clearly now what the Kaiser meant. During the Russo-Japanese War, he feared, having become somewhat isolated from the other great Powers, that they were bent on cutting up China without giving Germany an equal chance at the spoils. He wished also to take the favorable opportunity to humiliate France, when Russia, being in the toils of the war in the Far East, could not help her ally. French intrigues in Morocco gave him a pretext. William II felt secure in interfering

in the Franco-Moroccan negotiations. On June 6, M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was forced to resign.

One of the last entries in John Hay's Diary reads:

"*June 7.* Delcassé finally resigned yesterday. The Kaiser scored against France, and emphasized his score by making v. Bülow a Prince the same day. I wonder whether it was worth while.

"*February 4.* [X. writes] that the King of ——— asked him who was the sovereign whose anxieties set on foot my circular of the 13th January. He said he did not know. 'It could hardly have been Germany?' said the King with a twinkle.

"*February 11.* Takahira showed me a dispatch from Komura,[1] that the German Minister at Tokio had called on him to say that, as there were various rumors afloat, his Government wished him to say there was no truth in the story that Germany was trying to make a combination with Russia and France to arrange terms of peace favorable to Russia; that they were friendly to Russia as is required by neighborhood; but that they had done nothing in the way of peace negotiations and wished to remain on terms of cordial friendliness with Japan. Komura expressed his gratification and reciprocated expressions of friendliness. Takahira — and Komura,

[1] Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

as I understood — thought this move of Germany was the result of our circular and the responses.

"*February 13*. Sternburg says the British Ambassador in Petersburg has pointed out to Count Lamsdorff [1] the advantages for Russia of a speedy conclusion of peace. The Ambassador stated that Lamsdorff seemed to agree with him. Benckendorff [2] has had similar interview with Lansdowne.[3] German Foreign Office believes these preliminary discussions have been carried on without the knowledge of the Czar, and are entirely confidential. They are anxious to be kept informed of Japan's attitude in relation to peace negotiations.

"*February 15*. The President keeps warning Japan not to be exorbitant in her terms of peace.

"*February 17*. [The Kaiser] still insists upon the fact of the combination of France, England and Russia, to partition China. He says he was asked to join, but indignantly refused, and that our circular of January 13 gave the scheme the *coup de grâce*. The only proof of the story he gives is an interview between Doumer and Prince Radolin. It is a strange incident — *qui donne à penser*."

Hay was not destined to take part in the actual negotiations for peace. For several months his health

[1] Russian Foreign Minister. [2] Russian Ambassador in London. [3] British Foreign Secretary.

had grown visibly worse. He himself seems to have had a conviction that his end was not far off. He wrote the New York correspondent of the London *Times:* —

To George W. Smalley

November 22, 1904.

As to the announcement of my remaining here the rest of my life — for it amounts to that — it was a very characteristic action of the President. He has always appeared to take it for granted that I was to stay here as long as he did, and has several times somewhat vehemently said so, but he has never formally asked me to remain through his next term, and I have never formally consented to do so. The announcement in the newspapers was a proceeding of his own, dictated by occult motives into which it would be hardly reverent to inquire. There is, perhaps, no reason why I should not stay, except weariness of body and spirit, and that seems not to be a sufficient reason. But how long, is a question for Providence and the doctors to decide.

The business in which Mr. Hay was most directly concerned during his last months in Washington was the negotiation of a large number of arbitration treaties, to serve, he hoped, to lessen the likeli-

hood of war throughout the world. But these treaties seemed to the Senate to deprive it of its constitutional right, and accordingly the Senators opposed them. On February 3, Mr. Hay sets down in his Diary: —

"The President spent an hour with me in the afternoon. He was deeply disturbed about the state of the treaties in the Senate, not so much at the opposition of the Democrats as at the nerveless acquiescence of our people in every attack that is made upon them. Knox and Spooner now take the ground that every separate agreement to arbitrate, under these treaties, must be submitted to the Senate: if this provision is incorporated it leaves us exactly where we are now."

The opposition had its way in spite of President Roosevelt's robust criticisms and Secretary Hay's arguments.

"*February 12.* The Senate yesterday, after reading the President's letter, adopted the amendment, and then ratified the treaties. The President, and, in my lesser degree, myself, were the object of a good many venomous speeches. There were several reasons for this action. The Clan-na-Gael had worked more effectively than any one thought. The Southerners felt their repudiated debts could not trouble them if the amendments were carried. There was a loud

clamor that the rights of the Senate were invaded — but every individual Senator felt that his precious privilege of casting two votes in opposition to every treaty must be safeguarded. And then, the President's majority was too big — they wanted to teach him that he was n't *it*."

According to Mr. Hay, the President saw the situation plainly enough; decided not to submit the treaties for the ratification of the other Powers; and made up his mind to go slow in making any more treaties.

"A treaty entering the Senate," Mr. Hay writes, "is like a bull going into the arena: no one can say just how or when the final blow will fall — but one thing is certain — it will never leave the arena alive."

The last rebuff in Mr. Hay's long struggle with the Senate was personal. In the summer of 1904 the French Government wished to confer upon him its highest distinction — the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, "in recognition of the work done by the American Government during the last seven years in the interest of the world's peace." Mr. Hay was for declining, but the President urged him to accept out of regard for France and for the cause which prompted the decoration. When, however, a resolution was moved in the Senate to authorize him to

accept, the "gray wolves" in that body, glad of an opportunity to vent their ill-will against the too unyielding Secretary, voted no.

They struck a dying man.

CHAPTER XXXII

CONCLUSION

THE portrait painter has one point of advantage over the biographer: he depicts his subject presumably at his best or at least at a most representative moment. The biographer, on the contrary, must follow his hero to the end; and the end means in most cases the decline of powers, if not actually their eclipse, before death comes as a release. But it is not fair to allow the final decrepitude to cause us to forget the activity of a lifetime. So I shall speak very briefly of John Hay's end.

We have followed so closely his public work during his last seven years that we have had little space in which to record his unofficial and familiar life. Although, as he himself laments, he came to carry the air of his office into his home, yet he continued to enjoy, as leisure permitted, his old pleasures.

As the cronies of his earlier days dropped off one by one, he clung the more eagerly to those who remained. The few intimate letters which he now wrote breathe his wonted affection and are often lighted up by flashes of his old-time wit; but references to his failing health occur more often, and

although he seldom speaks other than valiantly of his conflict with the inevitable, we detect now and then a note of weariness.

The public, and even most of his associates, did not realize how frail he was. He still kept, from a sense of duty, positions which entailed fatigue. He was a trustee of the Western Reserve University, manager of the Metropolitan Club in Washington, a director at one time of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and a member of various commissions. Almost at the end of his life he joined in founding the American Academy of Arts and Letters. This entry from his Diary, describing the first meeting of the founders of that body, deserves to be quoted: —

"*January 7, 1905*. Went to the Century at 1 o'clock to lunch with Stedman and attend the First Meeting of the American Academy of Letters and Arts. Of the seven members elected by the vote of the Institute last month five were present, Stedman, Saint-Gaudens, La Farge, McDowell, and myself. Howells is in Italy and Mark Twain was in bed whence any amount of telephoning failed to rouse him. After a long and excellent luncheon Stedman took the Chair as temporary presiding officer and R. U. Johnson was elected temporary Secretary. We then proceeded to elect seven new

members. Henry James was chosen unanimously: so was Henry Adams. Certain divergences of opinion then developed and we balloted for the rest. The result was that Charles Eliot Norton, Lounsbury of Yale, Quincy A. Ward were elected."

Mr. Hay took delight in his grandchildren.[1] Little Joan "shows gleams of intelligence. When she finds a caricature of me, she says — 'Grampa' — to her mother in awe and shame, and then hides the paper."

During the year before his death his portrait was painted by John S. Sargent; Zorn etched his head, giving to him the badger-like appearance which the admirers of that artist so greatly value; and Saint-Gaudens modeled his bust. Of this Hay writes: —

"It seems to me a remarkable piece of work — a good likeness and yet not ugly or insignificant." (May 11, 1904.)

Hay usually spoke of his physiognomy with comic disrespect. Soon after reaching the White House he sent home a photograph of which he wrote: —

October 12, 1861.

MY DEAR: — I send you a *carte-de-visite*, which I think is very good, all but the face, which don't look like anything in particular. The pantaloons,

[1] Helen Hay married Payne Whitney, 1902. Alice Hay married James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr., September 30, 1902.

however, are in the highest style of the tailor life and photographic art.

I think the mug is absurd. The expression of the features reminds me of the desperate attempts of a tipsy man to look sober. But coat, trousers, and gloves are irreproachable.[1]

In his later life Stedman, having asked for a likeness of Hay, he sent two, requesting that the other should be returned, as he "may never have another taken, having long passed the Narcissus stage."

To a casual correspondent he wrote: "I am interested in what you say about the resemblance to Lowell. Several of his most intimate friends have spoken of it to me, and once, when an artist was painting my portrait, he suddenly stopped and said, 'This picture does not look in the least like you, but I have got a perfect likeness of Lowell,' and when I looked at the canvas I saw he was right; which only shows that an empty house may look from the outside like one fully furnished." (To T. C. Evans, Cooper, New Jersey, January 2, 1900.)

Secretary Hay had looked forward to retiring from office at the conclusion of President Roosevelt's first term. He was worn out and he felt that there was little hope of being stronger. But when the

[1] *Century Magazine*, LVI, 453.

President insisted that he should remain, he assented, wishing in spite of his condition to complete some of the diplomatic tasks which he was directing; but the defeat of his treaties in the Senate, and worries over the complication in Santo Domingo wore him down beyond his fears and were the immediate cause of his collapse. The real cause lay deeper; he had reached the end of his physical vitality. The doctors said that a trip to Europe would restore him, and that he must go at once. He waited until after the President's inauguration, left the Department in charge of Messrs. Loomis and Adee, under the general supervision of Secretary Taft, and sailed with Mrs. Hay and Mr. Adams from New York on the *Cretic* on March 17. During the voyage he improved a little, enjoyed the sight of the beautiful Azores, the brief stay at St. Michael's, the glimpse of Gibraltar and the African coast, and landed at Genoa on April 3.

For a fortnight he went to Nervi, where a German specialist examined him and reported that he had no incurable disease of the heart. When he was sufficiently rested, Mr. Hay made the journey to Nauheim. There he put himself under the care of Dr. Groedel, who also held out hopes of ultimate recovery. During nearly two months the patient took the regular course of baths and diet, chafing at the slowness of his recuperation, and feeling pricks

of conscience at being so long absent from his work in the State Department. His letter to President Roosevelt, quoted earlier, shows his readiness to resign if the President but gave the hint. The insistent invitations of the Emperor William and other monarchs for him to visit them caused him some nervous strain, as he had to decline them all. King Leopold of Belgium, however, surprised him by appearing unannounced at his hotel for an interview. Hay also received word that the University of Cambridge had voted to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws and requested his presence.[1] This honor too he had to forego.

Three or four letters written by him from Nervi and Nauheim show, as do others which I have not room for here, that the old spirit of raillery and affection was still lively in him: —

To Augustus Saint-Gaudens

NERVI, April 12, 1905.

It has just occurred to me that I left God's country without saying anything of those mineral treasures of mine in your charge. Whenever you like to be rid of them, please send them, at my cost and

[1] He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the following American universities: Western Reserve, 1894; Brown, 1897; Princeton, 1900; Dartmouth, 1901; Yale, 1901; Harvard, 1902.

risk, to the Department of State, where they will be taken care of.

As the American newspapers have set forth at quite unnecessary length my miseries before sailing, I need say nothing more about them. We had a delightful voyage, summer seas, and a ship as steady as a church. My doctor here says there is nothing the matter with me except old age, the Senate, and two or three other mortal maladies, and so I am going to Nauheim to be cured of all of them. This involves parting with the Porcupinus Angelicus [Henry Adams] — and I would almost rather keep the diseases. He has been kindness itself — the Porcupine has "passed in music out of sight," and the Angel has been perfected in him. As Sir Walter sings: —

> Oh, Adams! in our hours of ease
> Rather inclined to growl and tease,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou.

To Henry Adams

NAUHEIM, April 30, 1905.

Brightest and best, drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids. You did have a hard time, but one cannot but say *fallait pas qu'y aille.* Why did you give me all of your good French money? Why did you leave with empty pockets when mine were

gorged with your cash? Why, when disaster came upon you, did you not wire me? and *ad infinitum.* But I hope this severe dispensation may be blessed to your permanent advantage. I was once complaining to Bret Harte of my lack of funds: "Your own fault," said the wise Argonaut. "Why did you fool away your money paying your debts?"

. . . Spring set in the moment you turned your back. Birds and wild-flowers have come romping in. The drives to the funny little towns and villages are very entertaining. . . . My doctor is an austere Bavarian and does not mince matters. I asked why Rixey and Osler [1] never discovered the hole, or rather bump, in my heart. He said: — "Perhaps they did not want you to know it; or perhaps they could not find it. There are few men in the world so sure of their affair as I am."

You will tell me all about the Salon when I get there. Perhaps by that time I can go upstairs — though they forbid it here. Think of me, leaping like a wild goat in Nauheim from jag to jag. Yet Groedel says I am getting on, and tells me he has patched up worse machines than mine.

With which, may Heaven grant us many happy years.

Yo El Hay.

[1] Dr. Presley M. Rixey, Surgeon-General U.S.N.: Sir William Osler, Anglo-American medical specialist.

To President Roosevelt

BAD NAUHEIM, May 21, 1905.

. . . I need not tell you with what pride and pleasure we all read your speech at Chicago. It has the true ring of conscience and authority combined — the voice of a man "who would not flatter Neptune for his trident." It is a comfort to see the most popular man in America telling the truth to our masters, the people. It requires no courage to attack wealth and power, but to remind the masses that they too are subject to the law, is something few public men dare to do.

When Dr. Groedel permitted, Hay joined his wife and Mr. Adams, who had preceded him to Paris, and there he spent two or three days motoring with his oldest friend through some of their favorite haunts. On June 2, having bidden good-bye to Mr. Adams, Hay crossed to London; there he lived as far as possible *incognito*, denying himself even to his chosen friends. But as King Edward insisted on seeing him, Hay went privately to Buckingham Palace, where the King received him in a room on the ground floor, and they chatted together for half an hour. A luncheon with Edwin Abbey the painter, a round of shopping, and last calls from some of his intimates completed his stay in London.

On June 7 the Hays took passage from Liverpool on the *Baltic*.

To Henry Adams

R.M.S. *Baltic*, June 7, 1905.

Thus far — *sin novedad*. I have had my usual and proper share of duck-fits and there is no reason to kick at the doctors. I am still following the Groedel régime, and holding the Robin programme in reserve. I am, if anything, a little to the good since leaving Paris.

I see your friend, the Kaiser, has at last taken the scalp of Delcassé. He will be after mine next — to which he is welcome. He has evidently done it out of sheer wantonness, to let people know there is a god in Israel. Characteristic, his rushing to Bülow's house and making him a Prince on the spot to advertise his score.

Spring-Rice turned up in London yesterday. He says he does not think the Kaiser means or wishes war with France. He wants merely to insult her publicly by way of notifying her that if she does not want him to do it again, she had better make friends with him.

The situation is not, as it appears, satisfactory to any one. France has been profoundly humiliated and does not care to show any resentment. England

is not inclined to sympathize with her, as she seems unconscious of her injury. The Bear is licking his own wounds and does not care what happens to the Cock and the Lion. It was a good time for the Kaiser to tread the stage in the Ercles vein.

I do not quite see what Theodore is doing. He is busy — that's of course.

This is an enormous boat and seems comfortable. My cabin is big enough to give a ball in.

Love and thanks a thousand times over for all your generous kindness. I hardly feel worth so much.

During the voyage over Hay had a dream in which there came to him the apparition of the Great Companion of his youth. In his Diary he records:—

"*June 13, 1905*. I dreamed last night that I was in Washington and that I went to the White House to report to the President who turned out to be Mr. Lincoln. He was very kind and considerate, and sympathetic about my illness. He said there was little work of importance on hand. He gave me two unimportant letters to answer. I was pleased that this slight order was within my power to obey. I was not in the least surprised at Lincoln's presence in the White House. But the whole impression of the dream was one of overpowering melancholy."

On June 15, the Hays landed in New York and from a snap-shot of him on the pier, we see that Secretary Hay, although somewhat thinner and with beard and hair much whitened, still had a cheerful expression. Mrs. Hay wished to take him at once to Newbury, but he felt that duty called him to Washington, and after passing a day with his daughter, Mrs. Whitney, at Manhasset, he went straight to the State Department. For nearly a week he stayed on, "clearing his desk," catching up with official news, and conferring with the President and members of the Cabinet. He rejoiced to learn that Mr. Roosevelt was on the point of bringing about peace negotiations between Russia and Japan — a consummation which he himself had longed to achieve during the last year of his active service.

The final entry in his Diary, dated June 19, 1905, reads: —

"Spent the evening at the White House. The President gave me an interesting account of the Peace Negotiations — which he undertook at the suggestion of Japan. He was struck with the vacillation and weakness of purpose shown by Russia; and was not well pleased that Japan refused to go to The Hague.

"Taft came in and we talked of the Bowen-Loomis matter and the Chinese Exclusion. The

President is determined to put a stop to the barbarous methods of the Immigration Bureau."

Accompanied by Clarence, Secretary Hay left Washington on June 24, and reached Newbury the following afternoon. For a day or two he seemed to be suffering merely from the natural fatigue of his recent exertions. Then he grew alarmingly worse. There was the summoning of doctors by special train from Boston, and the application of every resource by which medicine staves off for a few hours the inevitable end. A brief respite of tranquillity preceded the sudden forming of a blood clot. Death swiftly followed about three o'clock in the morning of July 1, 1905.

He was buried in the Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland.[1]

John Hay has so truly described himself in these volumes that the reader will expect no further summing up. Two fragments of Hay's own self-criticism will fitly conclude this chronicle of his rare character and richly varied career.

In 1902, he wrote to his brother-in-law, Mr. Mather: —

"I am getting old. I have talked about it before,

[1] Mrs. Hay, who died in New York City, on April 25, 1914, is buried beside him, and their son, Adelbert.

but 'never felt it till now,' as Shylock says. . . . I ought not to grumble. I have reached my grand climacteric with no serious illness, no material bad luck. My dear Del is safe, with a beloved memory and a bright young fame. The girls are well settled, with excellent men, fellows of heart and conscience. Clarence promises an honorable and tranquil life. I shall not be much missed except by my wife.

"I really believe that in all history I never read of a man who has had so much and such varied success as I have had, with so little ability and so little power of sustained industry. It is not a thing to be proud of, but it is something to be very grateful for.

"There never could be a better time to retire." (August 22, 1902.)

Almost the last entry in John Hay's Diary contains the following farewell. It is dated June 14, 1905: —

"I say to myself that I should not rebel at the thought of my life ending at this time. I have lived to be old, something I never expected in my youth. I have had many blessings, domestic happiness being the greatest of all. I have lived my life. I have had success beyond all the dreams of my boyhood. My name is printed in the journals of the world without descriptive qualification, which may, I suppose, be called fame. By mere length of service I

shall occupy a modest place in the history of my time. If I were to live several years more I should probably add nothing to my existing reputation; while I could not reasonably expect any further enjoyment of life, such as falls to the lot of old men in sound health. I know death is the common lot, and what is universal ought not to be deemed a misfortune; and yet — instead of confronting it with dignity and philosophy, I cling instinctively to life and the things of life, as eagerly as if I had not had my chance at happiness and gained nearly all the great prizes."

THE END

APPENDIX

THE ARBITRATION OF THE VENEZUELAN DISPUTE IN 1902

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ACTION WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR

[In Chapter XXVIII, Volume II, of this biography, I made public for the first time a summary account of the way in which President Roosevelt upheld the Monroe Doctrine and compelled the German Emperor to submit the Venezuelan dispute to arbitration in 1902. On his own motion, Mr. Roosevelt has written the following statement, with corroborative letters, which must put at rest any question as to the authenticity of the story. — W. R. T.]

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S STATEMENT

Sagamore Hill, August 21st, 1916.

My dear Mr. Thayer, —

There is now no reason why I should not speak of the facts connected with the disagreement between the United States and Germany over the Venezuela matter, in the early part of my administration as President, and of the final amicable settlement of the disagreement.

At that time the Venezuelan Dictator-President Castro had committed various offences against different European nations, including Germany and England. The English Government was then endeavoring to keep on good terms with Germany, and on this occasion acted jointly with her. Germany sent a squadron

of war vessels to the Venezuelan coast, and they were accompanied by some English war vessels. There was no objection whatever to Castro's being punished, as long as the punishment did not take the form of seizure of territory and its more or less permanent occupation by some Old-World Power. At this particular point such seizure of territory would have been a direct menace to the United States, because it would have threatened or partially controlled the approach to the projected Isthmian Canal.

I speedily became convinced that Germany was the leader, and the really formidable party in the transaction; and that England was merely following Germany's lead in rather half-hearted fashion. I became convinced that England would not back Germany in the event of a clash over the matter between Germany and the United States, but would remain neutral; I did not desire that she should do more than remain neutral. I also became convinced that Germany intended to seize some Venezuelan harbor and turn it into a strongly fortified place of arms, on the model of Kiauchau, with a view to exercising some degree of control over the future Isthmian Canal, and over South American affairs generally.

For some time the usual methods of diplomatic intercourse were tried. Germany declined to agree to arbitrate the question at issue between her and Venezuela, and declined to say that she would not take possession of Venezuelan territory, merely saying that such possession would be "temporary" — which might mean anything. I finally decided that no useful purpose would be served by further delay, and I took action accordingly. I assembled our battle fleet, under Admiral Dewey, near Porto Rico, for "manœuvres," with in-

structions that the fleet should be kept in hand and in fighting trim, and should be ready to sail at an hour's notice. The fact that the fleet was in West Indian waters was of course generally known; but I believe that the Secretary of the Navy, and Admiral Dewey, and perhaps his Chief of Staff, and the Secretary of State, John Hay, were the only persons who knew about the order for the fleet to be ready to sail at an hour's notice. I told John Hay that I would now see the German Ambassador, Herr von Holleben, myself, and that I intended to bring matters to an early conclusion. Our navy was in very efficient condition, being superior to the German navy.

I saw the Ambassador, and explained that in view of the presence of the German squadron on the Venezuelan coast I could not permit longer delay in answering my request for an arbitration, and that I could not acquiesce in any seizure of Venezuelan territory. The Ambassador responded that his Government could not agree to arbitrate, and that there was no intention to take "permanent" possession of Venezuelan territory. I answered that Kiauchau was not a "permanent" possession of Germany's — that I understood that it was merely held by a ninety-nine years' lease; and that I did not intend to have another Kiauchau, held by similar tenure, on the approach to the Isthmian Canal. The Ambassador repeated that his Government would not agree to arbitrate. I then asked him to inform his Government that if no notification for arbitration came within a certain specified number of days I should be obliged to order Dewey to take his fleet to the Venezuelan coast and see that the German forces did not take possession of any territory. He expressed very grave concern, and asked me if I realized the serious

consequences that would follow such action; consequences so serious to both countries that he dreaded to give them a name. I answered that I had thoroughly counted the cost before I decided on the step, and asked him to look at the map, as a glance would show him that there was no spot in the world where Germany in the event of a conflict with the United States would be at a greater disadvantage than in the Caribbean Sea.

A few days later the Ambassador came to see me, talked pleasantly on several subjects, and rose to go. I asked him if he had any answer to make from his Government to my request, and when he said no, I informed him that in such event it was useless to wait as long as I had intended, and that Dewey would be ordered to sail twenty-four hours in advance of the time I had set. He expressed deep apprehension, and said that his Government would not arbitrate. However, less than twenty-four hours before the time I had appointed for cabling the order to Dewey, the Embassy notified me that His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor had directed him to request me to undertake the arbitration myself. I felt, and publicly expressed, great gratification at this outcome, and great appreciation of the course the German Government had finally agreed to take. Later I received the consent of the German Government to have the arbitration undertaken by the Hague Tribunal, and not by me.

At that time there was in New York as German Consul-General a very able and agreeable man, Dr. Buenz, a native of Holstein. He was intimate with a friend and then neighbor of mine, Mr. A. W. Callisen, — whose father was born in Schleswig, and who, incidentally, was and is exactly as straight an American as I am. Mr. Callisen introduced Dr. Buenz to me; and I found

the Doctor an exceptionally well-informed man about American matters and indeed about world affairs generally. He was at my house on several occasions, and I discussed many things with him, including the German and American navies. I had, however, no idea that he had any knowledge whatever of this phase of the Venezuela affair until after your book appeared. Mr. Callisen happened to read it, was much interested in the part referring to Venezuela, and wrote to a friend of his, Mr. Ambrose C. Richardson, of Buffalo, a letter running in part as follows: —

"'A Chapter of Diplomacy' interested me greatly, all the more as I knew Dr. Holleben personally, and what is still more to the purpose his most intimate friend, Dr. Buenz, at that time German Consul-General at New York. The story is absolutely true, and here is the sequel.

"The German and British Governments firmly counted on our well-established jellyfish squashiness and felt sure they had a free hand. The Kaiser and Junker party especially had everything cut and dried, and counted the affair as accomplished. The first time, Holleben informed his Government that probably Roosevelt's attitude was a bluff; but on second thought went to his friend Buenz for advice, as B. knew the American people better than any German living, and was a close friend of Roosevelt's (I introduced him) and hence a good judge of the situation. Buenz at once assured him that Roosevelt was not bluffing, and that he could count on his doing as threatened; and that in a conversation Roosevelt had shown that he had an intimate knowledge of the strength and condition of the German fleet which was . . . [then] no match for ours.

"Holleben was obliged to eat his own words and

telegraph in hot haste to Berlin, where his message fell like a bombshell. You know the rest. This resulted in Holleben's being recalled and dismissed from the diplomatic service. . . . When he sailed from Hoboken not a single member of the diplomatic corps or German official dared to see him off. Only Buenz (and I) dared to brave official disapproval, and went on board to bid him farewell. I went at Buenz's request."

A copy of this letter came into my possession and I showed it to Mr. Callisen when he was here, at my house, on May 7th last. He wrote alongside the part I have quoted: "The above is absolutely accurate. (Signed) A. W. Callisen." Mr. Callisen informed me that he had not intended the letter for publication, but that as the copy had been shown to several people I was at liberty to make whatever use of it I desired.

After your book appeared, some person wrote a letter to the press stating that at the time of the Venezuela incident the American fleet was not mobilized under Admiral Dewey in the West Indies. The letter was sent to Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood, of the National Security League, who thereupon wrote to Admiral Dewey for information on the subject. Admiral Dewey answered him as follows: —

"Office of
"The Admiral of the Navy
"Washington

"May 23d, 1916.

"Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood,
"25 Madison Avenue,
"New York City.

"My dear Mr. Wood, —

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of May 22d, asking me to set you right respecting certain

facts regarding Colonel Roosevelt's action over Venezuela.

"I was at Culebra, Puerto Rico, at the time, in command of a fleet consisting of over fifty ships, including every battleship and every torpedo boat that we had, with orders from Washington to hold the fleet in hand and be ready to move at a moment's notice. Fortunately, however, the whole matter was amicably adjusted, and there was no need for action.

"Hoping the above statement is exactly what you want, and thanking you for the compliments you pay me, I am

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE DEWEY."

This letter was published in the press; and Mr. Wood then sent me copies of the correspondence.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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